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SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WORKS

BY

EMIL PALLESKE

22484

TRANSLATED BY LADY WALLACE

XXA a 2

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

IN TWO VOLS.

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS
1860

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Dedication.

MADAM,

I avail myself with gratitude of the high privilege accorded by your Majesty, of dedicating to my Sovereign a Translation of the Life of a great Poet,—one of the most brilliant ornaments of a land with which your Majesty is so closely connected.

The work cannot fail to possess peculiar interest for this country, from the fact of SCHILLER having foreshadowed, in the immortal verse of many bright creations, those noble and elevated qualities which your Majesty has so eminently displayed on the British Throne; and which have inspired such profound love and admiration in the hearts of your Majesty's subjects.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

With deep respect,

Your Majesty's devoted humble servant,

GRACE WALLACE.

Dedicated

TO THE

FREIHERR WENDELIN VON MALTZAHN

CO-EDITOR OF THE SECULAR EDITION OF SCHILLER'S WORKS.

My book ought to be offered to you as the voluntary tribute of my gratitude; but I see at once that this is impossible, for in accepting it, you bestow on the work, what it greatly requires, a strong recommendation.

One circumstance alone, perhaps, in some degree equalises the relation between giving and receiving. Even were I not to acknowledge the noble manner in which you have assisted me, both by references and by information drawn from the rich stores of materials at your command, any one conversant with literature would at once perceive, from the mere dedication, that my work has been submitted, in its progress, to careful investigation; and that, by your co-operation, it possesses, at all events, one quality, which the Germans esteem most properly beyond all others in Biography: this noble quality is—Truth.

EMIL PALLESKE.

BERLIN: *May* 1, 1858.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

FROM the time of my first acquaintance with German writers, then comparatively little known in this country, I became an enthusiastic admirer of Schiller. Each fresh perusal of works breathing so pure and elevated a spirit, inspired me with greater reverence for the sublime heroic nature, and the lofty mind, whose aim it was to elevate the soul above the selfishness, individual aggrandisement, and petty interests, which too often absorb the dwellers upon earth. Until the appearance of Palleske's "Life of Schiller," I had not met with any biography which did sufficient justice to the great poet's chequered career. I read it with breathless interest, and at the close, when, "towards evening, he expressed a desire once more to see the setting sun, and, the curtain being drawn aside, he gazed with a cheerful and serene air at the bright rays of evening, nature thus receiving his last farewell," I felt as if I had attended the death-bed of a friend.

I wrote to the author requesting permission to translate this "Life of Schiller,"—this earnest tragic life, brightened only by that elevated strain of thought, in which the poet sought a refuge from sorrow and suffering. The author entrusted his admirable work to me for translation, giving me full powers to make any

curtailments which might seem advisable. This permission I have used very sparingly, as I have rarely met with a work, the details of which are at once so minute and so interesting. Philosophical and metaphysical subtleties pervade the work, running through every chapter like the scarlet threads on the canvass of the British fleet; and although the undertaking has consequently been no light one, I hope it will be found that I have executed it carefully and conscientiously. The prose is entirely my own, the poetry I owe to the elegant pen of Henry Inglis, Esq., already known as the author of the "Brier of Threave," and other poems.

The work has met with brilliant success in Germany. I do not doubt that it will be equally well received in England. One of its most valuable portions, to my mind, is the analysis which the gifted author has made of Schiller's various dramas: and now, when so many are familiar with his writings, I feel convinced that the perusal of these disquisitions will prove both instructive and interesting. To me, they seem to have thrown a clearer light on those grand artistic dramas which have been so long the objects of my admiration. I feel persuaded that this biography, delineating with equal fidelity and power the poet's progress in art and in life, will be gladly welcomed by the public; more especially as Schiller was singularly remarkable for that energy and perseverance which peculiarly distinguish the British race.

I think no one can read of the noble endurance of the poet, while toiling his way to immortality, or of the hard struggles, and the cruel physical sufferings, so

graphically here portrayed, without a feeling of personal interest and sympathy. We are irresistibly impelled to sorrow over the daily symptoms of increasing fragility of health, too surely indicating the poet's inevitable and approaching fate, preparing us for the early death, in all the fulness of life, of one who has contributed so largely to the progress and advancement of mankind. The centenary of Schiller's birth occurs on the 10th of November, 1859. The work, therefore, could not appear at a more appropriate time, and the period seems fast approaching, of which Carlyle, in his fine tribute to Schiller, prophetically said, "His effect on the mind of his own country has been deep and universal, and bids fair to be abiding. His effect on other countries must in time be equally decided, for such nobleness of heart and soul, shadowed forth in beautiful, imperishable emblems, is a treasure which belongs not to one nation, but to all. In another age this Schiller will stand forth in the foremost rank among the master spirits of his country, and be admitted to a place among the chosen of all centuries."

AINDERLEY-HALL,
November 8th, 1859.

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BOOK I.

THE BOOK OF CHILDHOOD.

1759 TO 1773.

CHAPTER I.

SCHILLER IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

"I WILL make Schiller as large as life—that is colossal." Such were Dannecker's words, on hearing of the death of his friend. Sorrowful, but steadfast, he commenced his labour of love, and the work became what he aimed at—an apotheosis. No complicated details, no stamp of commonplace reality, dim the pure ether of these features—the traces of a sublime struggle on the lofty forehead, the knit brows, and the hollow cheeks alone proclaim that this mighty spirit once wandered upon earth—but the impress of past disquietude only serves to heighten the perfect repose which now designates the Divinity. The earnest self-won harmony on the noble countenance irresistibly demands our reverence, while its lofty resignation imperceptibly reminds us of the many anxious cares, which still beat within our own restless hearts.

The marble shrouds the man, to reveal the God—wondrous and precious power of sculpture! purifying the earthly, transfiguring the mortal into the immortal.

A Hebe among the arts, receiving into thine Olympus the wrestling Hercules of this world, to thee, above all, should the biographer look up, and ask, "Dare we attempt to solve the mystery of the marble? Is it not merely betraying the poverty of all earthly perfection? Will not the immortal genius himself spurn our bold endeavour to collect the book of his life, from its thousand scattered leaves? but the immutable law of genius is Truth; Schiller helped to establish it, or he

would not have been the lofty spirit whom the world delights to honour.

This inexorable law, never more powerful than at present, hunts out from the most hidden recesses every passing word, every casual failing, employing literary officers of justice to drag to light every fault and every weakness, and to place them singly before the tribunal of history.

Truth requires that the whole man should stand before this tribunal, and no immortal being can do so with a more lofty demeanour, or more sublime composure, than Johann Friedrich Schiller. For him all hearts beat with sympathy; his accusers find only deaf ears, his defenders are innumerable. They are to be found on the throne and in the cell of the poor student; they crowd the galleries of theatres and stand even in the pulpit. The soldier finds in Schiller his battles and his camp; the tender virgin her purest ideal; the scholar his romance; the Catholic his Rome; the Protestant his Gustavus Adolphus; freedom her Tell; almost every nation its renown, and humanity its noblest gifts. Each finds what he loves the best, and what he fails to find he seeks to supply.

There are works enough which light up sharply the imperfections of our poet, but those who mix much with the world know that these are not acknowledged by the people. The public with one accord despises equally the verdict of arrogant critics reproaching him with heathenism, and their assertion that he was not a true poet. None of the caricatures and exaggerated descriptions of his gait, and personal appearance, cleave to the mind. As often as "The Robbers" is given on the stage, every youth present is a censor, but the house is invariably crowded. The romantic school criticised his works; indeed Schiller himself, like Lessing, sometimes doubted whether he were a heaven-born poet. Goethe, however, nobly took up his cause, and said in his godlike wrath, "I fearlessly assert that Schiller is not only a poet, but a very

great poet, though modern potentates and dictators affect to say that he has no genius." Posterity has amply confirmed Goethe's verdict, and it granted, and still grants to him, what life only partly bestowed.

In the midst of such universal harmony of opinion, Schiller's biographer has a noble but arduous task. If he do not feel assured that every shadow in his picture only serves to enhance the lights, let him throw aside his pencil. If he do not strive to comprehend all the elevated qualities of his hero, before resolving to blame one of his faults, then his labour must be vain. Yet, perhaps, the life of no poet is more attractive to delineate. The thorough knowledge of a powerful individuality is always interesting; but Schiller's life cannot be written, without his biographer being conscious of a great practical aim.

I do not participate in the depression of the age. I would not consider myself worthy to depict the heroic course of the most inspired of all poets, if the gloomy bias of the present caused me to despond with regard to the future. To inspire faith in the reader, to rescue youth from a miserable Epigonaid despair, to hold forth a crown to those who strive, to be an excitement to the languid, a spur to the indolent, a support to the feeble, a friend to the believing, and a leader to the combatant for truth and right, no life is so well adapted as that of Schiller.

This life is also full of dramatic charm, rich in remarkable events, fruitful in glimpses of the progress and aspirations of a previous century; enlivened by amusing traits, glowing with the noble parts played by distinguished contemporaries, it appeals to every heart with the voice of friendship and of love. It is affecting from the sorrows of our hero, and still more so from his joys. The tear we shed for the memory of the noble-minded man disposes our hearts, when the happy result arrives, once more to open the fountain of pity.

One peculiarity causes Schiller's life to be more popular than that of Goethe. Goethe was a wondrous child, born in the lap of luxury, a deep gulf separates the mass of readers from him. The Goddess of Fortune takes him in her arms, and bears him smiling to the steps of a throne, binding him fast there with flowery chains. He unfolds his inmost thoughts in "Poetry and Truth." He developes the impulses of a noble nature. "See! I belong to your race,—I also am a man!" But the great poet scarcely wins our belief, for when a boy he wrote a romance in seven languages!

Schiller was a normal child; normal in the sense in which the greater proportion of the German people are reared, in poor circumstances, laborious, and under strict discipline; normal, in the sense that many in spite of these obstacles make their way in the world bravely, though privation has been their nurse, and hard poverty their teacher. Thence comes such a clear ringing sound of leadership, the "Follow me!" in Schiller's life. He struggles upwards from the most humble origin; he meditates ambitious schemes under the pressure of military discipline. His heart, imbued with the revolutionary spirit of an ignominious period, finds a safety valve in "The Robbers," and at the giant cry of this turbulent nature, the people with one accord exclaim, "Behold our leader!" and call on his name, and see him with delight striding on in front of them, firm and steadfast, with the standard of freedom in his grasp, till the lowly son of the ex-army-surgeon stands on an equality with the courtly Goethe, and his muse rivals that of the noble poet. Perhaps no man living ever moulded himself so entirely as Schiller, and few have remained so true to their purpose. Eventually he could do what he chose, and he chose to do what he could — the highest pinnacle of human power.

CHAP. II.

BIRTH.

Schiller's Ancestors. — Life of the Father. — His Marriage. — Remarkable circumstances of Schiller's Birth. — Constellation of the Period. — Characteristics of Schiller's Parents.

THE pedigree of our great poet is to be found in Protestant church registers; their yellow leaves must be unclosed to note the grandfather of this renowned man. Gustav Schwab has taken the trouble to trace Schiller's ancestors back to the seventeenth century. They were honest village bakers. His paternal grandfather, Johannes Schiller, carried on this trade in the populous village of Bittenfeld, close to Waiblingen in Würtemberg. He was bailiff, and his father assessor; both were highly respected by their neighbours. Johannes Schiller died in 1733; too soon for his son Johann Kaspar; bequeathing to his boy, only ten years old, the hard task to make his own way in the world, which he did so bravely that he is worthy of the honour of being called the father of Schiller.

For several previous generations one baker had followed another in the family. With Johann Kaspar the rule of an inherited calling ceased, and the orphan boy was apprenticed to a surgeon. The most important avocations of a village medical man of that day were tooth-drawing, shaving, and blood-letting. It seems that these occupations did not satisfy Johann Kaspar.

His authorship in later years, and the clever and flowing versification of a prayer composed by him, which is still extant, testify that his mind was directed to higher objects.

War, that great lottery for restless souls, tempted him to

join the army. After his surgical apprenticeship was over, he went, a youth of two and twenty, to the Netherlands, during the Austrian war of succession, and was attached to a Bavarian regiment of hussars as surgeon, in 1745. Three years after this period, another Johann Kaspar, Goethe's father, established his opulent household in Frankfort.

If moral qualities be inherited, we have to thank the unremitting energies and Protean powers of Schiller's father for similar virtues in his son. It is also singular that Johannes Kaspar was the architect of his own fortunes. As there were few wounds to heal in the field, he succeeded in being appointed a non-commissioned officer, and frequently accompanied detachments sent on active service, but the peace of Aix crossed his plans, and obliged him to return home. He took with him his Hungarian saddle and bridle, and his uniform of dun-coloured cloth, and hung them up on his return to Marbach, as trophies of his warlike deeds.

Struggles in the field being now at an end, he resolved to encounter those of a domestic life. In 1749 he brought home as his wife, Elizabeth Kodweiss, daughter of George Kodweiss, inspector of forests, and landlord of the Lion Inn. We have still extant, for our benefit, a catalogue of the "goods and chattels" belonging to the dowry of the young couple. A small cabinet picture of old times; a graphic description of costume, which I cannot resist asking my readers to glance at with me, especially as the childish eyes of Friedrich Schiller must often have rested on these very objects.

To begin with the bride. Under the heading "Ready Money" stands a simple zero. But we may figure her to ourselves in a "black velvet cap with silver lace," or in a "blue ditto with gold lace," or in a "black damask with gold," and four other caps. Moreover she possessed "a necklace of pearls and garnets," "a ditto with three rows of garnets," also one of "agates and mother-of-pearl;" "a black

cloth dress, a ditto of thick crape, and one silk gown." Several shawls, and a thick wadded coverlet, attest that they were not devoid of articles of luxury; while the slender provision of only "four pairs of white cotton stockings, and one ditto of woollen for winter," may appear rather a small stock of these useful articles to my female readers. The dowry is well provided with bedding and linen. The articles of furniture are as follows:—"One handsome bedstead and canopy, one good double chest of drawers, one older ditto, one dressing table, one strong ditto of hard wood, two ditto chairs, one rocking cradle and nursing chair" (to be provided hereafter). "Two well stuffed arm-chairs" with cushions, which conclude the inventory, seem to be the only articles that procure much comfort. The young wife was also endowed with a piece of arable land and a garden—her portion being estimated at 385 florins 40 kreuzers.

It impresses us with a favourable opinion of the bridegroom to find, that he can set in array against such imposing means, 200 gulden "hard cash." He stands before us as large as life, in his "entirely new steel-coloured cloth coat, a walking stick inlaid with silver, a present from his mother; a three-cornered laced hat, silk stockings, and frilled shirt of Dutch linen." He also possessed a case of surgical instruments, and "stock in hand," that is, drugs, consisting of "burnt waters, tinctures, spirits, roots, herbs, and other species," valued at seven florins thirty kreuzers. He had six books of his own to read on week days, and a seventh for Sundays, "a Würtemberg psalm book." We shall shortly learn that he was quite as well versed in this book as in the others. The youthful bridegroom, however, was by no means yet in haven. Amongst his stock are named "a Hungarian saddle, bridle, and accoutrements," which portended little good for the "rocking cradle and nursing chair" when provided.

In the course of time Johann Schiller found that he could

not exist on the fruits of his profession, especially when, after the lapse of eight years, there was for the first time a prospect of the "rocking cradle" being required. He looked out for help betimes, it came at last in a rugged form, stretching out to him an iron hand from a war-horse. Frederick the Great was preparing for his third struggle to maintain Prussia's honour, and as Karl Eugen, Duke of Würtemberg, took part against Prussia in this war, Schiller seized this opportunity to seek employment in the army. He was appointed Ensign and Adjutant in Prince Louis' regiment. It must indeed have been a sorrowful parting when the husband quitted his wife to join his regiment. He also left behind him a little daughter, born on the 4th of September 1757. The division of the Austrian army to which his corps belonged, marched to Bohemia, where it suffered severe losses by an infectious disorder. Schiller not only preserved his own health by moderation and exercise, but as there were few surgeons he attended the sick zealously; indeed he not unfrequently supplied the place of a clergyman in the services of the Church, by reading prayers and leading hymns. These occupations portray a man very different from the morose being which a cynical contemporary * describes him to be. Johann Schiller's merits seem to have been appreciated, as we find him in the autumn of 1759 appointed lieutenant in the Romanischen Infantry.

Karoline von Wolzogen relates that he employed every moment of leisure, in repairing, by his own unassisted industry, the state of ignorance to which unfavourable circumstances had condemned him. What a happy meeting it must have been, when the husband, during winter quarters, visited his lonely wife, who, supported by him, resided with her parents at Marbach! His profession did not often grant him this gratification, otherwise Frau Schiller would scarcely have under-

* Petersen.

taken a journey, in 1759, to the spot where the regiment was encamped for the usual autumn manœuvres; for she was at that time expecting the birth of another child, and the worthy Lieutenant must have been in no small embarrassment, when his wife was surprised in his tent by symptoms which made her hurry back to Marbach, and there, in a house in the market-place belonging to M. Schölkopf, her son Friedrich was born. Future biographers were in after days to dispute whether the boy were born on the 10th or the 11th of November. We leave them to their strife, while we stand full of reverence beside the cradle of the poet.

Our hero knocked at the door of life amid war and tumult, and narrowly escaped being born in a tent or on the journey. Piously brought up by his solitary mother, in humble faith and trust in God, his soul was destined to no common calling. If it be true that the spirit influences the body, who must not avow that his first entrance into life, accords admirably with the pure ideal and lofty aspirations of the poet?

We know not what planet presided in the heavens over his birth, but on earth the devout and aspiring prayer of a father welcomed him, and the invisible constellation of the period, concealing within its mysterious circles, the good and evil aspects of celebrated men.

On one side, the position of the literary world is propitious to a great poet. In 1759, Lessing at the age of thirty begins his "Letters on Literature," demolishes Gottsched's style, and writes the first German drama in the style of nature; his Philotas. Wieland is zealously occupied with Shakspeare. Klopstock's "Messiah," the first cantos of which appeared in 1748, begins to lose its vigour under the influence of a Danish pension. Kant, in early manhood, is preparing his system of philosophy, well calculated to enrich, rather than to impoverish, the poetical nature of man. Eckhof, the father of German dramatic art, finds in Lessing his friend and his poet.

Iffland is recently born. Goethe is ten years old, busily engaged in studying the French drama in a German free city. There is just enough done, and enough left to do.

The aspect of politics is not so encouraging to a German poet. Frederick the Great's portrait hangs in the cottages even of his enemies; thus the bard is not deficient in a hero. At Kunersdorf, in 1759, the noble poet Körner loses his life in battle, fighting for this same hero against his German brethren.

The German kingdom is precisely in the position of an incurable patient, whose speedy release is prayed for, both by himself and his friends, as a blessing from above.

The great basis of poetical appreciation—unity of feeling, is still less prevalent in the sphere of religion. In 1759, Pombal gives the signal for the expulsion of the Jesuits, and Frederick the Great responds to the call. The mighty and the noble surpass each other in the spirit of illuminism.

Fortunately one adjunct is still left by which spiritual life in Germany has ever been renovated and cherished—upright God-fearing families in the mass of the people.

It is well worth while to ascertain closely how those parents were constituted who brought up a Schiller. During the first four years of his life his mother was his sole nurse, his father being in the field. She was by no means the fantastic poetical mother described by Schwab and others. She was something better. There are women with such genuine goodness of heart in their countenance, and so much feminine sweetness, that a conviction of their worth is instantly impressed on the mind. According to the best testimony, Schiller's mother belonged to this class. Scharffenstein, a youthful friend of our poet's, says "she was the very image of her son, only that her charming countenance was mild and feminine. Never have I known a better mother's heart, nor a more admirable, domestic, womanly woman." Her portrait, according to Streicher's description, is as follows: "This noble-

souled woman, was tall, slender, and well formed; her fair hair, with a tinge of red; her eyes rather weak; her face animated by deep feeling and warm sensibility; her lofty forehead denoting a person of thought and ability." Others dispute her being tall, but without a foot-rule tall and short are only relative terms. She had six children, two of whom died soon after their birth. She was not only an affectionate wife and mother, but what is perhaps still more commendable an admirable daughter. Her parents lost their entire property by a terrific inundation; and the former prosperous inspector of forests was thankful to obtain the situation of porter at the Marbach Gate, and to live henceforth in a poor small house situated on the ramparts.

"What has not our excellent mother done for her parents? and how well she deserves the same love from us!" writes Friedrich Schiller to his sister in later years. The good, kind daughter makes, as we shall see, long journeys on foot to visit her father and mother, after the Schillers quitted Marbach. Her own household was so embarrassed, from the smallness of her husband's salary, that the most rigid economy was requisite to keep the family in respectability, and to have the children instructed in what was absolutely necessary. Is it to be wondered at that, in such a predicament, the mother should be "a prey to care and anxiety? If she no longer finds them in one direction, she never rests till she finds them in another;" thus wrote the fugitive son to his sister. He indeed took means subsequently to prevent his mother from requiring to search out cares and troubles; but, notwithstanding her apprehensive nature, she was so intrepid, that he made her the confidante of his flight, nor did she obstruct his path by her womanly grief. She loved good books, especially the poems of Utz and Gellert, and like a true woman had at her command a simple yet expressive flow of language.

Goethe inherited his stature from his father, and from his

mother the "love of romancing." With Schiller it appears to have been exactly the reverse. Like Kant, he resembles his mother in looks, and his father in restless energy and powerful impulses. The few strokes yet wanting to complete the father's portrait, I add here. "In person he was not tall, but his figure well formed." His high arched forehead was very intellectual, and bright eyes animated a face expressive of a shrewd, active, and cautious disposition. The vigour of this singular and energetic man, even apart from his own profession, was truly astonishing. His spirit was never at rest. He wrote treatises on a vast variety of subjects.

How truly heartfelt his piety was, may be seen from a passage in one of these treatises:—"Great Lord of the universe! I fervently prayed to Thee at the birth of my eldest son, that Thou wouldst compensate to him, in strength of mind, what from want of instruction I was unable to supply, and Thou hast heard my prayer!"

His thoughts were steadfastly fixed on the practical; his favourite study was botany, and eventually he was appointed overseer of the shrubberies and plantations at the "Solitude," where it is said he by degrees planted 60,000 trees. He wrote a work "On the Culture of Trees," which went through a second edition. The Duke, who promoted him to the rank of Captain, valued him very highly. He was absolute master of his own household, and his letters to his son, though mild and gentle, still indicate the father who thoroughly knows his rights, as well as his duties. On one point he proved himself truly magnanimous, and worthy of admiration,—he showed no harsh opposition to the stormy career of his son. His reward was, that to a green old age he could follow that son's soaring flight with the purest joy. He was himself a poet, and could appreciate the poetry of his Friedrich. I cannot resist quoting some of the principal passages in the "Morning Prayer" composed by him. It was found among

his wife's papers with the following words in her writing: "Your father composed this prayer, and repeated it every morning." I cannot comprehend Hoffmeister thinking it "deficient in taste," nor Gustav Schwab asserting of a man who can pray thus "that he participated somewhat in the bold freethinking of the day."

"Israel's faithful Watchman! In honour be adored!
I lift my voice aloud in praise, that Heaven and Earth may hear.
Angels, and men, and living things!—ye all praise God the Lord;—
Holy, Holy, Holy is he!—Let the sound go far and near.

"Just God!—if by deserts alone—Thou didst Thy justice mete;
If day by day—all tenderly—my sins were not forborne;—
The doom of wrathful righteousness had left the Judgment-seat,
And cast me prostrate in the dust, accursèd and forlorn.

"May Thy long-suffering mercy lead to healing sorrow NOW!
Now is the time appointed;—NOW is the victor's goal;—
The moments may be numbered, which Thy wise decrees allow;—
The lingering of a pulse-beat may mean a forfeit soul.

"Vouchsafe, that with repentance, I weary not from toil;—
Nor be like hypocrite who saith—'I fear,'—and standeth still;—
Let this spirit and this flesh of mine from wickedness recoil;
Let the bud of new affections bloom, and bear without a chill.

"And yet, alas!—how grievously my single strength doth fail,—
A strength that only serves to bring its feebleness to light:
I strive in prayer to Thee, my God,—I weep,—without avail;
I wrestle in my agony for favour in Thy sight:—
But thoughts are ever wandering, and snares are ever laid;
And the flood of sin o'erwhelms and drowns the bulwark I have made.

"Shall I therefore cease from struggling,—shall I therefore wed despair?
Shall prayer and praise be silent,—and complaint alone arise?
No!—I will battle onwards;—for the Lord of Hosts is there
To help His servant on the path well-pleasing in His eyes.

"Vouchsafe, that from that path of truth, Thy servant shall not stray;
Give me on earth my daily bread, as Thine accepted guest;
All that I have and hold is Thine,—to give or take away;
Grant that my days be days of peace, and my departure blest!"

CHAP. III.

A CHILD LIKE OTHERS.

Schiller's Birthday. — Home. — Change of Residence. — No Symptoms of future Greatness. — Lorch. — First Instruction. — Early Traits of Character. — The Family settle in Ludwigsburg.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was born at Marbach on the 10th of November 1759; on this day we also celebrate the birth of Luther and Scharnhost.* The names of Christoph Friedrich he received from his distinguished godfather, Colonel-Commandant of the regiment in which his father served—Christoph Friedrich von Gabelenz. The name of Johann, which was also borne by his father, he probably owed to another godfather, Johann Friedrich Schiller, who has been sometimes mistaken for the poet's brother. He was a relative of the family, half adventurer, half diplomatist. In 1784, he had a printing-office in Mayence. How far these gentlemen took charge of their godson is not known, but his good genius conferred on him one precious gift — the privi-

* This noble triad was nearly rent asunder. G. Schwab extracted the date of Schiller's birth, according to the registry of his baptism, in which the 11th of November is stated as the day of his birth. The fact that both Schiller and his family always celebrated the 10th of November, threw doubts on the correctness of the registry; indeed, baptismal certificates usually referred only to the day of baptism, which was directed to take place the day after the birth of a child; but what finally sets aside all doubt, is a document hitherto unknown to all Schiller's biographers, written by Schiller's father with his own hand, dated, "The Solitude," 17th May, 1789, "*Curriculum vitæ meum*," with an extract of the date of each child's birth. According to this, Schiller was born on the 10th of November 1759, other dates with regard to his childhood are also rectified by this record.— *Weimarisches Jahrbuch*, vol. vi. page 221.

lege of growing to manhood amid the rich nature of Southern Germany. The child's first glances fell on glittering clusters of grapes, on hills and valleys, and on the lovely Neckar. Though man's spirit of independence may lead him to deny that outward circumstances influence the character, it is certainly by no means unimportant to my æsthetic conceptions, whether, for example, the source of my ideas be connected with the energetic foaming stream which leaps forth from the rocky precipice, encircled with verdant brushwood, or with the lazy silvery rill, which slowly trickles through the sylvan forests of northern plains. In Swabia, the ear drinks in a luxuriance of melodious national airs, the imagination is attuned by the charms of nature and romantic traditions, and every tenth man is a poet.

To a native of Northern Germany, a new world is developed, when he for the first time visits the sweet South. He finds that an isolated individual is here more closely connected even by language with the people, and that a variety of popular legends, forms, and rhythms are in this land freely offered to a poet, which the North-German must work out for himself.

That this gift is accompanied by alluring shades, in which indolence is tempted quietly to repose, is not to be denied. Schiller, on one occasion, alludes with satisfaction to being "un-Swabianised." It was the great aim of his peculiarly powerful mind, wholly to fly from these shades; nevertheless he knew well what he owed to his home, and in the course of our narrative we shall find what it was to the boy.

He was delicate from his earliest childhood, and the maladies incident to that age were very severe on his tender frame, occasionally he suffered from convulsions, which however his good constitution eventually overcame. He was four years old, when his father was finally restored to his family by the Peace of Hubertsburg. Little Fritz had now opportunities

enough to observe new objects, for the father's garrison was quartered first at Ludwigsburg, and then at Cannstadt. The boy had arrived at an age when gifted children are poets, orators, and actors in their own childish fashion. Fritz would always hurry from his merriest games, to hear his father's morning and evening family prayers; he loved above all to listen to the Bible read aloud. An elder sister grew up with him, Christophine, a genuine Antigone, active-minded, and full of admiration and self-sacrifice for her brother. Our young genius unconsciously acquired his first disciple in her. She writes, "It was touching to see the expression of devotion on his sweet young face,—his bright blue eyes looking up to heaven, his light yellow hair encircling his pure white forehead, and his little hands devoutly clasped, gave him the aspect of an angel." Still more pleasing and impressive is another scene. When the mother went to visit her parents on Sundays, with her children, it was her custom as they went along, to expound to them the chapter of the gospel which was to be read that day in church. "Once," says Christophine, "as we were accompanying our mother, to our grandfather's, she took the path over the hill from Ludwigsburg to Marbach. It was a fine Easter Monday, and our mother on the way told us of the two disciples who, on their pilgrimage to Emmäus, were joined by our Blessed Lord. Her words and her story became every moment more inspired, and when we reached the summit of the hill we were so deeply affected, that we knelt down and prayed fervently. This mount was our Tabor."

A change of residence favoured the development of the seeds, implanted by the pious and heartfelt convictions of the mother.

In 1765, the Duke of Würtemberg transferred the father, with the rank of Captain, to the Swabian Gmünd, giving him permission to live in the village of Lorch, near the boundary.

The Schiller family met with the kindest reception from the inhabitants of that place. How well the boy was now cared for! his love of knowledge and his susceptible heart! Here, in the pastor of the parish, he acquired his first tutor, and in the son, his earliest friend. While the latter attracted him by his gentle nature, and improved him by his good example, the stately, grave, and dignified teacher made an impression on him of a deeper kind. Magister Philipp Moser was a worthy but stern man. He looked sharply after the young people in his parish and their mode of life, and according to the measure of their trespasses meted out his punishments, that is, fined them heavily. Being a friend of the Schiller family, he allowed little Fritz to share his son's studies. In his sixth year he begun to teach him Latin, and in his seventh Greek.

The durable impression this excellent man made on Schiller is proved, by his giving the name of Moser, to the worthy ecclesiastic in "The Robbers," in honour of the memory of his beloved tutor.

What could be more natural than that his fondest boyish dream should be one day to become a Moser, zealously attending church and school, and occasionally amusing himself by playing the part of the preacher he aspired at some future period to be in reality? In the inn of "The Sun," where his parents lodged, he sometimes made them "dress him up in a black apron and clerical bands; he then mounted on a chair, and began to preach, looking very grave and serious: those present must all listen; and if any one laughed, he was displeased and ran away, hiding himself for a long time. These boyish homilies were clear and properly divided, well garnished with passages from Scripture,—in fact, a very fair imitation of reality."

But little Fritz was very far from being a saint; and for the consolation of rising genius we may mention that, in spite of his love of preaching, he not unfrequently played truant

from school. Christophine and also his mother were often his accomplices. Such aberrations from strict discipline were carefully concealed from the stern father; but the stratagems necessary for this purpose only made them doubly tempting to the children.

And what was it that enticed his youthful heart to such misdeeds? The very same that has so often allured grey-haired wisdom,—the mighty magic of the hills, the running streams, the sylvan recesses of the woods resounding with the songs of birds, the shady pines, the lofty oaks, the cooing of the ring-dove!

> "Ah! how ye flit before my fancy's eye,
> Ye dreams of childhood's years!
> Each fairy footstep gliding by,—
> A page of smiles and tears,—
> Discoursing boyhood's joys and fears."

Thus in after days sung one who at that time played as a little boy with Schiller—the poet Conz.

Let us go with him to school, and take a nearer view of the country round Lorch.

We find ourselves in a secluded valley. The river Rems winds through meadows and past gloomy hills covered with dusky pines, whence ancient cloisters look sternly down from their elevated summits. Beside these smaller hills and declivities, the lofty cone-shaped Stauffen majestically rises aloft from the plain, ascending high into the air in all its rugged grandeur. Towards the south-east, the picturesque chain of the Rechberg mountains, projects in close vicinity to the Stauffen. In all other directions the prospect over those rich regions is almost unlimited, with their fruitful fields, meadows, and forests.

The giant Alps can plainly be discerned in the distance, and a misty line designates the Black Forest.

Such was the fairy world on which the eyes of the children

daily rested. Best of all, they loved to go with their father to the spot where the memories of a past age, and pious usages, impressed their young minds with a holy awe. They ascended the adjacent "Hill of Calvary," near Gmünd; the path led past the "Stations of Suffering." Painted wooden images at each of these represented in vivid reality the history of Our Blessed Saviour, till crowned by the Crucifixion on the summit of the hill. These emblems, however, were typical of a faith which was not their own.

If the moral grandeur of the sublime sufferer oppressed and moved the heart, the adjacent cloister of Lorch had also a voice of its own, inaudible perhaps to the wisdom of the wise, but distinctly heard by the excited soul of the boy. In that cloister repose the remains of one of the mighty of the earth. Here lies buried the founder of the power of the Hohenstauffen dynasty, the root of a long race of stately Emperors. The father could name them all, and, urged by the restless questions of the boy, he would relate their deeds till the tragical fall of the much loved Conradin closed the narrative. The ancient spreading lime-tree before the cloister, which had survived many generations of men, possibly received the deep sighs of the excited boy, and no doubt rustled its leaves in sympathy.

The forms of the Middle Ages, attracted him even in their misty distance, decked in helmet and armour, with ermine and crown. Many a crumbling tower, and walled fortress, spoke of the peasant struggles and the Thirty Years' War. The legends, too, of his home — that true gold of the German mountains — were freely extracted from the deep mines of the hearts of the people. The mighty present was represented by scenes from the Seven Years' War, which the father, as an eye-witness, could graphically describe, illustrating their reality by the uniform he wore, when he took his boy with him to the military exercises. The foresters of

the woody regions around were also visited in their rural seclusion — an Elysium in the eyes of every boy. This variety of objects furnished the youthful imagination with ample food for meditation, in the retirement of his paternal home.

This home was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of love and the fear of God, and that system of order and frugality, which, according to Streicher, was universal at that time among the people of Würtemberg. The children, excepting the deviations from scholastic discipline to which we have already alluded, were always truthful, conscientious, and obedient. One failing Friedrich decidedly had. He was seized with an actual passion for giving away everything — his books, his clothes, even the coverlet of his bed. On one occasion, the father remarks that the shoes of the boy are fastened with ribbons. He calls him to account, and Fritz replies, "I gave my buckles to a poor lad, who is only to wear them on Sundays. I have another pair for Sundays." The father, touched by Friedrich's kindly feeling, does not punish him this time; but the case was not always so venial. Giving away his school-books was viewed with less indulgence. The punishment which threatened her brother developed the amiable character of his sister; for Christophine, who had also a mania for making presents, but a still greater love for her brother, acknowledged herself his accomplice, and endured hard words and chastisements for him, and with him. In such dilemmas they always preferred placing themselves under the gentle jurisdiction of their mother.

Moreover, Schiller's father could not really afford to be so lavish at this time, for his whole soul revolted against the recruiting system and its profits. He was deeply interested in the study of agriculture, and wrote a work on the subject*,

* Treatise on Husbandry in the Dukedom of Würtemberg, written by an Officer in the Würtemberg Service. 4 volumes. Stuttgart, 1767—1769.

which probably suggested the first idea of authorship to his boy. But these laudable occupations produced no money, and, though a Captain in rank, he had received no pay for three years. He lived on his small means, assisted, it is said, by the kindness of some relations. Fresh cares now assailed him, though presenting themselves in the garb of joy.

In January 1766, Friedrich's second sister Luise was born. These combined circumstances induced the father to present an urgent memorial to the Duke, stating his inability longer to maintain his situation in respectability from want of means. His resignation was accepted, and in 1766 he was transferred to Ludwigsburg, and his arrears of pay made up.

The boy now takes leave of Lorch and of the golden days of his childhood. Friedrich is in his seventh year, and by no means the reckless child false reports have represented him to be. The anecdote of his climbing on a roof in a thunder-storm to "take a peep into the arsenal of creation" is entirely fabulous.

CHAP. IV.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

The Latin School. — The Land Examination. — Severe Discipline. — First poetical Emotions. — Visit to the Theatre. — Industry at School. — Latin Verse. — Schiller's first German Poems.

THE scene changes as often in this narrative as in an historical drama. From the retirement of the hills we follow our hero to a noisy capital, but this restless dramatic aspect is not merely on the surface of Schiller's life.

Young Goethe has from his youth upwards an inner centre, from which, in an ever-increasing periphery, he can dispose and arrange all objects and persons. The great question of boyhood, *what to become?* does not trouble him. He is a poet, and as a poet he regulates his life. Schiller is incessantly in a periphery—making a pilgrimage round the wide circle of a sun, still veiled to his eyes; he is the sport of circumstances.

He wishes to be a theologian, a jurist, an actor—he becomes a surgeon, an historian, and a philosopher. After a certain lapse of time he reaches his centre—dramatic poetry. A passionate devotion to friends and teachers, distinguishes him even in early youth. The epic poet may exist without it, but it is the life-blood of dramatic genius.

The boy found his childish ideal of perfection realised in Pastor Moser, and wished to be a pastor himself. His mother, like every mother, was rejoiced at his choice; and his father did not oppose it, because the position is highly esteemed in Würtemberg, where many of the Pastorates are not only honourable, but profitable.

To prepare himself for this profession, Friedrich was obliged to go through a regular course of Latin. Those who wished to study theology entered the Cloister School in their fourteenth year, after passing several yearly examinations before the Consistorium of the "land examinators."

Thus Schiller entered the Latin school at Ludwigsburg, which did not bear its name in vain. Nothing but Latin was taught in the lowest class. On Fridays alone they abstained from the rich food of this study, to partake of the meagre fare of their mother tongue. There was no lack of religious instruction. Every lesson was preceded by prayer, and on Sundays there was catechising in church.

The new year's wish of little Friedrich, written both in German and Latin, is still extant. It consists of the usual moral themes in bad verse, and must not be considered his first German poem. It is quite as dull and artificial as such dictated wishes invariably are. At Easter 1769, his heart beat for the first time with the dread of his school examination. The high and mighty examiner, Knaus, rector of the Stuttgard Gymnasium, pronounces him "a hopeful boy."

He was soon after transferred to the second class of the school, where Latin still reigned supreme; German, on Fridays only, studied solely in pious books and catechisms. The teacher used none but gentle words on that particular day, but he did not the less sharply observe any delinquents, and only awaited the return of more heathenish days, to translate this unusual mildness, at the very first trip of the unhappy culprit, into Latin blows and severity.

Schiller had much to compensate him for this severe school discipline. He was very studious, and rejoiced in a new and much loved friend, little Wilhelm von Hoven. The two lads associated the more intimately, from each intending to study theology; both being kept strictly to work by their fathers, and for some time living under the same roof. According to

Hoven, Schiller was at that time very riotous: in the games with his comrades, where there was generally wild work, he was often the ringleader. The younger boys stood in awe of the tall lad; and he imposed on the older ones also, because he never was known to betray fear. He teased those who opposed him, but without malice. He had a few confidential friends among his playmates, and to those few he clung with his whole soul, and was all self-sacrifice and fidelity. In childhood, he lavished books and buckles; now, he gave himself away, in the noblest sense of the word. In this respect, we may say, to the honour of youth, he was a boy by no means singular.

The very vocation to which the lad wished to devote his life, wore at that time a very repulsive aspect. The state of the Church in Würtemberg, was a faithful type of the appearances presented by the Protestant world, from the middle of the seventeenth century.

This point is too important for Schiller's entire development, deficient as we are in any definite or connected profession of faith by the poet, not to endeavour at least to obtain some outlines from the background of that period. "Pastor Flattich," relates Hermann Kurtz, "was asked in society one day, the meaning of a Pietist. He answered by another question: 'Sir, what does your dog do if you continually beat him?' 'He runs away.' 'And what then?' 'He looks out for a better master.' 'Well, Sir, every one maltreats the common people: the Duke beats them, the soldiers beat them, the foresters beat them, the clergy shout at them; so at last they run away and seek a kinder master. This master is Christ, and he who wishes to serve Christ is called a Pietist.'" The truth of this answer is undeniable, for the depths of religious life are often closely connected with the oppressions and afflictions of worldly life. History furnishes us with examples of this fact. The prophets of the Old Testament in

the time of oppression announced the advent of a Messiah; the Jews and Greeks during the tyranny of Rome fled to Christ; Wickliffe, Huss, and Luther led the people to Christ from the hard yoke of the second era of the Romish tyranny. The Episcopal Church, and Charles I., drove the Puritans to Christ. The licentiousness of courts called forth in Germany strait-laced, narrow-minded morality; and the bigotry and set forms of the "Lutheran priests," backed by the severity of the reigning princes, produced Pietism.

One of the most subtle and refined of Schiller's youthful friends describes Pietism thus:—

"No inconsiderable part of the inhabitants of Würtemberg were dissatisfied with the forms of religion used in churches, and therefore established special meetings, to render the outward and visible man subservient to the inward and spiritual voice of conscience, in order to enjoy even here below that perfect peace, and foretaste of bliss, which the New Testament promises to faithful believers in a future state; but it was no slothful inward contemplation to which these pious men were devoted; on the contrary, they sought to prove themselves as blameless in word and deed, as they really were in thought and feeling. The good results of these quiet and devout societies on the community at large, were evident from the character of the Würtemberg people being at that time considered a pattern of truth, integrity, industry, and honesty, and exceptions were rare indeed. In this country, and among such men, lived the parents of the poet, and they educated their children in these good principles."

This recalls the scene on Easter Monday, Father Schiller's prayer, and his practice of reading aloud the Bible.

Church affairs in Ludwigsburg were entirely regulated by the Special Superintendent Zilling, whom the people named "The Lutheran Priest." This man was the son of a baker in Ludwigsburg. His own brother, who was his sexton, never

dared to offer him his surplice without a profound bow. His arrogance was only exceeded by his persecuting spirit. When the poet Schubart, who had been his organist, was imprisoned in Hohenasperg, Zilling prohibited the clergyman there administering the sacrament to the prisoner, who earnestly wished it. A spirit of fear pervaded all his subordinates; the same spirit made our poet quail—fear of the school examination, fear of catechising, fear of the darkly veiled future.

Evil spirits presented themselves to the boy in other shapes. The poet Schubart was organist of the church. When Zilling's sermon concluded, and the organ pealed forth, Schubart suddenly, to the horror of Zilling, passed from sacred music to profane melodies, neither unfelt nor unperceived by the boy, devoutly studying his hymn book.

His imagination received a still stronger impulse by witnessing the mode of life in the capital itself. He saw for the first time, at Ludwigsburg, a theatre. He was indebted to a breach between the Prince and his States, for this circumstance. The Duke of Würtemberg, who by his lavish expenditure had called forth the loudest complaints and threats from his people, and especially from his capital, in order to punish the Stuttgarders, transferred his residence and pursuits to Ludwigsburg, and, to render the punishment more severe, he amused himself there in every possible way. If a German Prince of that day wished to do wrong, he invariably selected for that purpose a French example. Italian operas, French plays, ballets, rope-dancers, and, during the carnival, a Venetian masquerade, attended by old and young, all in masks, converted the small town into a Fontainebleau. The operas, especially, were conducted with the pomp which this pretentious favourite of luxurious courts demands. Here a world of splendid decorations, and scenery, passed before the dazzled eyes of the youth of Ludwigsburg, and the well-trained lions and elephants excited a pleasing

terror. Splendid processions with horses clattered across the stage. The ballets were arranged by Noverre, and danced by the celebrated Vestris. Great singers, accompanied by an admirable orchestra, completed the magic of the senses.

That a boy should remain unmoved by these brilliant objects was improbable. Schiller represented dramatic scenes by figures cut out of paper, employing the talent of his sister Christophine to paint not only the scenery but his heroes, while her brother declaimed the tragic parts; empty chairs representing the audience. He had a feeling like that of Eckhof, who, when a child, hung old clothes up before him at the same game, impressed with the idea that the dramatic art required spectators; but such wild offshoots from the young tree were soon to be pruned.

Friedrich now entered the highest class, where Professor Jahn was head teacher. He was an accomplished scholar, and in the course of his lectures led his pupils to so many branches of knowledge that they made most rapid progress, and were better prepared than any from other institutions when they entered the Cloister School. In his class Greek and Hebrew were taught to theologians. In Latin he read Ovid's Tristia, the Æneid, and the Odes of Horace.

Friedrich Schiller zealously strove to make himself master of these new studies; he especially devoted himself to metrics, and distinguished himself in Latin versification; but whether it were that he did not satisfy Jahn's expectations, or from whatever cause it might be, a collision soon took place between the teacher and Schiller.*

* Boas' Youthful Years, 1—62. Gustav Schwab, Hoffmeister, and E. Boas state that Schiller's father was transferred to the Solitude in 1770, and that the son remained in Ludwigsburg and boarded with Professor Jahn. The letters of Schiller's father, published by Gustav Schwab, and addressed to Col. Seeger, and a bond signed by both parents, dated Ludwigsburg 1773 and 1774, prove that Schiller's father did not remove to the Solitude in 1770. This circumstance renders it very doubtful whether Schiller ever boarded with Jahn. The father was not appointed to the Solitude till 1775.

The boy was shy and reserved, and the strangeness and peculiarity of his nature began now to be perceptible. During the hours of recreation, he wandered either alone, or with a chosen friend, through the lovely country round Ludwigsburg, and complaints of fate, discussions about the obscure future, and plans for the time to come, were poured forth from his oppressed heart.

Again the new year came round, and the inevitable congratulatory address, which he wrote in Latin.. Again came Easter and the indispensable school examination; again fear and terror, but this time a favourable report.

Jahn was indeed superseded, but the head preceptor, Winter, a teacher not a bit less severe, came in his place. As Friedrich Schiller surpassed all his school-fellows in the facility of making Latin verse, the task of welcoming the new teacher with a poetical greeting devolved on him. He playfully expressed a hope that *Winter* would produce a favourable *Spring* for the scholars, but this compliment did not prevent the worthy but irritable Winter from cudgelling the prophet of Spring, on account of some misunderstanding. Some days after, indeed, Winter owned that he had been in the wrong, and went to Schiller's father to apologize; he, however, knew nothing of the affair, as his son had made no complaint on the subject. The discoloured contusions on his back spoke, however, the more plainly.

That the Latin poetry of the upper class scholars was a mere matter of form, is very evident from the church tyrant Zilling being celebrated by him in an enthusiastic ode. It was an official expression of thanks for the autumn holidays. There is no trace of Schiller ever having been attracted by this class of churchmen. He is now to be confirmed. Shortly before the time when he is to make his confession of faith openly in church, his pious mother sees him loitering listlessly down the street. She calls him to her, reproaches him for his

indifference, and impressively represents the importance of the approaching rite. He retires into solitude, and through the Latin rind with which school had encrusted his heart, his true feeling wells forth in a German poem. He trusted these verses would convince his mother of the existence of that piety in his heart which he carefully concealed, both from his pastor and his companions, under the garb of indifference.

"Have you lost your senses, Fritz?"

These were the words by which the father hid his real sensations when he saw his son's first poem. The nearer the time approached for him to enter the Cloister School, the more eager was his zeal. The third examination was impending, but the bodily frame of the boy of thirteen was enfeebled by quick growth, and his industry impeded, so this time the report was less satisfactory. When his health was in some degree restored, he hung over his books so unremittingly, that his teachers themselves recommended him to be less studious. His extraordinary progress in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, obtained for him at every examination a double A., the sign of highest merit.

We see in him a very common, but very natural development. The industry of the scholar possessed the right instinct, that without close study no mastery in any pursuit can be attained; but his restless striving, his eager fulfilment of all that could be accomplished within his limited sphere, soon exceeded these bounds.

Streams rushed in, floating away the boat of his life which he had himself constructed. That he deserted his theological calling only proves that it was not his real vocation, however much he deceived himself and others in this respect. The persons and the circumstances which caused this change in the life of our hero, are now to occupy our attention.

BOOK II.

IN THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

1773 TO 1781.

CHAPTER I.

KARL EUGEN, DUKE OF WÜRTEMBERG.

Life and Character of the Duke. — His wild Life. — His Amendment. — Establishment of the Military Academy. — Schiller's Entrance into it. — His choice of a Profession.

Two remarkable princes stand at the beginning and at the end of Schiller's life. In spite of all the difference in favour of Karl August, they resemble each other in destiny, in despotism, and the age in which they lived. Both were at this period young, and in the opinion of Frederick the Great, promising Princes; both received in the bloom of youth the lands they were to rule over from their widowed mothers; both were educated in a spirit of enlightenment. Gifted natures, though with a strong tendency to sensuality, "mighty hunters before the Lord," liberal in their dealings with their people, appreciating and cherishing talent.

In one point they were very unlike. Karl August valiantly resisted the Circe of passion; like Odysseus, he never lost his human form. Karl Eugen was vilely transformed; but resembled the companions of Odysseus, who, when the spell was dissolved, were restored to a nobler shape than before. Thus Karl Eugen, after his transformation, appeared once more touched by Circe, embellished in proportion to the ignominious change he had undergone.

Karl Eugen was born in 1728. His father, Karl Alexander, had been converted to the Catholic faith. He died suddenly, bequeathing to his son, still a minor, a deadly feud between the throne and the Land States. The admirable education he

had received in Berlin during the regency of his mother, the widowed Duchess, under the eye of Frederick the Great, seemed to leave no room for apprehension, when, by the intercession of Frederick, and the intrigues of a certain subtle diplomatist at the imperial court, Karl Eugen came to the throne at the age of sixteen.

The testimony of his guardian, Frederick, "that he was capable of governing greater states than the one confided to him by Providence," his ward only verified by a philosophical pamphlet entitled "Virtue and Vice."

He stood now on the line of demarcation. The Land States considered it necessary to publish a proclamation, protecting the evangelical religion of the country from the Catholic Prince, by a reciprocal bond.

Religious and lay instruction were equally debarred to the youthful philosopher. An intellectual ideal was not powerful enough to influence the young Duke to pursue steadily the path of virtue, with the tendency to unbridled licentiousness which he soon betrayed, or to make him a faithful servant of the Lord. The hand he received in marriage was equally inefficient. His young wife was handsome, but arrogant. Karl loved his people; she despised them. A separation terminated this unhappy connection.

From all quarters the evil spirits of corruption stretched forth their hands to the Prince, to lead him with assiduous obsequiousness into the dark paths of vice. The subtle diplomatist at the imperial court was a certain Count Montmartin, who had come to Würtemberg soon after Karl Eugen ascended the throne. His refined flattery and his servility, which did not shrink from the meanest offices, made him indispensable as minister to the Prince; and the actions to which Montmartin was ashamed to give the sanction of his own name, he deputed to Colonel Rieger, a passionate and determined man. The third in this band was Wittleder. He

raised himself from the position of a journeyman to be one of the directors of the Ecclesiastical Court, and regularly organised the sale of offices. He erected a booth on Ludwigsburg, where they could be all purchased, from the highest employments of the state, down to that of a night watchman, for the Duke wanted money—money—everlastingly money.

He proved that he was capable of *ruining* (not governing) greater states than that confided to him by Providence. Extravagant fêtes of all kinds, operas, ballets, costly progresses, and Italian mistresses swallowed up the sums extracted from the people.

The game had been so zealously preserved, that it now amounted to prodigious herds, entirely destroying the crops of the farmers; and mercenary levies, like those in Hesse, consumed the sons of the land. For one subsidy alone, Frederick of Prussia paid three million livres, and this sum was entirely absorbed by the expenses of the royal household. The Land States protested; the capital murmured. The Duke, indignant, transferred his residence from Stuttgard to Ludwigsburg. When the Seven Years' War broke out, he fought gallantly, but in opposition to the better spirit of his youth, bringing 11,000 men into the field against Frederick the Great. In levying these, Colonel Rieger incurred the thousand-fold maledictions of the whole country, which were destined to be fulfilled. The gloomy spirit of despotism invariably brings suspicion in its train. Montmartin first caught the infection, and conveyed the poison to the Duke. Towards the end of the Seven Years' War, the latter cast his favourite minion Rieger into prison in one of the Uri fortresses, situated on the finest heights of this fruitful land. Rieger languished for many years in the castle of Hohentwiel. His creation, that of mercenary levies, remained in full force. The portion of power and iniquity set free by his disgrace, was shared between Montmartin and Wittleder. The public treasury of the country was now en-

croached on. New and more productive schemes of taxation were devised, each of which was an infraction of the law of the land. Fresh protestations from the States. Karl replied by imprisoning the celebrated professor of law, Moser; he threw him into the prison of Hohentwiel. The bow too tightly strung snapped at last!

The Land States rose *en masse*, and attacked the Duke formally at law; but by the mediation of Prussia and other countries, a compromise was effected.

Montmartin and Wittleder were removed, and the constitution re-established. If Karl had not been in reality weary of these discreditable transactions, he would have paid little heed to the lawsuit; but the storm had raged itself out. The reckless mariner, without a rudder, rushed out alone on the troubled sea of passion. One last surging wave cast him into port.

The Duke carried off Franziska, the beautiful and intelligent wife of an old man, the Baron von Leutrum, and made her Gräfin von Hohenheim; she made him a better man. We shall dwell subsequently on the character of this singular and gifted woman. The Duke loved her sincerely, and elevated her eventually to the rank of his wife, by a Morganatic marriage. All the luxury of gold-embroidered uniforms, operas, and ballets, was changed into the simple forms of domestic and scholastic virtue. The lights in Karl's character began to shine forth. He was very forgiving, like all strong-minded men. When Moser was released by command of the council, the Prince not only acknowledged his innocence, but reinstated him in his office. He entrusted to Rieger the post of commandant of the fortress of Asperg. His passion for Franziska was the only point which could not safely come in collision with his clemency.

Schubart, who had in a lampoon harshly commented on the Duke's connection with her, was enticed, under false pretences,

within the Würtemberg boundary, and in a way most disgraceful to the Duke, without form of trial or sentence, thrown into a long and grievous imprisonment. Above all Karl Eugen most profoundly studied that great task of a ruler, the training of the young, and nothing characterises him better than his own creation—the Military Academy. This institution included all the attributes natural to a kind and good heart, after so sudden a transition of feeling, and to the remembrance of his own early studies and military education.

In 1770 there was erected at Solitude, under the name of Military Orphan House, an establishment for the instruction of the sons of poor parents, chiefly soldiers' children. Soon, however, the plan was extended, and the seminary professed to give instructions in music, dancing, and other branches of art. The sons of the higher classes, especially those of officers, were to be enrolled in the "Military Preparatory School," as it was now designated, which was destined to become a more comprehensive and higher class of academy. Teachers were appointed for geography, history, &c., and among others the intellectual Jahn was transferred from the Latin School at Ludwigsburg, and at the end of the year 1772 it was raised from a preparatory school, to the rank of an academy. To secure clever pupils for the "Solitude" Karl adopted a singular system of recruiting, which proved as efficacious for good, as that of the soldiers for fraud and coercion. Schiller's friend Wilhelm von Hoven and his brother, had already submitted to this mode of enlistment. It was now Schiller's turn.

It had been customary, from time to time, to inquire from the teachers of other schools, which of their scholars had distinguished themselves most. This was the case at Ludwigsburg also, and Friedrich Schiller was named by all the masters as a particularly gifted boy. Immediately the Duke communicated with Schiller's father, offering to take his son into the

Academy, and to educate him at the royal expense, free of all cost.

Great excitement in the family—the son's theology is in danger — the Academy has no Professor for this calling. The father endeavoured to decline the proffered favour by a candid statement of his wishes, which produced so good an effect, that the Duke himself declared that the Academy could not fulfil these expectations. Not a word more for a long time. Quite unexpectedly the Duke a second time expressed to the father his wish to have his son in his Academy.

He is to be free to choose his particular branch of study, and when he finally leaves the establishment, a much better provision is to be secured to him than anything the clerical profession could offer. It was, indeed, subsequently privately stipulated by a written obligation, signed by the father and mother, that the pupil "should devote himself unreservedly to the service of the Ducal House of Würtemberg"—a condition which eventually proved very oppressive. The family and their friends saw only too plainly what was to be feared, if this second application were not complied with. The son too, with a troubled heart, at last yielded, in order to prevent all risk to his parents, who had no other income than that derived from the father's appointment; but all faithfully relied on the Duke's assurances, that an excellent position in the royal service, should one day be secured to young Schiller. What still further contributed to tranquillise the mother was the vicinity of the institution, and the certainty of being able to see her son every Sunday, as well as the great care bestowed on the health of the pupils, and the condescending, almost paternal, tenderness of the Duke towards them, by which the stern discipline of the school was considerably mitigated.

The Captain thanked Intendant Seeger in a flourishing epistle, to this purport: "When centuries have elapsed, if our descendants still bear the impress of wisdom and virtue, will

they not have ample cause to be grateful, and to say, 'We owe everything to the great Karl.'"

Why should it occur to the "great Karl" that this enthusiasm was feigned? He implicitly believed the worthy Captain. The boy, now thirteen years of age, selected jurisprudence as his profession. Jahn considered him sufficiently prepared, but in his report mentioned "handwriting far from good."

"In a short blue jacket and a waistcoat without sleeves, fifteen Latin books, and a stock of cash consisting of forty kreuzers," Friedrich Schiller repaired to his new destination.

CHAP. II.

THE PUPIL.

Schiller's artistic Dedication on the Altar of the Time. — His Epic Poem. — Klopstock. — "Ugolino." — Schiller's first Drama. — The Royal Benefactor. — Schiller's Connection with him. — Schiller's Self-censure. — His Exterior.

BOTANISTS, with a view of obtaining the distinctive characteristics of plants, place them in their herbarium in full bloom. We shall imitate them, and delay delineating this singular educational plant of the Duke's until it attains full perfection, and then describe it in minute detail. When Schiller entered the Academy, on the 17th of January 1773, it was constructed on military principles, but not on the grand scale to which it was afterwards extended.

The studious pupil of the Latin school soon became a proficient in that language, and also gained the first prize in Greek, by an exposition of Æsop's fables. He made little progress in history, geography, or moral philosophy. Delicacy of health affected his mental powers, and another circumstance turned them into a different channel. The spring which his first German poem had unlocked within his heart, now streamed forth with energetic flow. The first sight of the Muse produces in the artist's soul a degree of holy awe; the presentiment of a celestial and precious power flashes joyfully through the youthful soul. An inalienable Eden of felicity beckons him on from amid rosy clouds, never more to be snatched from him, in which he can at any time take refuge from the commonplace realities of life. From this happy consciousness swells forth a feeling of freedom, piety, and courage, only to

be compared with the faith of the believing soul, amid the cares and trials of this world.

In this new birth of poetry, religious as well as poetical faith is called into exercise. I mentioned in a previous book, the revival which religious life had experienced in Germany through the influence of Pietism; but to a still greater degree in England through the power of Puritanism, which assumed at this period a more purified and enlightened form. While in Germany the hymns of Paul Gherard supplied the cravings of the believing soul, and carried consolation to the hearts of the people, the stern spirit of Puritanism, by the grave and elevated strains of Milton, recalled a sober generation to the "great problem of humanity." The more profound intelligence of the German nation erected an invisible Church, and hailed with enthusiasm a similar call. Within its pale, assembled, for a time, all those who wished to press onwards in prose or in verse: the philanthropic Lavater, Jung, Stilling, Jacobi; Goethe combining and reasoning; Lessing eagerly pursuing controversy; Herder vivifying and purifying; even officers of the Guards at Potsdam meeting for religious purposes, under the superintendence of Knebel.

These strange marvels of the period worked on Schiller also. He was seized with paroxysms of excitement. He often poured forth his heart in prayer, and, along with others, had appointed hours for devotion. They were more heartfelt than when as a child he preached from a bench, but he hated all outward show, and therefore avoided bigots and pietists * naturally; for, to a mind such as his, nothing is sufficiently innate, save the depths of a man's own spirit. On a heart thus constituted, Klopstock's "Messiah" at this time dropped some seed on good ground, not a grain of which was lost. Here was inward devotion, united to the most sublime indivi-

* To be understood here in the satirical, and not the historical, sense of the word.

duality, soaring upwards in poetical power. Here was created, out of nothing, a world of intellect and knowledge. Its religious sense made the strains immortal and triumphant over the times. Milton had celebrated in deathless song Paradise Lost, Klopstock our Blessed Saviour. Saul had slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands. Sublimity, devotion to a lofty object, was henceforth what the Muse was to invoke. How alluring, how fascinating for imitators, old and young! Literature, among the many attempts in this field, can number, Bodmer's "Noah," his "Deluge," his "Jacob and Joseph," Moser's "Daniel," and Wieland's "Sacrifice of Abraham." While Goethe chose the fine subject of Joseph, it is characteristic of Schiller that he selected a religious and political hero of sublime moral power — Moses. However closely this long lost Epos may resemble the "Messiah," still it proves the profound impression made on the mind of the young scholar. He imitated the form, but the subject was his own.

Klopstock long remained his honoured master; and he is a master in his Odes, whom every student may to this day study with advantage. Hölderlin and Platen fully comprehended what Herder said of these fine Odes; that each demands a particular study, for each exhales a different fragrance and spirit, extending even to the smallest detail, to the length and shortness of the periods, to the choice of syllables, almost to the harder and softer letters of the words. Schiller felt these beauties. He did not superficially skim poetry; he examined, compared, declaimed, and bore about with him, day and night, his ideal type.

How wonderful must have been the gift of genius at that period, when as yet the seductive melody of rhyme had not poured itself forth in the full luxuriance of nature, except in Bürger's and Goethe's poems! Bürger, who exercised considerable influence over Schiller's Lyrics at the age of seventy, now first began his poetical flight.

I must not omit to mention, that at this period the Göttingen Bond of Poets was formed. The age must speak when the life of the hero is silent. During the association of these youths, Klopstock lived and Voltaire died. These young enthusiasts passed the bright summer nights in the open air, composing poetry by moonlight, and reposing on rose leaves beside the vineyards of the Rhine. Love of their Fatherland, devoted friendship, religion, and every noble sentiment were vividly felt by them. Unconsciously the young genius at the "Solitude" belonged to this Bond. He soon found his polar star in dramatic poetry. One of his friends spoke to him with enthusiasm of Gerstenberg's "Ugolino." He read the work, and the impression made by it was so lasting, as well as powerful, that he continued to hold it in honour during his after life, though the piece itself is now nearly forgotten. Lessing writes to Gerstenberg: "You have chosen a subject the contexture of which seems to defy all dramatic form, but it has been forced to become what you chose. My emotion in reading it, was more than once surpassed by my astonishment at the skill you have shown in moulding the piece." He declares in the same letter that this tragedy affected him so deeply, he never would read it a second time, from the fear of weakening the first impression. Such a composition was daily nourishment for the youthful imagination of our Schiller. "Ugolino" is a dramatic Laocoon, save that hunger is substituted for serpents, and yet another son crushed within the deadly agonising grasp. The fault of the piece, if there be one, consists in the actual exhaustion of pity; as in the "Messiah," there is the same drain on our pious emotions—but it was "forced to become what the author chose." In this point of view, there is something to be learned from "Ugolino," in so far as a dramatist can learn, and Schiller not only imbibed from it a strong sense of the terrible, but also the poet's power of anatomy over his subject.

In after days, in the same way, his "Robbers," his "Mary Stuart," his "William Tell" became what he chose. He had previously written a tragedy, "The Christians," which gave him ample opportunity to awaken deep emotion and horror in every heart, by portraying the persecutions and sufferings of the early Christians, and exciting wonder and admiration at the sublime faith they displayed — steadfast even unto death. The choice of the subject here is significant, inasmuch as it disburdened his youthful soul of all that had occupied it in "Ugolino" and the "Messiah." On what frivolous and trivial subjects have other poets expended their early powers!

The seclusion of the solitary Forest Lodge in which he lived, from the heights of which the eye could sweep an almost unlimited prospect, probably favoured the cultivation of his talent. The visit of Lavater in 1774, who wished to utilise the Academy, in furtherance of his views on physiognomy, could produce no other effect on Schiller, than that of seeing a celebrated man misled by a false system. Lavater pronounced the most amiable of all the pupils, to be a desperate villain.

Next to his poetical teachers, the Duke, his benefactor, chiefly occupied the thoughts of the boy of fifteen. All the pupils idolised Karl Eugen, and the great man delighted in being idolised by them. He sought for love where the source most freely gives forth its waters — where words of homage and gratitude flow direct from the heart. When he drove to Stuttgard with Gräfin Franziska, the ducal coach was often full of pupils inside and outside, whom he had taken with him for a holiday. Did this cause the youths to forget the disparity of rank? or rather did it not induce them to reverence the great man as a father? for youth often appreciates small proofs of affection more than great ones, and out of gratitude they devoted themselves heart and soul to the beautiful Franziska, with her glorious bright eyes. But such

relations are not without their dangers, and the tragedy enacted between Schiller and his Sovereign commences here. The mighty Prince accepts the enthusiastic words of youth, as the entire sacrifice of individuality. Youth, on the other hand, does not yet understand the full value of words, and has no conception that by a certain number of highflown expressions he is finally giving himself away.

Schiller loved his benefactor, the "great Karl," whose greatness appeared even more imposing in the eyes of the youth, from the gloomy background of a past dissolute life. He loved him as the power on whom hung the weal and woe of his parents, who were sincerely attached to their Prince. He expressed these sentiments with all the fire and exuberance, natural to youth, and such homage was peculiarly grateful to the Duke, who purposely called it forth. Thus, among other delicate and difficult themes for the pupils, they were desired to sketch their own characters, and also those of their comrades. Among the especial qualities not to be omitted, were particularly designated Christian feeling, behaviour towards teachers and schoolfellows, and sentiments towards the Duke. Karl knew perfectly what he had to expect on this last point. It was the provocation of old King Lear to his daughters, but Schiller was careful not to play the part of Cordelia, though it cannot be said that his feelings were less sincere; but there were no Regans to put to shame.

This is the substance of his address to the Duke; he feels deeply the extent of his good fortune in the kindness shown to his parents. "This Prince," he writes, "this father who wishes to make me happy, must be even dearer to me than my parents who depend on his favour. Oh! that I might venture to approach him with all the enthusiasm which gratitude inspires!" His father with regret has burdened his soul with this gratitude; henceforth he is to consider it a sacred law. In order to disarm the criticisms of his fellow-

students, in sketching his own character, he adroitly accuses himself of being passionate, obstinate, and irritable; but boasts of his rectitude, truth, and goodness of heart. He alleges that his delicate health prevents his turning his talents to so profitable an account as he ought to do. He admits want of attention to neatness, and hopes that the Duke will overlook this failing. There are many passages in his letters, containing protestations of devoted love for the Duke, fervent vows, and touching complaints. "What majesty is depicted in your features! allow me to contribute my share of incense at your shrine, and let my parents kneel before you to thank you for my good fortune. I may well exclaim with my Fatherland, 'Long live the Duke!' I cannot fully express my gratitude in words, let me breathe it forth in prayer! I must sigh where I cannot speak." The Duke can hardly be blamed for hesitating to give up his pupil to make a theologian of him. The scarcely perceptible longing after liberty was not understood by either party, but it seems very natural that the Duke, in answer to the complaints of the Professor of law, with regard to Schiller, should reply: "Let him alone; that youth will one day become a notability!"

The descriptions of Schiller by his comrades contain little that we do not already know. One declares that he is animated and gay, though modest and shy; another, that he is good-natured and more inwardly than outwardly cheerful. His delicate health and his bias towards theology are confirmed. One pupil writes a playful antithesis: "A true Christian doubtless, but not a cleanly one;" another praises him as obliging, amiable, and grateful; quick of perception, and industrious. Schiller's outward appearance is also minutely described, both at this epoch and later in life. As other biographers have been contented to adopt Scharffenstein's delineation, it becomes my duty to say why I consider both this and other portraits of Schiller incomplete.

A great poet may well demand to be sketched according to the rules of poetry, that is, according to the natural spirit of delineation by words. A house and a landscape may be topographically, and a corpse anatomically described, but though a man's limbs, nose, and neck may be minutely described, yet his real portrait may not be brought before us. When the gifted Lewes paints Goethe's demeanour, and then says of Schiller, "His gait was like that of a camel," it is an absurd caricature; for such a portrait does not at the same time present the more attractive features, which invalidate so repulsive a simile. Moreover, we know that Schiller's figure was bowed down by cruel corporal sufferings. Petersen and Scharffenstein, both young poets and Schiller's fellow-students, have more than all others exceeded the limits of plastic painting and that of words, in their sketches of his appearance. Scharffenstein in particular, who well knew how to handle the pencil, constantly gives fragmentary details of Schiller, but never a complete portrait. Can there be a more forbidding representation of a dear friend, than when Scharffenstein says, "He was tall of his age, his legs nearly the same size all the way down to his ankles, his neck long, his face pale, his eyes small, and encircled with a red rim; then to see this uncouth head stuck full of curl papers, and a huge queue dangling from it."

What sort of portrait is this? Where is the amiable expression of countenance? where the unassuming manner which fascinated Andreas Streicher? Where the indescribable charm which the Duke discovered, in the slender figure and delicate pale face, when he said, "He will one day be a notability."

The only essential point I can discover from Scharffenstein's description is, that the bitter feeling of Franz Moor, "Why am I doomed to bear this burden of ugliness?" was not unfelt by the pupil with red hair and freckles.

The jeers of his companions, or an impartial glance at the mirror, must have convinced him, that the same uniform on which others prided themselves, only displayed the awkwardness of his figure, for it was not moulded on a small and elegant scale, but on grander proportions. The self-consciousness of the villain Moor, the mortifying conviction of ugliness, might have had worse results on a less noble heart than that of Schiller. He at once, with admirable tact, yielded up a lost post, concentrating all his energies on one point, which enabled him to overcome even his bodily weakness and sense of want of attraction—the mind. He allowed the flood of opprobrious words as to the disorder of his attire to flow on without interruption, nor do we attempt to justify him from the superintendent Niess's emphatic appellation of "a hog." The boy was only fifteen, and certainly the ideas of what constituted cleanliness, were of the most subtle description in the pipe-clay soul of Niess; moreover the uniform of the pupils, offered an ample surface for the display of dust and stains.

The sons of officers wore blue coats faced with black plush, plated silver buttons, white aiguillettes, white waistcoats and breeches, white stockings, and shoebuckles of plated metal. What a field for the eye of a martinet! Then, to complete the picture, an artistic fortification of curls, the hair cut short on the crown of the head, and rolled tight on both sides, without powder. All without exception wore very long queues. For parade there were several gradations; one especially had four sets of curls on each side in rows with powder; a small three-cornered hat was the appropriate finish of this ornamental superstructure, the basis of which we shall now examine in detail in the Academy.

CHAP. III.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

Transferred to Stuttgard. — The Building of the Academy and its Regulations. — Division of the Pupils. — Mode of Life and Teaching. — Position of the Teachers with regard to the Duke and to the Pupils. — Schiller's Life and Tuition in the Academy.

It was an essential part of the Duke's nature to do everything thoroughly, and to wait with patience till his ideas could be perfected. He saw with infinite satisfaction the most distinguished families eager to obtain admission for their sons into the Solitude. Every year the applications increased in number. Karl Eugen at one time thought of erecting a new building, but in order to make the establishment thoroughly what he purposed, he allowed some years to elapse and then transferred it to Stuttgard. On the 18th of November 1775, the pupils with their superiors and teachers marched out of the "Solitude" in full uniform, and in military order. When they arrived within two miles of the capital, the Duke who had ridden out in state to receive them, joined the procession, and placed himself at their head. Slowly, in parade step, and accompanied by a vast crowd, they entered Stuttgard. Every window was filled with spectators, the procession passing along the streets amid showers of flowers, and loud shouts and cheers for the Duke. The parents and relations of the pupils stood at the entrance of the Academy, greeting the youthful troop with joyful acclamations of welcome. Prince and capital were at last fully reconciled.

Let us now contemplate the institution in which our Schiller is to pass his school years. The Academy was situated

outside the city behind the palace, now adjoining the Neckar Strasse. It was originally a barrack with two wings, to which a third had recently been added. From the centre of the building a church towered up into the air, with a lead-covered spire. In the upper stories of each wing, were the sleeping-apartments, and the imposing dining-hall. In the lower, the class-rooms and muster-hall. The spacious fabric included a theatre, a fine library, a cabinet of natural history, studies for artists, a winter bath, &c. A garden, a swimming-school, and a riding-school denote the noble proportions of the whole establishment. There were two rows of Doric pillars along the dormitories, every two pillars enclosing the open chamber of a pupil; within these were the beds, all remarkably clean and neat, each encircled by a rail. On the pillars was written the name of the youth to whom the bed belonged; on one side were a small book-shelf and a chest of drawers, where the pupil locked up his clothes. In the centre of the room the Duke's portrait looked down benignantly from the wall on his protégés.

The lecture-rooms were light and spacious, decorated with allegorical representations of the particular branch of knowledge to which the room was appropriated. Here also the Duke's portrait was placed. The pupils mustered in the hall reserved for that purpose. The dining-hall, which was not quite finished at the time of the removal to Stuttgard, was situated above the muster-hall. Twenty-two pillars of the Ionic order, projecting from the walls, supported a circular gallery. Busts of distinguished men were placed between the pillars. The ceilings were decorated with fine paintings by the Director Guibal. Handsome wide folding-doors led into the hall. Next to the dining-room was a very elegant dome-shaped apartment called the Temple, where the Duke and Franziska usually supped.

The division and arrangements of the pupils were as follow.

All the scholars when they arrived, were formed into two principal classes, that of *Cavaliers*, and *Élèves*, but subdivided into several ranks. The sons of gentlemen alone belonged to the first class, whose parents demanded this separation, they were placed under a civic authority. The remaining gradations included students, artists, and young pupils, without distinction of ranks. The lowest class was composed of actors and dancers, generally poor boys educated at the Duke's expense. Each division had its own dormitory and dining-table in the general hall, and its own superiors; a Captain, two Lieutenants, and two Inspectors. All these arrangements were naturally modified with the extension of the institution. An Intendant, two Majors, and a Head Inspector superintended the whole; the latter gave in reports to the Intendant, making his rounds at night, &c. Let us now pass a whole day with Schiller. At six o'clock in the morning the pupils rose, each made his bed and brushed his clothes; then came mutual hairdressing, march to the dining-hall, prayers, breakfast, consisting of hot gruel, soup, and bread; at the stroke of seven o'clock the lessons commenced, which the Élèves attended in clothes of any colour they pleased, and which terminated at eleven o'clock.

They then repaired to the dormitories, in order to attire themselves in the uniforms we have already described. The general toilette was to be concluded by twelve o'clock. Each division was then conducted by its overseer to the muster-hall, where they were arranged as they were to sit at dinner. The Duke, or in his absence, the Intendant, made a close inspection, and publicly distributed praise or blame. Those who deserved punishment held a "billet" in their hands, on which was written their fault. After this review the pupils marched into the dining-hall; when they had all reached their seats, the word of command was given—Right! Left! The youths turned to the table: a new command—Prayer! All folded their

hands, and the pupil whose turn it was, ascended a kind of pulpit, placed between the two folding-doors, and read aloud the prescribed "grace." Another word of command, the chairs were all drawn in at the same moment, and the boys seated themselves. The fare was alike for all; after soup came boiled beef, vegetables, and some light pastry for dessert; white bread was distributed, and some good, but not strong, wine of the country, was poured from large flasks into the glass of each pupil, according to his age or the particular season of the year. The repast lasted three quarters of an hour; then followed the command to rise, the same moving of chairs; a prayer formed the conclusion. The boys were given white bread and some fruit to take with them. They returned to their dormitories and resumed their house clothes: recreation till two o'clock. They usually went down to the garden and amused themselves with ball and wrestling. To each Élève was allotted a piece of garden ground which he cultivated himself. Even here the overseers were present. At two o'clock precisely lessons recommenced, and lasted, with various domestic occupations, till seven o'clock. Once more the uniforms were resumed for supper: this consisted of soup, roast game, or veal with salad, or a light pudding and bread, but no wine. At nine o'clock the signal was given to go to bed. All audible conversation in the dormitories was strictly prohibited. With the exception of a night lamp, no one was allowed to burn a light.

We have only now to describe the yearly regulations. On Sundays, and holidays, service was performed in the forenoon in the Academy Church, which all pupils, officers, and overseers were expected to attend. In the afternoon the Élèves were allowed to receive visits from their parents, but grown-up sisters were not admitted. Fourteen days before "the foundation feast," which was on the 14th of December, all lessons ceased, and public examinations were substituted. The parents were invariably permitted to attend these. The day

of the feast itself began with a church service, at which the Duke made a point of being present. In the afternoon, the pupils marched to the muster-hall*, where they ranged themselves in order, with their teachers and superiors. Then the Duke appeared, accompanied by a numerous escort. He wore the uniform of an officer of the Academy; a long table was placed between him and the pupils, on which were the prizes and orders.

A professor stepped forward, and recited an address to the noble founder. The secretary then read aloud the names of the pupils to whom prizes had been adjudged. The Intendant took the prize from the table, and gave it to the Duke, who, in turn, presented it to the pupil designated. If a "Cavalier," he kissed the hand of his princely benefactor; if an Élève, he only kissed the edge of his coat. A great banquet, in which the Duke and the fathers of the pupils participated, terminated the festivities. Those students who had finished their course were dismissed on this day.

Besides this occasion, the birth-days of the Duke and Gräfin Franziska were brilliantly celebrated. There were no holidays; visits to the homes of the pupils were not permitted, but there were recreations of another kind. The pupils were sometimes, though rarely, taken to walk outside the walls of the Academy. They visited the theatre in detachments; were allowed to go to the Stuttgard fair, and even to the Redoute, where they met the "demoiselles" of a school under the especial protection of Gräfin Franziska. The cavaliers were quite as timid and shy as the young ladies, these juvenile monks and nuns causing no small amusement at the masked balls.

By the severity of its punishments the civilisation of a social position may be fairly estimated. In order to omit

* In Stuttgard the distribution of prizes seems to have taken place in the White Hall of the new palace. — *Wagner, History of the Karl Schule.*

nothing which may serve to complete a perfect portrait, rewards and punishments must be described. The former consisted of silver medals with the effigy of the Duke. If the pupil gained eight prizes in the course of a year, he received the Order of the Academy, a gold brown enamelled cross, with a double C. If he gained eight more prizes in the ensuing year, he was entitled to wear the cross of the order round his neck, and also a silver star on his breast.

The spirit in which these rewards were apportioned is evident from the knights of the order, no matter from what rank they were taken, forming an exclusive class of "Chevaliers." They took precedence even of the "Cavaliers," and dined at a special table.

The same spirit of justice was displayed in the punishments. The teacher gave the offending pupil the "billet" we have already alluded to: on showing it, he was asked whether the accusation were true: his answer was heard, and if found guilty, his punishment pronounced. He was to fast, that is, not to appear at supper. For disobedience to superiors, strokes from a rod, imprisonment, &c., punishments however rarely inflicted. The most severe of all was expulsion, but this, we believe, was never resorted to.

I have detailed the rules very minutely. It was necessary, for in order to do homage to the manes of Schiller, injustice has been done to those of the Duke. If it be admitted that the system of public education has very bright lights — and who does not admit this? it is equally manifest that it cannot be carried out on a great scale without strict discipline, and discipline necessitates authority. I do not mean to assert that the regulations of the Institution were faultless. It had of course its shadows, but when considered as the creation of a Prince of the last century, it is well worthy of our admiration.

But even the best rules may be defeated by the spirit in

which the masters and teachers carry them out. Was then, the mode in which these plans were acted upon harsh? Were the teachers tiresome pedants? Was a well polished button more highly prized than a clever answer? Was it the wish of the Duke to encourage tyranny and to crush convictions? By no means. The spirit of the Academy was thoroughly liberal. In the mutual sketches of character among the pupils, Schiller could fearlessly blame the obsequious servility of some of his school-fellows towards their superiors.

The Duke himself set the example of liberality. He allowed the professors to choose their own themes, and acted like a father to the Élèves, both in strictness and indulgence, in jest and earnest. The extent to which he carried this kindness, the following anecdote will show:—There was a young Graf von Nassau in the Academy addicted to all sorts of wild pranks, and on whom consequently the "billets" for punishment were constantly showered. One day he was obliged to present to the Duke a whole packet of them, when he was walking in the garden with Franziska. Karl read the black list, and asked the unruly pupil, "Pray, sir, what would you do if you were in my place?" The young Count, with infinite presence of mind, gave Franziska a hearty kiss, and taking her arm said coolly, "Come along, Fränzel, and let that stupid boy alone." Half angry, half laughing, the Duke thought it best to put a good face on the matter, and to take no more notice of the culprit.*

The Intendant, Herr von Seeger, was a scientific, learned, right-thinking man, and the pupils loved him sincerely. When he recovered from a severe illness, Wilhelm von Hoven celebrated the joyful event in some spirited lines. Major von Wolff, who commanded four divisions, was equally excellent. Without derogating from his position, he was

* Boas' Youthful Years, vol. i. p. 156. Memoirs of L. von Wolzogen, vol. 4.

zealous in cultivating the rising talent of his pupils. Schiller had often to thank him for the loan of well-chosen books. This spirit of forbearance and indulgence was less exhibited by Niess, whose duty it was, as Superintendent, to give the word of command at table, to make his rounds when least expected, and to report matters to the Intendant von Seeger. His was an *esprit de détail* almost unparalleled. His discipline was so strict, that the pupils scarcely ventured even to whisper in his presence; but he paid in turn his involuntary tribute to humanity, for his short stout figure and stentorian voice, formed an admirable target for the wit and ridicule of the Élèves. In all other respects he was a most worthy man. It may appear rather severe to some of my readers that tobacco and snuff were strictly prohibited; moreover the pupils were not allowed to procure provisions, or to accept any presents of money; as to the food it was of a wholesome nature, and calculated to please those mothers who approve of Moleschott's system. But we may mention, in order to tranquillise the more indulgent, that in the establishment there was one real virtuoso in the science of infringement of rules, whom Schiller himself called "The Providence of the school." He was the general agent for all "sins," which was the appellation bestowed on innocent sausages, muffins, and cracknels, as well as on the more demoniac spirit of cigars and tobacco. Most of his customers secretly took snuff; very few ventured to smoke, but the great offender himself did so unremittingly, and in order not to be discovered, he usually smoked his pipe up the chimney of his room, but was cautious in summer, "not to do so too vigorously, in case the smoking chimney should betray him." As the lecture-rooms were on the ground floor, he also managed, on short winter days, to scramble unseen out of the window of a short-sighted professor; but, in spite of these audacious deeds, he did not in after life turn out a Schiller.

The principal beauty of the Academy was the relation between pupils and teachers, and this was chiefly attributable to their peculiar position. The Duke did not destroy the pleasure of the masters in their vocation. He distinguished instruction from superintendence. He allowed the professors to enjoy their proper atmosphere, personal freedom, not only in their mode of life, but in their mode of teaching. They were permitted to reside beyond the walls of the Academy, and to dress as they pleased; on holidays and festivals alone, they were required to wear a suitable uniform. Karl Eugen preferred employing those in the vigour of life, who were thus of an age to become the friends of the boys. Abel, Moll, Nast, and Schott were only a few years older than Schiller. Seclusion, and the want of all other society, established cordial confidence between them. The pupil often imparted his most cherished secrets to his teacher, and asked his advice on subjects usually carefully concealed from a master. Certain scholars were sometimes seen waiting at the door of the Academy for their master, to accompany him to the auditorium, escorting him back after the lesson. In this way both political and scientific subjects were discussed, and the conversation not unfrequently continued even to the moment of the lecture; and when it commenced, these young hearts were in that state of pleasing excitement which brings a fresh current of ideas, and which those who have experienced it gladly recall. Schiller was not deficient in what forms perhaps the most pure felicity of youth — love for a noble-minded and intellectual teacher. That he learned nothing from some of his masters, is no proof of their incapacity.

Even granting that there were some pedants in the Academy — and where are they not to be found — yet the greater proportion were of the better sort. Nast, the professor of ancient languages and literature, considered Schiller one of his best scholars. Professor Schott, in his lectures on geography

and history, was clear, profound, and eloquent. Moll was a clever man, and a first-rate mathematician. The French language was represented by an "oddity." Uriot was French, and a thorough Frenchman from head to foot. It had been his province during Karl Eugen's days of squandering and dissipation, to arrange operas and other gay festivities, as well as the theatre, the direction of which was still confided to him. All these able men instructed Schiller. Professor Abel was his friend. This "angelic man," as Schiller called him, was a humanist; he taught logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. His intimacy with Schiller continued long after the doors of the Academy had closed on him.

It is evident, therefore, that the system of those employed by the Duke, was not sustained by artificial training, any more than the work itself. It is not doing justice to Schiller to say, that his love of liberty was imbibed in the Academy. The institution promoted art — for it produced a Dannecker. It favoured genius, for it was the school of Cuvier; and we may fearlessly add, that it accomplished all that a school could accomplish for a poet — it gave us a Schiller. It did for him what the royal school at Meissen did for Gellert, Rabener, and Lessing, and similar institutions for Elias Schlegel, Wieland, Klopstock, and Gaudy. For a poet, as such, there can be neither school nor studio.

His training proceeds from the depths of his own individual spirit, and from the luxuriant fulness of life and its continual vicissitudes. In solitude he longs for the world, and in the world for solitude. Shakspeare is urged by a secret impulse from Stratford to London, to become an actor there. He returns to Stratford as the true source of his inspiration. Goethe flies from his friends to the solitude of the Brocken — from court to Italy — "communes with his own heart and is still."

The Academy certainly did not offer much seclusion, but it supplied a portion of the world, such as does not often fall to the lot of any poet. A Prince — and a remarkable Prince he was, a court, a theatre, a rich variety of characters old and young, teachers, pedants, the weak, the frivolous, a lovely and adored benefactress, and occasional contact with great contemporaries.

Schiller did not acquire his revolutionary ideas within the Academy itself, and they were the true source of his greatness. He hated and despised all pampering of self, all mean subjectivity, and, even at that period, he learned the difficult lesson to treat himself as a stranger. He felt the calamities of the times, even within the walls of the institution, and hushed the murmuring voice of school insubordination, in order to listen more intently to the fragmentary sounds which the wind bore to him on its wings from afar — from that unhappy land, where an unhallowed spirit had already commenced a mighty struggle without a parallel. His quick ear caught the sounds of the distant thunder, and ardour for the coming strife rushed impetuously through his veins. He probably read no newspapers, and yet he well knew, with the instinct of true genius, whither the sympathies of the age were tending.

His attachment to the Duke, which he always so enthusiastically expressed, was not diminished by the revolutionary spirit he had unconsciously imbibed from his genuine love of mankind; but hence arose their subsequent misunderstanding, and their ultimate painful severance. To do justice however to this struggle in all its depths, we must grant to Karl Eugen what Schiller, in a spirit of expiation, said eighteen years afterwards, when standing beside his tomb with Wilhelm von Hoven: "Here lies the restless energetic man: great faults he had as a ruler, greater still as an individual; but

the former were redeemed by his many noble qualities, and the memory of the latter ought to be buried with him in the grave. Therefore, I say, if you ever hear him who lies here lightly spoken of, place no faith in that man, for his nature cannot be truly noble."

CHAP. IV.

FROM POETRY TO MEDICINE.

Wilhelm von Hoven. — New Vocation. — Indications of Schiller's true calling. — Acquaintance with Shakspeare. — First printed Poems. — Schiller's favourite Authors. — Characteristics of Schubart. — Morning Thoughts on Sunday, *not* by Schiller. — Poetical Bond and Associates. — Scharffenstein. — Petersen. — Goethe's Influence. — Temptation. — The sentimental Epoch.

THE Duke neglected no means in order to render his Academy worthy of his name. In 1775 he founded a professorship of medicine, and instituted a formal inquiry to ascertain what pupils wished to devote themselves to this study. Seven came forward; among these were Wilhelm von Hoven and Schiller — an unpleasant surprise to Father Schiller. He had been obliged to submit once already to a similar change, and it was only a year since he had purchased a stock of law books for his son. What could induce him so soon to desert the course of study which he had himself chosen? The father, however, gave his consent when he heard that his son's decision entirely coincided with the wish of the Duke, whose Academy was crowded with young lawyers. A new friend of Schiller's, the Élève Scharffenstein, considered this change of vocation as an actual fit of insanity. Wilhelm von Hoven did him more justice. Both had studied law for a year, and had faithfully assisted each other in learning — nothing. Schiller, in the sketches of mutual character imposed on the pupils, could conscientiously declare that his friend Wilhelm "had a great love for the fine arts." The other qualities which he impartially named, "too great pride, hateful self-love,

obligingness, irritability, ambition, and a dogged demeanour," seem to have in no degree damaged their mutual friendship. Wilhelm von Hoven became a poet, owing to Schiller's example, and we are probably indebted to his training at that time for his own pleasing biography, which appeared after his death, embracing the details of a productive and honourable life, embellished by the friendship of a Schiller.

In another respect, also, he was Schiller's faithful companion. Both considered every path to poetry more accessible than that which proceeded from the study of law. They therefore concealed their secret dislike to every definite science, by affecting a particular inclination for that of medicine, and, as it was evident after very short deliberation, that the path from poetry to medicine, could not be longer than that from medicine to poetry, they continued to loiter where they were so perfectly contented. Their anatomical studies, however, were assiduously pursued, as any deficiency in that branch would have been instantly detected. "But," says the faithful Streicher, "was he to blame that he could not interest himself in anatomical sketches, and in their narrow sphere, while his imagination was involuntarily soaring into the regions of grand and universal Nature? or could he interdict his faithful and devoted muse, even in college, and while he was apparently listening with deep attention to a professor, from breathing into his ear conceptions, which hurried away his ideas from the Thesis, and led his spirit, even at the moment of the most severe study, into the flowery fields of poetry?" But did not the professors themselves throw open the door to the muse, like Abel, who frequently in his philosophical lectures, quoted passages from different poets? It was in the year 1776 (Schiller himself says, at an early age) that Abel in a psychological lecture selected an example from a drama, and read aloud the passage referred to. Schiller heard him with deep attention, bent

forward and listened, as if under the influence of a magic spell. After the lecture was over, he eagerly applied to the professor for a loan of the book. It was Shakspeare's "Othello." Schiller's strange and peculiar, I might say thoroughly German organisation, nowhere displays itself in a stronger light than in relation to the British poet. While Lessing, in his writings, sympathised in style with the English dramatist, who also effected a revolution in Goethe, he rather repelled our poet by his singular anomalies; "by his coldness and want of sensibility, which permitted him to jest at a moment of pathos, and to disturb by the follies of a buffoon the heart-rending scenes in 'Hamlet,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth.'"

He continued to study Shakspeare closely, but he never was his especial favourite. Klopstock, Kleist, Uz, Haller, who reproduced nature under the influence of thought and feeling, were his chief models. Haller had already attained what hovered before the eyes of our young medical student as his great object in life; he enjoyed the reputation of a distinguished physician and naturalist, as well as that of a great poet. Haller's magnificent imagery was recited with delight. Streicher long remembered the verse —

> "The fabric of the elephant, from earth is piled by Thee,
> And in that hill of bones is set, a soul of like immensity."

Schiller composed an "Ode to Evening" in the same reflective style, which appeared in the "Swabian Magazine" in the course of 1776. It displays both aspects of sentimental poetry, coyly disunited. Partly enthusiastic, and partly descriptive of nature, it shares one merit with Klopstock — that of musical melody.

> "From the deep valley, the departing sun
> Looms like a warrior when his race is run.

" For other—happier worlds perchance,
The disk of early morning glows,
That now sinks down the blue expanse,
And calls the weary to repose;
Stills the wild tumult of our earthly woes,
And signals to the dying day, its close.

" Now yearns the poet's heart to sing:—
Seraphic be the burning song!—
Let Inspiration wave his wing
Fearless,—the hosts of Heaven among.—
From sphere to sphere, oh! let me rise
With wistful, reverential gaze,
Borne upon gales from Paradise,—
Ev'ning, and Ev'ning's God to praise.

" Father of all!—let Song be mine,—
The song that haunts the lowly heart,
And shuns the monarch's purple shrine:
Let Empire be the monarch's part,—
Let Nature's wealth be mine.

" Wrapp'd is the vale in fiery haze,—
High shines the Star of Ev'ning sheen,
From clouds that emulate its rays;—
Like the red glow of ruby's blaze
From the fair tresses of a queen.

" Trickles the pure pellucid rill
Down from the mountain to the meadow,
Where herds of heifers drink their fill:
The shepherd in the leafy shadow
Of yonder weeping willow-tree,
With his loud carol glads the vale;
Till from the boughs the nightingale
Wakes to her magic melody.

" Then hush'd is every sound for her,—
The warbling lute of love and woe;—
Each rustling leaf has ceased to stir,
Each waterfall to flow."

It seems to me that Schiller's genuine essence lies not so much in individual combinations, or like Rousseau in sighs for the primeval forests of America, as in the warm and full heart's pulse, in the harmonious flow of imagery and the unison between thought and rhythmus. These latter quali-

ties he subsequently praised in Matthisson. Nature breathes on Schiller's soul, warms herself on his breast, and begins to share his ardent impulses. The editor of the "Swabian Magazine," Balthasar Haug, a professor in the Academy, criticised the "Ode to Nature" as follows: "This poem is written by a youth of seventeen; he seems to have studied good *autores*, and may in time attain the *os magna sonaturum*."

Among the great *autores* whom Schiller had studied in his early youth, few influenced him with such magic power as that favourite of Nature, and magician of words, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Modern insight into heaven and earth inspired mankind with unparalleled enthusiasm, and the master keys of the telescope and the microscope, had thrown open both doors of Infinity. The Theodicean "Hymns to Nature," nay, even Thomson's "Seasons," and Kleist's "Spring," were only scattered rays, emanating from the brilliant light which illuminated the world. There are many combinations indispensable to render a thought effective, when it leaves its airy dwelling to mingle in the battle of mankind. These combinations remarkably coincided in making Rousseau a genuine apostle of Nature. At enmity with society, owing to his irritable susceptibility of feeling, he flies to the still life of the world of plants, and allows his boat to drive on, a sport to the winds and waves, exclaiming, "Oh Nature! my mother! Here are we alone—here am I happy." Nature, he says, is never deceptive; but he condemns Art, which is so often false. All is good and perfect when fresh from the hands of the Creator, but all degenerates in the hands of man. He declaims against inequality of ranks, and feels it so keenly, that he praises past heroic ages, criticises his contemporaries, and denounces the race yet to come.* Rousseau's appeal to history is this,—

* "Discours sur l'origine, et le fond de l'inégalité parmi les hommes."

Brutus and Cassius are the accusers, the degenerate age the accused, and Robespierre the judge.

We cannot wonder that Kuno Fischer has endeavoured to trace the youthful poet's career back to Rousseau, but Schiller's whole life developes such a productive harvest, his works such infinite variety, that we must take many elements into consideration, to account for his truly marvellous growth.

The perusal of Plutarch imparted to him a more vigorous and energetic tendency than that of his contemporaries, but we must not forget that Schiller, by the incessant study of Shakspeare, was ever led back to the arcana of modern life, and to the natural proportions of man. Lessing's plays, especially "Emilia Galotti," bore a great resemblance to those of Shakspeare, written in smooth and mellifluous German. Nature shone forth here in her origin, but tempered by rule. In 1773, Götz von Berlichingen appeared. Nature in her origin again, but without rules or limits. The cry was "Shakspeare!—Nature!"

The aspiring were seized with a sudden passion for their generation, and for German intellect: "I would gladly have given my last shirt in those days," said Schiller, playfully; "to have had permission to exercise my soaring spirit."

While I touch so superficially on these brilliant predecessors of our poet, a dusky form compels me to pause; one who by his local vicinity, his bold and energetic course, and his sad and touching fate, had much influence over Schiller. He was the Danton of the "Sturm und Drang School"—Christian Daniel Schubart. He had fallen over the precipice in the very path which Schiller had yet to traverse. After a wild and fragmentary course of study, this Candidatus Theologiæ, on whom Nature seemed to have bestowed the most distinguished talents for poetry, music, improvisation and oratory—only to prove a curse to him through life—had succeeded in getting a tutorship in Geislingen, where he married a charming wife.

His chief resource in the gossiping society of that small town was unfortunately low conviviality. This unhappy tendency was however in some degree redeemed by his esteem for some of his poetical contemporaries, such as Klopstock and Wieland. He corresponded with many literary friends, among others with Balthasar Haug. Transferred to Ludwigsburg, by the intervention of the latter he was appointed organist there, but Karl Eugen's temporary capital soon enticed the thoughtless and easily tempted Schubart into the vortex of its pleasures. His wife left him, and returned to her parents. Bitter self-reproach alternated in his heart with the wildest orgies. *

His lampoons and his conduct to "Pope Zilling" caused his banishment. He travelled for a considerable period as a virtuoso of the piano: at one time he intended becoming a catholic in Munich, but this project having failed, owing to his antecedents, he settled at Augsburg.

Here his purpose was to denounce all ruling powers,—the Church, and especially Priests and Jesuits,—in his "German Chronicle." In the announcement of this journal he demanded "a capful of English liberty." The Burgomaster replied, "Not a nut-shell." He was thus obliged to repair to Ulm, where he found a much enduring friend in Miller, who published his "Siegwart" in 1776. He now hurled from the tribune of his "Chronicle" brands of fire and combustion into all Swabia. Soon he became a thorn in the side of the Austrian government and of the priesthood. There were all kinds of epigrams, like the following:—

> "Dionysius lost his equipoise
> As tyrant over men:
> His sceptre gone,—he flourish'd then
> As tyrant over boys."

Harsh attacks on the system of mercenary levies, and, more offensive still, verbal and written sarcasms on Franziska von

* Strauss' Life of Schubart, vol. i. p. 271.

Hohenheim, had violently displeased the Duke of Würtemberg, who, probably incited to undue severity by Austria, resolved effectually to chastise the poet. Schubart was enticed by the Grand Bailiff Schott to Blaubeuren, and hurried into the fortress of Asperg, where he languished, during the first year of his imprisonment, without even writing materials, in the vaulted cell of an old tower. This was in the beginning of 1777. Schubart's wife, who had long since rejoined her husband, lived in the house of Professor Haug. Perhaps with a view of softening the Duke's heart, Haug published in his "Swabian Magazine," in 1777, a religious composition, which has been hitherto falsely ascribed to young Schiller, and included in all editions of his works. It is called, "Morning Thoughts on Sunday." The author is Schubart — this is evident from a letter his wife wrote to Miller on the 6th of March, 1777, in which she says, "'The Morning Thoughts,' by my husband, have appeared in the Magazine." There is not another piece bearing the same title in the "Swabian Magazine." Besides, the postscript which Haug appended to it can apply to no one but Schubart. "All who read this prayer must feel that its author is a true poet; it also proves how beautiful, heartfelt, and affecting the prayer of a poet may be, when he is in earnest. Various circumstances, especially with regard to religion and truth, have so spiritualized him, that he not only acutely feels his actual condition, but also the imperative necessity of deciding for the truth. He wrote this prayer in one of these moods, the fruit of his better feelings and convictions. It is only the first of a series, but the continuation has been hitherto prevented by an untoward circumstance." This was Schubart's imprisonment.

Such an event as this must have inspired Schiller's youthful mind with a foreboding of the coming struggle; and though the celebrated amnesty which the Duke proclaimed the following year, might possibly renovate his admiration of his

stern benefactor, yet the horrors of poor Schubart's fate filled his imagination with the gloomy traditions of despotic Monarchs.

It is evident that he occupied himself with the theme of good and bad rulers, from a poem which he published in the "Swabian Magazine" in 1777, called "The Conqueror," which begins—

> "Tyrant!—that it were mine to see thee lie
> Beneath my hate's exterminating rod,—
> To curse thee before all creation's eye—
> Before the very judgment-seat of God!"

He goes on heaping together all the judgments of the last day on the tyrant, and rejoices in the consolatory thought, that he is immortal to suffer. Haug writes, "This poem is written by a youth, who apparently reads and feels Klopstock, and nearly comprehends him—we do not wish to quench his noble fire. If pruning scissors were unsparingly applied to his nonsense, obscurity, and exaggerated metaphors, he might in the course of time take his place beside—and do honour to his country.

Boas thinks that Haug here alluded to the incarcerated Schubart, and omitted the name because it would have been hazardous to refer to him in so flattering a manner.

Of course Schiller's name could not be brought forward in the "Swabian Magazine," but his fellow-students soon discovered who it was, that had earned such high praise from the editor.

Although Schiller lived in a very secluded way in the Institution, which caused him to be thought proud, incurring the animosity of all those "who hated truth," yet he had some confidential friends besides Wilhelm von Hoven, who were to him what Ebert, Gieseke, and Hagedorn were to Klopstock.

They had formed a poetical alliance, similar to that of Voss and Hölty, Hahn and Baie; without, certainly, the enjoyment

of bright moonlight nights like them, but with all that enthusiasm and mutual tender admiration which breathe in the odes of Klopstock. One of them was George Friedrich Scharffenstein, an Alsatian, the son of a goldsmith, of whom Schiller, in the delineation of his fellow-students, writes: "He is the refuge of his friends; his obliging disposition, his truthfulness and integrity, render him dear and pleasing to them all." He became a soldier, and was of the true material for one. He had a quick perception, and no lack of decision. On one occasion he had an opportunity of displaying this firmness of character to the Intendant. Schiller celebrated this in an ode "which he considered a master-piece." "From this period," writes Scharffenstein, "dates our intimate confidence, and the entire interchange of our inmost thoughts. This friendship formed for a considerable time the favourite theme of his poetry; when, as I now dimly remember, the naturally impatient ardour of his heart left little room for elaborate poetical finish." Scharffenstein, like all those whose friendship is eagerly sought, did not fully appreciate the value of this "impatient ardour." He liked in Schiller's poems "the energetic mind, already at war with conventionalities;" but he had all the unsparing feelings of a plastic nature. He had a talent for painting; his powers of observation were close, but superficial and limited,—his descriptions of Schiller's personal appearance prove this. His heart could feel love deeply, and it required love in return, as we shall hereafter see. His biographical sketches of Schiller are, though sound in perception and full of humour, rather presumptuous. He died a Lieutenant-General, and Governor of Ulm.

Besides Scharffenstein, Johann-Wilhelm Petersen, from Bergzabern in Pfalz Zweibrücken, formed one of the "poetical brotherhood." The mutual sketches of character which we have frequently referred to, define him as "an amiable, devoted friend, whose integrity rendered him the arbitrator of his fellow-

students;" a clever, energetic man, devoted to philosophy. If Schiller prized with "impatient ardour" Scharffenstein's vigour and power, he, in turn, respected Petersen's judgment, and was strongly attached to this "unassuming companion, with his poetical inspirations." It is characteristic of Petersen, that he did homage to the celebrated Conradin von Schwaben, in a set of heroic verses which never were published. His work on the national tendency to drinking, was founded on the strong private inclination of the author himself for good wine. He died, a bookseller, in Stuttgart. His notices of Schiller are both superficial and imperfect.

Wilhelm von Hoven was naturally a chief pillar of the "Bond," which, through the dangers of mystery, acquired fresh stability and romantic charm. For highly as the Duke prized those branches of knowledge which he cultivated in his Institution, as little did he tolerate the existence of an art for which he could found no professorship. Poetry was at that time, therefore, like cracknels and cigars, included among the "sins," only to be smuggled in as contraband goods by the bold and reckless. On one occasion, when Schiller had exchanged some volumes of Wieland's translation of Shakspeare with Wilhelm von Hoven, by transferring his favourite dish to him, the treasure suddenly disappeared from his bookshelves. Shakspeare, "L'Histoire de Gènes," and some others, had been confiscated; but four bookshelves have more space than one, and four heads more cunning schemes than even that of Herr Niess. "Siegwart" found its way within these secluded walls. Wieland's "Agathon" and "Siegwart" were among the books most constantly sequestrated in the annals of the Academy.

Schiller was visionary and fantastic, like all Germany. He lingered in solitude beside latticed windows, and hung over lilies which he cultivated in vases,—a grievous apostacy indeed from the chivalrous Götz, Scharffenstein's favourite,

which always accompanied him in his solitary walks. And Götz also was a denizen of free nature, of German mountains and forests, and cool, crystal clear mountain streams, where the dreaming and visionary "Brother Martin" appears only as a guest, and envies Götz his freedom. The Young Germany of that period was just such an infirm "Brother Martin," who declines giving up the joys of this life, for the prospect of those of another world. The youth of the day were charmed with the character of Hamlet, dissolving into pleasing melancholy. "Get thee to a nunnery!" was repeated under the burden of heavy sorrow, that Ophelia might answer,—"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" The ardent, impassioned, and somewhat vain youths of Germany, did not find in the creation of the gallant Götz any slaking for their deep feverish thirst of soul. Then Goethe wrote "Werther," and in that work he shook off the mania of the day. What was to him only wholesome medicine, was to others intoxicating poison. It became the fashion to weep! to tremble! to rejoice! "Werther" was a deathblow to all sentimental poets, and for Klopstock and Haller also, however highly Klopstock was praised in it. It was an irresistible assault on the dramatists of the time, and on Lessing himself, who could not dissect, with this superlative skill and subtlety, the inner life of man, never having himself suffered from the disorder; and in literature it is only a physician who has been attacked by a similar malady, who can cure it.

But how must such a work have affected our Bond and Schiller? They not only read, but devoured it; and they longed also to write a "Werther:" it went no further, however, than the plan. Schiller subsequently explained the nature of this impression.

Here was a thoroughly sentimental character, delineated by a poet of nature with ardour, and with all the impulse of passion. "Unhappy love, sensibility to nature, religious

feelings, a philosophical spirit of contemplation, and the misty, shapeless, pensive world of Ossian,"—in short, the whole combustible material of feeling was here set fire to with unprecedented mental vigour, only possible to the lofty assurance of the great poet. "Werther" was as efficiently worked out as a person in a drama, who only requires to be placed on the stage. Schiller was eager for a subject. In every act of self-destruction, motives like those of "Werther" were sought. One day our poet read in a newspaper an account of the suicide of a student. He set to work instantly. In the first impulse of his enthusiasm he wrote scene after scene; but as a whole it did not please him, and he destroyed it. "The Student of Nassau" remained only in the memory of the author. Was he a dramatic "Werther?" Schiller was not yet sufficiently matured to elucidate his ideas to his generation, and to hold up a mirror before them. It was his destiny one day to display to Virtue and to Vice their features, from the depths of his energetic, manly breast, as Goethe had done, in the fulness of that power granted to him by the grace of God.

His inmost nature caused him ever to "soar high into an aërial atmosphere." The Bond could not fail to finish their studies by Ossianic intoxication. Hoven and Petersen translated the bard, making free use of Schiller's knowledge of English. Schiller recited to them, with admirable pathos, the full melancholy sounds,—"Solitude reigns on the strand, where the waves gently break." He long retained an affection for these children of Macpherson and the Mist. Later in life, he found in Ossian a genuine poetical style. "The experience of a particular bereavement is expanded to the idea of the transitory nature of all earthly things, and the sorrowing bard, pursued by the image of universal ruin, soars to Heaven, there to find in the glorious course of the sun, the symbol of immortality." Thus our hero becomes gradually imbued with

the poetical essence of the times. He celebrates God, nature, and his friends, in spirited odes. Elegiac poetry, probably most of all congenial to his loving, tender, and susceptible heart, is presented to him on every side. He perceives that this style is already appropriated. He searches deeper into his own heart; he examines his contemporaries more minutely. There was one who affected him not a little, whom we must not omit to mention. We ought not to forget that Professor Abel possessed a Shakspeare, and that Schiller, when his own copy was confiscated, borrowed another from his excellent master, for the benefit of his psychological studies.

CHAP. V.

THE STURM UND DRANG, OR SPASMODIC SCHOOL.

Political Condition of the Period. — Twofold Aspect of Germany. — Schiller's Nature and moral Ideal. — Rejection of Authority. — The German Drama. — Schiller's "Cosmo di Medici." — "The Robbers." — The Subject and its reception by the Poet. — Life and Tone of the Poetical Bond.

SCHILLER in the announcement of the "Rhenish Thalia" excuses the exaggerated style of "The Robbers," by his want of knowledge of human nature, and blames the Academy for this deficiency. These complaints are very pardonable, but they must not lead us astray. The four hundred members were far from being the "single individual" which he asserts. In a calmer mood he made either far more modest pretensions, or else such unlimited ones, that they could not possibly be fulfilled in Germany. In 1788, he writes to Wilhelm von Wolzogen: "Have you ever asked yourself whether you do not feel as I do, and many others besides, that the only place you positively dislike, is the very one where you are forced to remain?" And he addresses Goethe, at the commencement of their friendship, thus: "At that epoch of life, when the soul forms its inner self, from the outer world, surrounded by defective forms, you had already imbibed a wild northern nature, when your triumphant and superior genius, rich in material, discovered this inward deficiency, and found it confirmed by your knowledge of Grecian nature."

Goethe, surrounded by defective forms! Merk, Lavater, Lerse, Basedow, Fritz Jacobi, and Herder, defective forms! According to this scale, the whole Academy was indeed one

single defective form * ; but measured by the more moderate estimate of German proportions, it may be considered a rich collection of varied personalities. There were pupils from Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Sweden, Russia, England, and even from the East Indies, thus furnishing opportunities for every variety of mutual intercourse. No prejudice of race or country, as in other Universities, checked free discussion. Unacquainted with the various grades of position, ignorant of the privileges at that time usually conceded to the noble over the citizen, to the learned over the artist, the pupils brought with them into social life ideas of independence and equality. The Academy was a school of freedom and practical intercourse, and it is doubtful whether Schiller, however severe this school may have appeared to him in subsequent hours of bitterness, would ever have attained by any other mode of education, those very qualities which chiefly endeared him to the people of Germany. The youths in the Academy were trained to become citizens of the world; they conducted themselves as such wherever they went; and ranked in this respect, like their founder, above their generation.

An establishment so singular was naturally the object of universal curiosity. It attracted many visitors, among others one who outweighed in Schiller's estimation a whole gallery of celebrated men. We allude to a royal disciple of the Sturm und Drang School—Joseph II. In April 1777, the Emperor travelled to Paris under the name of Graf Falkenstein; his intention was to remain only one day in Stuttgart, but the Academy interested him so much that he prolonged his stay two days more. He examined everything in the most particular manner, took information as to the regulation of the establishment in its most minute details, attended several

* Schiller subsequently admitted the great worth of the Academy in his letters to Körner, vol. iii. p. 165.

lectures with earnest attention, and expressed his approval to the Duke in terms of the highest praise. The Emperor did not appear to much advantage beside the stately Duke, but his simplicity, free from all affectation, his condescension and affability, and the intelligence which shone forth in every word he uttered, caused him to be most attractive; his visit made an indelible impression on the students.

What a study for historical character; what a privilege for youth, the contemplation of such a person! What an opportunity for the most ardent lover of freedom to melt into admiration! The strange and peculiar combination of moral timidity, and intellectual vigour, which characterised Schiller, corresponded remarkably with that particular epoch, and with the political relations of Germany.

While in France the ulcer of the time is progressing every day more rapidly into an outbreak both in Church and State, the literary revolution in Germany has already commenced. Götz von Berlichingen and Werther have dethroned the unities. Sensibility is developed into the most unbridled passion. Youth ascends the rostrum; voices of pacification are shouted down; watchwords are given out; action, power, excitement, nationality, and nature above all! The spiritual Epos is thrust aside; national songs, ballads, domestic dramas, and dramatised history usurp the whole space of the literary arena. The piety of its tenour no longer shields a poem from condemnation, while a title like that of "Sturm und Drang" (Impulse and Passion) though it belongs to a very indifferent play of Klinger's, has sufficient fame to bestow its name on a whole period. In truth there was at that time a degree of passionate feeling, an impulse to action in the youth of Germany, which induced them again to promote the Reformation so long stationary in spiritual matters, and to carry it out in the life of the people, as well as in science and poetry. The new ideas of enlightenment

had spread from England to France, where literature was calculated for the people, in so far as they could comprehend it; but these ideas assumed in both countries rather a practical and positive purpose, than an artistic and imposing shape for all men.

When German genius saw the natural pretensions of man displayed by Rousseau; infectious scepticism by Voltaire; manly self-knowledge by Lessing; and a new world of active striving men by Shakspeare, it hastily seized all these varieties, immersing itself in each, elated with enthusiasm, forgetting the sorrows of the real world, and feeling, though somewhat dimly, that till life assumed some other form than that of selfish individuality, a revolution in the state could avail nothing.

The twofold aspect of political circumstances favoured this singular exaggeration and restriction of self, and afforded a literary spectacle such as the human mind had never hitherto presented, and which it will probably never again present. This double phase of politics is very material, for the elucidation of the doctrines of the Sturm und Drang School.

The capricious, lavish, prevailing system of mistresses and costly fancies, which had insinuated itself into most German states, after the model of Versailles, and of which we saw so striking an example in Würtemberg, had at length roused the energies of most Protestant countries. Frederick the Great, according to an admirable saying of Häusser's, was, to the detriment of mediocrity, the popular standard of royal worth and merit. In Austria, the Emperor Joseph vainly contended against the influence of the aristocracy and the priesthood. Russia, on the other hand, could point to a succession of ministers not springing from the nobility. There the people were instigated to active labour, while elsewhere they were allowed to sink into degrading sensuality or miserable poverty. The Protestant states encouraged spiritual life, so crushed in

other countries, by granting sufficient scope for the accomplishment of independent national culture; they allowed every one to be happy in their own way, and granted an asylum to all useful and stirring elements, even though rejected or persecuted elsewhere by a bigoted priesthood.

These doings, in which the "good old times" were fruitful, naturally hurried on the revolution in the field of literature, as much as it retarded it in the sphere of the state, in society, and above all, in individuality. "The masses" did not exactly wish for a change, but their actual condition had become not only offensive, but positively despicable; all that was old was out of favour.

Indistinct longings after unknown novelties, had already penetrated into the arcana of domestic life, and gradually loosened the bond of respect which a few short years previously bound youth to maturity, and the subject to the ruler. Goethe describes this mood in rather milder colours, as follows: — "This temper and spirit were everywhere visible, and precisely because few were in reality oppressed, the great aim was to rescue these few from all possibility of such oppression; thence arose a degree of moral strife, an interference of individuals with the law, which, laudable in its commencement, led to incalculable evil consequences eventually. Voltaire, by the protection he had afforded the Calas family, caused a great sensation, and gained much respect. Lavater's enterprise against the Landvogt, was even more striking and important for Germany. The time was at hand when the romantic and dramatic poet, must seek his evil characters among ministers and state officials."

This excitable German enthusiasm, full of compassion for the oppressed, full of ardour for all that was great and good, and moral antipathy to crime, was quite adapted to expend its fires on that branch of art which penetrates to the very core of all individuality — the Drama. The mind of the nation

was prepared for this, and its perceptions newly animated. Wieland had attained the charm of the French, in the ease and elegance of his language, and thus captivated the higher classes. Klopstock had awakened the love of country in all hearts, superficial though it might be, and drawn bold strains from the spiritual harp, the Telyn of the bard, and the lyre of the Greeks and Romans. Winckelmann had trained the eye to simple and grand forms in sculpture; Lessing purified the mind by the most subtle criticism; Herder charmed the ear by the spirited melodies of national music, and though comparatively few could profit by this school in such originality as Goethe, and in some degree Bürger, yet all agreed on one point, that art demands genius and individuality, thoroughly imbued with poetry, careless of the applause of the world, giving forth its strains like a being from a higher sphere, and eagerly listening to the whisperings of the spirit within.

In complete opposition to previous ideas, a poet was now required to be a "true man." Many adopted this character on the surface, and in social life forms were too often dispensed with.

In the productions of the day there existed a coarse, partly cynical and partly dithyrambic style, which outraged all propriety, as Lessing indeed frankly acknowledged. A walk became a leap, a comma a note of admiration, a thought a flash, prose poetry, and poetry often insanity! An actual mania for authorship seized the nation; even calm, sedate men, like Merk and Knebel, were infected by it. Those who could not themselves rhyme, judged and criticised those who did. We must endeavour fully to realise this Babel of tongues, to appreciate what Schiller's power pierced through, and the admirable manner in which he became entire master of all those demons let loose, thus becoming the leader of the masses of his countrymen, effecting, as he wished, a national and universal culture.

Schiller was peculiarly calculated, both by his mental vigour and tenderness, for such a leadership. He did not merely comply with fashion, as others did. The reality and truth of his muse, the condensed essence of an infinitely loving heart, from which his delineative powers daily imbibed fresh nourishment, were not to be found in his contemporaries. He did not love liberty merely to improve his own condition, nor from its picturesque garb, but solely because his great object was to see mankind happy and perfect.

This aspiration became his passion, it formed the substance of his meditations, and always remained the ideal background of his artistic creations. Thence emanated, even in his first dramas, the stern nature of his heroes. None can find such intellectual visions wholly within their own nature. They are the inheritance bequeathed to individuals, by the great disciplining spirits of humanity. It is always profitable to trace how true genius accepts and applies the bequest. It is unfortunately impossible now to ascertain in what succession Schiller became acquainted with great critics and philosophers. Whether he already turned over the pages of Spinoza, or perused Plato and Aristotle, we cannot precisely discover, though we find some Platonic ideas in the poems of the ensuing year. He seems to have established his convictions chiefly by Abel's "Psychological Lectures," Mendelsohn's and Sulzer's "Popular Philosophy," and more especially by Lessing's and Herder's critical compositions. He received a very forcible impetus from Ferguson's "Moral Philosophy," and Garve's annotations on it.

Schiller's first philosophical efforts, even more than this biographical notice, prove, that in the same powerful degree in which Haller influenced his physiological views, the so-called Scottish school, and its more enlightened original Shaftesbury, worked on his philosophical opinions. The essence of these doctrines was, that "morality is not to be

derived from religion, but from the nature of man." It was one phase of deism. While thus the mediation of our blessed Lord, as the Saviour of sinners was abolished, compensation was attempted to be found in the attributes of man himself. His nature was contemplated by Shaftesbury in as ideal a light as possible. He led to moral perfection and purification, through the perfection and purification of a sense of the beautiful. To contemplate creation as an elaborate finished work of art, was the highest happiness. Every one seeks happiness, and therefore every one will seek this contemplation; and this cannot exist without the study of perfection conferring excellence.*

These ideas of human nature are indeed modified in the Scottish school, in so far that they are more practical and reasonable—we may say of a more material kind—but their ethereal form evidently clung to Schiller's ideal soul, and in "Franz Moor" he abandons the materialistic view to contempt.

It is characteristic of the moderate disciples of the Sturm and Drang school that, though their leaders indeed dispense with Christianity, they do not advance to the radical forms of free-thinking, which had been adopted in France through the materialism of Holbach and Robinet. Thus much is certain, that at this time Schiller's Christianity was at a low ebb. He retained a certain æsthetic and traditional reverence for religion, and also for church forms, and the most tender forbearance towards believers; but those who think that he was either a deist or a disciple of Kant's, and eventually became a Unitarian, are quite in the wrong; but a refined system of morals too surely for the moment replaced his Christian faith. He received his conservative impressions from England, on a German soil; his revolutionary ideas from France; indeed exclusively from Rousseau's writings.

* Schiller's Correspondence with Körner, vol. i. p. 126.

"To renounce freedom," says Rousseau, "is to renounce manhood; not to be free, is to abandon both the rights and the duties of man." These phrases from the "Contrat Social" were written in letters of fire on his soul. The same intense hatred of priestly dominion, superstition, depravity of thought, and of the revelling and rioting of the nobles, while the people were sunk into the most undisguised misery; of the army of petty tyrants and idle drones, all this indignation, which pervaded unreformed and despotic France, receiving rich sustenance from the Romish states in Germany, vibrates powerfully through the first dramas of Schiller, with the same force which subsequently fulminated and guillotined in France.

We may here remark that Schiller's early plays found a loud echo, especially in France and England. This system of moral and ideal liberty, originally identical (the pillars which form the basis of life, as well as its dramatic impress); is of twofold aspect, and acquired in Schiller's soul a most fruitful soil. The seeds of these ideas were thickly sown on many an acre, but "some fell by the wayside, and the fowls of the air came and devoured them up, and some fell among thorns." The nature of our poet was retentive, and yet yielding enough to strike out roots, and to bring forth good fruit. His imagination possessed the highest power of appropriation. He pictured to himself a world, from recent traditions in Würtemburg, and from many a startling occurrence of the present "blurring and blotting Seculum," which was indeed far removed from the best, and compared this repulsive creature of his imagination with the forms of his Plutarch, and with his archetype of a perfect world.

Neither in France nor in England, was any poet to be found capable of skilfully representing the moral idea of modern times. In the former country they were too near a revolution, in the latter too far from one. It could be accom-

plished in Germany alone, and Schiller was the poet who effected it. There is one point manifest here to the close observer; the same passionate devotion that Schiller felt towards his parents, his teachers, and his friends, and even towards the Duke, he experienced for the subjects of his works. They became the very essence of his being, and he could adjure the spirit of wrath or victory, in as ardent terms as other poets do their mistresses. Indeed the friend of his youth, Petersen, declares that it was this entire abandonment of self which made him a true poet. He long strove for the smiles of the Muse, and not receiving them, for the favour of Nature. This was the marble of Pygmalion to him. His fiery impulses yearned for "the dumb marble to find a voice, to yield him a responsive kiss of love," and to echo back the melody of his heart.

> "Bud, flower, and tree, then bloom'd for me;
> Trickled for me each streamlet clear:
> Dulness herself would stoop to hear
> The echo of such melody."

Petersen says, "Let no one suppose that Schiller's earlier effusions emanated from the easy flow of a rich and fruitful imagination, or the whispered suggestions of a friendly muse. By no means. After long study, and by accumulating scattered impressions, by bold conceptions, and close observations; after much research for imagery and manifold throes of spirit, after many failures and annihilated attempts, he made sufficient progress in the year 1777, for sharp-sighted critics to prophesy that he would one day become a great poet; and this presage was formed rather from individual fragments, than from more important works. Until this period he was not himself conscious of an indwelling, creative poetical faculty.

Those who, following Lessing's example, seek to recognise a man who is no genuine poet, more in the mode of modelling,

than in the result, will certainly never class Schiller in the ranks of true poets; but it is a very different thing to manufacture verses, and to strive after a too lofty ideal. Schiller struggled manfully for this in his great productions. He placed his thoughts on paper, amid stamping, groaning, and fuming; an ebullition often remarked in Michael Angelo, during the execution of his grand works of sculpture. "More than a hundred times," says Petersen, "have Schiller's friends observed this impetuosity in him, and the following little anecdote is perfectly authentic. The medical students of the Academy were obliged, at the end of their apprenticeship, to visit the hospitals, and to superintend the proper care of the patients; one day, when it was Schiller's turn to do so, he seated himself at the bedside of an invalid—the musician R——, who is still living. Instead of either questioning, or examining him, he went off into such a poetical rhapsody, using so many extravagant gestures and distortions, that the patient was dreadfully alarmed, imagining that his doctor had been seized with a sudden fit of insanity." In later years he was still subject to similar attacks, which he transmuted legitimately into rhythmus, the proper safety valve for the Sturm und Drang school.

Petersen asserts that Pope, Hugo von Groot, and many others, composed better poems in their eighth and twelfth years, than Schiller at the age of sixteen or seventeen; but they had not the impatient ardour which made him steadily fix his eye on the main object — the cartoon. Those who are incapable of tolerating incorrect drawing, though discerning grand outlines, and recognizing warm and glowing colouring, thus separating great merits from bold defects, will even now have difficulty in comprehending the admiration which Schiller's early works excited, and which they still deserve.

Schiller became at this time conscious of his genuine

poetical talent, he began to measure himself by others. Klopstock's authority was cast aside. He obliterated the "Ode to Convalescence" in his copy, declaring that all he could deduce from it was "if I had not recovered I must have died, and not been able to complete the 'Messiah.'" In the ode "My Fatherland," he expunged all the lines which followed "I love thee, my Fatherland." But he did not, according to the usual fashion of youth, dethrone an idol one day, merely to set up another the next in its place. The "Elegy on Ebert," "Bardale," the "Early Graves," the "Zurich Lake," always remained precious in his sight.

Thus did his nature progress towards the character of the epoch, and to that phase of art which suited him the best — the Drama. This welled forth in hundreds of studies from the soil of the land. It was quite under the influence of the English school, and according to whether it inclined most to action or to passion, it assumed two distinct radical forms. The types of these were Götz von Berlichingen and Emilia Galotti. These dramas, according to Schink's description, were represented in rather a singular fashion. "In a drama, to please the public nowadays, a curtain must every minute be drawn up, displaying to view first a palace, then a peasant's hut, a prison, a highway, or a camp. The spectators insist on having jousts and tournaments, where the heroes fight to the death, committing murder, adultery, and every possible horror. Kings, Dukes, Counts-Palatine speaking a language only fit for a village ale-house, and behaving as if they had just left a stable; or they will have fainting, blessing, cursing, despairing, rude laughs, tragic bombast, or burlesque, all crowded into one and the same piece.

Historical and pathetic tragedies, political and domestic dramas, were the poles between which the period vibrated. However unsuitable these might be to the managers of theatres, still such beginnings are well worthy of notice. It

is more than a mere compliment when Schiller, in 1803, writes to his brother-in-law Wolzogen, then in Petersburg. "Tell General Klinger how highly I esteem him; he is one of those who, five and twenty years ago, first worked powerfully on my mind. Such youthful impressions are ineffaceable." An assurance like this, well entitles the biographer to allude to Klinger's position at that time. It was not to be expected that Lessing should appreciate Klinger's first attempts, but Goethe says of him "His productions display a strong understanding, an upright mind, a lively imagination, a happy talent for observing the varieties of human nature, and a characteristic perception of generic differences; his girls and boys are natural and pleasing, his youths ardent, his men simple, yet intelligent, the characters represented in an unfavourable light not too much exaggerated." This judgment does not include Klinger's novels, which belong to a subsequent period. In reading "Conradin of Swabia," this verdict will be fully borne out. As a pupil of Rousseau, whose "Emile" was his favourite text-book, his distinguished political abilities placed him far above the narrow-minded interests of the time; and his domestic tragedies, though displaying the night side of human nature, and guilty of considerable extravagance, abounding in the most violent passion, intense hatred, furious wrath, and innumerable agonising situations, yet possess so much charm and consistency in their plot and materials, that they deserve to be included in the two reigning schools alluded to, though approximating more to the style of Emilia Galotti, than to that of Götz von Berlichingen. He may, along with Lessing and Goethe, lay claim to an independent position. All three have been accused of being imitators of Shakspeare. Klinger is more theatrical than Goethe in "Götz;" his scenes do not abruptly break off, without being brought to an issue; but his compositions do not approach in consistency to those of Lessing,

and in his characters he does not attain the truth or nature of either the one or the other; but one fundamental law of the drama he always fulfilled, in the creation of striking contrasts, of deadly struggles. "The Twins," "Otto," "The Suffering Woman," should be perused, in order properly to estimate the bold passage which Schiller traversed in the wake of this discoverer, and by which his own dramas emerged.

It is characteristic of the taste of the times, that when the Hamburgh directors of the theatre, in 1775, instituted a prize for the best tragedy, two pieces were sent in, both treating of fratricide.* These were Klinger's "Twins" and the "Julius von Tarent" of Leisewitz. The scene of both dramas was laid in Italy, the country to which the most extravagant conceptions of fancy were usually transferred. They bear considerable resemblance both in composition and in diction. An ardent thirst for action and glory, imbibed in copious draughts from the heroes of Plutarch, strikingly exist in both. Two brothers, dissimilar in character, though not so widely opposed as Karl and Franz Moor, love the same girl; the younger brother murders the elder, and the father, with stern justice, puts the murderer to death with his own hands: so far the pieces are alike: but that of Klinger makes the brothers twins, and the latter gained the prize. Schiller always admired it, but Lessing distinguished "Julius von Tarent" with flattering praise, and Schiller, notwithstanding his predeliction for Klinger, finally decided in the same way. He knew, and undoubtedly compared Klinger's work with "Julius von Tarent," and welcomed in Leisewitz the more congenial spirit. Indeed, no work of the day produced so durable an impression on him. Along with the regularity of composition so pleasing to Schiller's rhythmical spirit, there was a boldness of passion, a subtlety of investigation, and a

* The prize was not offered expressly for a piece on fratricide. Koberstein, vol. ii. p. 1494.

softness of handling, which only required to be imbued with the popular love of modern freedom, to give all that the public of the Sturm und Drang school required; but nationality was wanting. Leisewitz had so little genuine courage, that he could not succeed in overcoming the unfavourable decision of the director of the theatre. "Julius von Tarent" remained his only work. However magnanimous the renunciation may appear, it is a sign that he was not fitted to assume the leadership. But it is some compensation for the deficient fame of imperfect genius, that it is precisely this class who work on the aspirants to distinction, more than consummate celebrities do. If Leisewitz had accomplished nothing, save inspiring the youthful Schiller with kindred sympathy, this alone ought to win a place for him in the memory of posterity.

Schiller knew "Julius von Tarent," almost word for word, by heart. He said, with Julius, "within my bones lies marrow for centuries." Occasional reminiscences from it are to be met with in his later works. Boas mentions two, which are self-evident. Aspermonte shouts in the ear of the dead Julius, "Blanka! Blanka! as he hears not that, he will never hear again." In "The Robbers," Schweitzer shakes Franz while hanging, with the words, "Hallo! you have still a father to murder: he does not care: he must be as dead as a mouse!"

Under the impression of this drama, and according to Streicher's fine metaphor, he only required to have a dramatic thought breathed into him, for the fire of inspiration to burn brightly. Schiller wrote a new piece called "Cosmus von Medici." Petersen says that in subject and treatment, it bore considerable resemblance to "Julius von Tarent," and that several of its scenes were transferred to "The Robbers." Be this as it may, Schiller destroyed the piece in question; its precise nature cannot now be ascertained, but as he never resumed it, probably the composition did not satisfy him.

Another subject now occupied him, which transferred "Julius von Tarent" from the Italian and princely sphere, into a popular and German one. It was "The Robbers." In Haug's "Swabian Magazine" of 1755, first part, a tale appeared, of which Schubart was supposed to be the author; its title was, "A Tale of the human heart." The following is an outline of it: "When we read anecdotes, such as we occasionally receive from England and France, it almost appears as if in those favoured lands alone, there existed a race of men with passions. No single anecdote is ever related of us poor Germans; and from the silence of our authors, foreigners must conclude that we only move like machines, and that eating, drinking, dull commonplace, and sleeping make up the whole circle of a German's life, in which he stupidly goes round and round, till he becomes giddy, falls down and dies; but if the character of a nation is to be described, a little more liberty is required than we Germans enjoy; as every striking trait which proceeds from the pen of an honest, outspoken man, might possibly open a path which leads to the company of criminals (the Duke of Würtemberg did not resent this public attack); we have assuredly no lack of materials, and though owing to our form of government, the position of a German be necessarily passive, still we are men, and we have our passions and feelings as much as any Frenchman or Briton. An occurrence recently took place in the midst of us, which I propose to any clever man, as a good subject for a play or a novel, if he will only promise, not through timidity, to transfer the scene of action to Spain or Greece, but to place it boldly on our German soil.

"A certain nobleman, who preferred the tranquillity of a rural life to the excitement of a court, had two sons of very different dispositions. Wilhelm was pious, at least he was constantly to be seen praying; he was severe both to himself and to others, a most obedient son, a most docile pupil to his

tutor, who was a bigot, and a reverent worshipper of order and economy. Karl was in all respects the opposite of his brother; he was open, without guile, full of ardour, lively, often idle, vexing his parents and teachers by juvenile pranks, and recommending himself by nothing but his head and his heart. These, indeed, made him the favourite of the household and the village; his faults, however, disgraced him in the eyes of his catonic brother and his bigoted tutor, who was often almost choked with rage at Karl's insubordination and unruly conduct.

"The brothers were sent to to the same school at B——, where their characters remained unchanged. Wilhelm received the praise of being a pattern of industry and virtue, and Karl the character of being a thoughtless, petulant boy. At the university, Karl was a second Tom Jones, — he incurred debts, though from the noblest motives, and an unlucky duel finally deprived him of his father's favour. Obliged to fly from the academy in the obscurity of night, the wide world now lay before him in pathless darkness. He enlisted as a soldier, and was wounded at the battle of Freiberg; struck with remorse, he wrote to his father, but Wilhelm intercepted the letter; reduced to great straits by the peace, Karl became servant to a farmer, only a few miles from his father's manor-house. Under the name of 'the good Hans' he was made known to his father, and often conversed with him without being recognised. One day when 'the good Hans' was busy cutting down trees in the forest, he suddenly heard a strange stifled cry; he ran towards the spot with the axe in his hand: what a spectacle! His father had been dragged by force from his carriage by masked ruffians; the coachman was lying on the ground, bathed in blood, and a dagger already gleaming at his father's throat! Filial enthusiasm animating Karl, he rushed furiously on the murderers, using his axe with such good effect, that three of the villains were quickly

laid prostrate, and the fourth taken prisoner. 'He bore his swooning father into the carriage, and drove home with him.

"'Who is my guardian angel?' said the father, on opening his eyes.

"'No angel,' answered Hans, 'only a man who has done what he ought for a fellow-creature.'

"'What nobility of soul under a peasant's kirtle! But tell me, Hans, did you kill all the ruffians?'

"'No, sir, one is still alive.'

"'Bring him here.'

"The unmasked murderer falls at the feet of the nobleman, begs for mercy, and says with tears,—

"'Ah! sir, not I! another! would that I might say no more — another!'

"'Tell me at once the accursed name of that other,' said the nobleman; 'who is your accomplice in this murderous assault?'

"'Alas! must I confess it! — your son Wilhelm, — you lived too long for him; and by this frightful crime he hoped to get possession at once of your property.'

"'Wilhelm!' exclaimed the unhappy father, in a tone of agony, and closing his eyes, he sunk into insensibility.

"Hans stood like a statue of horror beside his father's bed. After some minutes of unconsciousness, the father opened his dim eyes, and cried in tone of despair:

"'I have no longer a son. Alas! a horrible fury enwreathed with snakes, is my son — fit prey for the evil one! and the boy with the blooming face and feeling heart, my darling son Karl, has been the victim of his brother's unbridled passions; he pines in misery — perhaps he no longer lives!'

"'Yes, he lives!' cried Hans, whose feelings now broke through all restraint, 'he lives, and lies at the feet of the best of fathers. My vices deprived me of all right to be your son; but if deep repentance and tears ——'

"Here the father started from his couch, and raising his son from the ground, he embraced him in his trembling arms, and both were silent; a pause of passionate emotion ensued, which silenced the lips to let the eloquence of the heart be felt.

"'My own son, my Karl, is the preserver of my life,' said the father, when able to speak, his tears falling on his son's embrowned forehead. 'Look up, Karl, see your father's tears of joy!'

"But Karl could only stammer 'dear father,' and remained lying on his breast."

The father wishes to deliver up Wilhelm to the arm of justice, but Karl intercedes for him, and eventually prevails on his father to give him means of support. The author adds: "This story, compiled from the most credible testimony, proves that there are also Tom Joneses and Blifils in Germany." The "Tom Jones" of Fielding, to which this remark refers, was much read at that time, and highly valued by Schiller also. It is the ancient subject of the "Inimical Brothers," Edmund and Edgar, in the light of the present day, which shines so brightly in the narrative we have just given, and more brightly still in Schiller's "Robbers."

The narrative concludes with these words: "When is the philosopher to appear who will descend into the depths of the human heart, trace every action to its source, search into every hidden recess, and write a history of the human heart, obliterating all deceptive colouring from the face of the hypocrite, and maintaining the rights of an honest man?" This appeal found an echo in the young poet's heart.

Hoven informs us, that it was he who first attracted Schiller's attention to this tale. The same kind friend also pointed out to him its tendency: "Here," said Wilhelm, "may be seen how Providence conducts his creatures along the most thorny paths, to the happiest results, which is the moral intended in this narrative." Schiller forthwith evinced his

genius, by availing himself of the subject to pour forth his tragic thoughts and feelings, the essence of his own individuality, his knowledge of sacred writings and science, his speculative and medical knowledge, his revolutionary spirit, and his poetical talents. He did not make Karl enlist; he made him a hero of the Sturm und Drang school, a revolutionary personality without a revolution. In this lies the marvellous power and historical value of the piece. In Karl the tragedy of the German nation is unconsciously personified. He is the antithesis of Hamlet, so often considered a symbol of Germany. Here we have deeds, ruthless deeds, and a stern resolve, requiring no plot, and no accomplices, save desperate men, already outlaws, having no object save revenge or robbery, no result but a miserable death, and the self-confession of a noble and repentant, but broken heart.

Brutus and Cassius, republicans without a republic, are the heroes to whom the disciples of the Sturm und Drang school do homage; but even they are unattainable ideals for a Karl Moor. If we seek his counterpart in history, we must point to the freebooter Götz von Berlichingen. Bauer is not his equal; perhaps Michael Kohlhaas, certainly not Thomas Munzer. Educated in the tranquillity of domestic life, Karl, at a period when his hand longed to grasp a sword, was only offered a pen; rejected by his family, he was forced to have recourse to dagger and pistol, which, had he been a Werther, he would unscrupulously have turned against himself; but Karl first turned them against the community, and then against himself.

These were the elements of a possible revolution in Germany surging in many hearts at that time, and the more profound signification connected with their fatherland, accounts for the deep impression made by this drama, not only on the public, but on men of the most cultivated minds, such as Körner, Baggesen, and innumerable other persons. In ex-

planation of this strange prodigy "Rousseau, Plutarch, and the prison walls of the Academy," have been adduced. Still I cannot venture from the influence of three or four books, or some casual conceptions, to account for an excitement which must ever remain inexplicable, even though the poet himself said, that Karl Moor derived his distinguishing characteristics from Plutarch, and the romantic robber Roque, in "Don Quixote." The piece bore likewise the title of "The Lost Son;" but Schiller made "The Robbers" its watchword, thus elevating a domestic drama to the loftier character of a social tragedy, and himself to the leadership of the Sturm und Drang school.

It has been shown that "The Robbers" was begun in the year 1777. The name of Karl was taken from the original tale. The villain Wilhelm (could he give his friend Wilhelm von Hoven such a namesake?) he baptized afresh as Franz, probably symbolising in this name, the babbling materialistic, false reasoning *canaille*.*

The work proceeded slowly, indeed it was entirely given up at the end of the same year, and not resumed till 1780.

Schiller's skill and knowledge of art stamped him specially as a *subjective* poet. Considered in that light, Karl Moor may represent the poet himself. Biography, while striving to give a faithful transcript of the whole man, even when confronted by such justifiable abstract assertions, must, however, prove that Schiller was nevertheless *objective* enough to be a poet.

All poets have in fact given only their own individuality. Shakspeare may be disguised as Romeo, Goethe as Weisingen, and Götz or Schiller as Karl and Franz Moor; but this can be accomplished by no poet without vast power over his

* It is impossible that Klinger's "Falsche Spieler," should have had any influence on the composition of "The Robbers," as Gervinus and others have asserted, for Klinger's play was not published till 1780. A sympathetic tendency is, however, evident.

subject, and this power Schiller eminently possessed: "Schiller drinks more deeply from the cup of scepticism than Goethe, and yet remains the more sober of the two."

This expression of Gervinus is substantiated through the whole course of Schiller's life.

Wilhelm von Hoven was at this period very intimate with our poet, and he mentions nothing of a state of desperation and excitement. Vulcan did not always strike forth sparks of fire. Had the author of "The Robbers" so closely resembled his hero, he would have been less scrupulous in his actions; we should have heard of more transgressions, of attempts at evasion, and similar escapades; but there was nothing of the kind. The annual reports of his faults of insubordination were, according to the lists, about five, and never exceeded that proportion.

If he chanced to have any dispute with his superiors, he generally contrived to put an end to it by some witty or sarcastic speech, often not comprehended by his adversary, but quickly enough by his friends. The two political parties, for and against the North Americans, into which the school was divided, inspired him with no interest whatever.

Later in life he designates his youthful lyrics as the wild effusions of a boyish dilettanteism. In no art is it so difficult to distinguish between poetry which is spontaneous, and that which is scholastic. It chiefly depends on whether a person be in earnest with his poetry. Schiller was in earnest. His ambition was to be a celebrated poet, not a celebrated bandit.

The poetical "Bond" still clung closely together. They mutually imparted their compositions, written in secrecy, and brooded over in still more profound mystery. They criticised in writing their reciprocal labours, praising and blaming each other; the first naturally more than the last. "Our whole stock," says Scharffenstein, "was of no value, and scarcely a single passage worth preserving, probably because

we were so desperately high flown, and so eager to make a parade of our learning." Their fellow-pupil Masson seems to have been of the same opinion, and he was well acquainted with their secret literary reunions, and their poetical rivalry. While Scharffenstein (also an Alsatian) adopted German both in language and intercourse, Masson remained thoroughly French, and attacked the "Bond" unmercifully. Schiller early in life foreboded a foe in him. He says in his school theme on Masson's character, that "he regrets the disadvantage of knowing him at all, and had he chosen to know him more intimately, he would probably have discovered that he was still more disagreeable."

This he was now fated to do. Masson wrote a severe, but witty burlesque on the "Bond." "Each of us," says Scharffenstein "was sharply attacked in turn, we looked at each other, startled and mortified, and our effervesence of authorship subsided." Scharffenstein's certainly did. He had a decided inclination for sculpture, and for its sake, became faithless to his first idol—poetry. He associated much with painters and sculptors, with Scheffauer, Heideloff, Hetsch, and Dannecker. Disheartened by his want of talent, he condemned his own productions, and was even more severe to those of others.

The "Bond" could bear satire; had it not been so they would scarcely have accepted as a new member, the Elève Christoph Fredrich Haug, an epigram in person. He was the son of Schiller's first critic, Professor Balthasar Haug. The son was of a lively nature, and already by his witty conceptions and sparkling fancies, indicated the epigrammatist of after days. Such a companion brought a new and refreshing element into the "Bond." Schiller was no longer now the shy, reserved scholar of the Latin school, he was entirely self possessed, and from his lofty air, appeared to those who did not know him, even proud. One day when his tall figure was

stalking along the street, his energetic countenance a full head above the crowd, a woman looking at him, exclaimed: "There is a youth who thinks himself grander than the Duke of Würtemberg!" He could be occasionally both playful and sarcastic. At that time there was a mania for albums. On one occasion a sentimental pupil, who was also a considerable gourmand, gave his album to our poet, begging him to transcribe a thought in it. The Mephistopheles wrote, "When you have eat and drank—and N.B. till you can eat and drink no more—then say grace." The whole "Bond" sparkled with epigrams, which are to be found in the "Authology," the paternity of which it is not easy to discover. Gay youth, recklessness, humour, and "The Robbers," in the same heart. The "Bond" received a fresh impulse by Herder's translations of national songs from almost every language. Bürger had admirably caught the popular style, the others did not choose to be outstripped, probably "Graf Eberhard" is of this date.

These associates thus by degrees collected a considerable amount of poetical compositions, which, in their opinion, well deserved to be printed. The difficulty was the usual embarrassing question for all young authors, where to find a publisher? Hoven undertook to write to a bookseller in Tübingen, who was said to be willing to accept even anonymous writings, for of course the pupils of the Academy could not venture to give their names. The letter was sent through a secret channel. No answer came. A second letter had no better result. Hoven had written to a dead man. The collection, indeed, remained unprinted, but some of the poems, Hoven relates, were sent to Schwan, in Mannheim, for the "Schreib Tafel," which he edited, and others were carefully hoarded up for future occasions.

CHAP. VI.

FROM MEDICINE TO POETRY.

Schiller returns to his Studies of Medicine. — Academy Festival. — Schiller's congratulatory verses on the Birthday of Gräfin Franziska. — New Friends. — Disagreement with Scharffenstein. — Another Felicitation on Gräfin Franziska's Birthday. — Schiller's appearance as an Actor in the "Prize of Virtue." — Schiller's Trial Essay. — The Philosophy of Physiology.

THE year 1777 passed away in this state of exhilaration for these youths, though possibly the public examinations inspired them with some serious reflections, when prizes were bestowed on the more industrious pupils. Schiller, in the meantime, thought more of his home than we have done. The family had at this time, after thirty years of marriage, been increased by the birth of a girl. The promising son was considered the future protector and support of his brothers and sisters, a sufficient reason to induce him to apply in earnest to the studies, by which he was to earn a livelihood. The course of medicine was fixed at five years.* These five years were to end in December, 1780. It was now December, 1777. "The Robbers," already commenced, was put aside in some hidden corner, and Schiller, who, with his usual energy, resolved to accomplish some great feat in his vocation, imposed on himself the task of finishing his studies within two years; but he could not resist one last temptation of the Muse. The 10th of January was Gräfin Franziska's birthday. As Schiller had already celebrated that of the Duke by a humorous farce, called the "Jahr Markt" (or "Fair"), how

* Hoven, p. 69.

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could his homage fail where his adored patroness was concerned? She was, in truth, the only woman who had the privilege of entering the Academy at every hour of the day. She glided like a fairy through the secluded halls and gardens, eagerly gazed at by the enchanted eyes of the pupils,—her sparkling eyes, her gentle voice, and the mystical charm of her connection with the Duke, her magic influence over him,—all this might well inflame the imagination, and cause many a heart to beat with emotion. Every pupil was enthusiastic about the brilliant Gräfin, who was not yet thirty,—an age peculiarly attractive to boys—and thus almost every pupil was in love with her. Schiller worshipped in her the beau ideal of all virtue and feminine charm. In a very dubious outward position, she had succeeded, by dignity and good conduct, in being considered by the country, as well as by the Academy, the lawful wife of their Sovereign, and as such our poet esteemed her.

Among old papers of the Academy, two sets of congratulatory verses have been discovered, composed by the Élève Schiller, which bear the same title, "Feelings of gratitude on the Birthday of her Excellency the Reichs-Gräfin of Hohenheim." The date is probably, as Hoffmeister thinks, 1778. For Schiller, in one of these addresses, appears as the orator of the Demoiselles. He could scarcely have attained sufficient importance to be chosen poet of the Academy before the beginning of this year, and after that period he would have shown more form in the modelling of his verses. Franziska gladly accepted this flattering and enthusiastic address.

The Academists addressed her in Schiller's verses, thus:—

> "Radiant she, as sun-glance beaming,
> When spring comes gushing from above,
> Quick'ning the earth with lusty love;
> And all around with light is streaming.

" So smile the fields,—so smiles the earth,
When she, with blessings in her train,
Assuages woe, and want, and pain,
Like one of more than mortal birth.

" Fame greets her with a fond caress:
Her cherish'd name shall never die:
Her lineaments immortal lie
Mirror'd in tears of tenderness.

" Through paths with fragrant flowers bestrown,
She wanders in a fairy round
Of harmonising sight and sound,
Arrayed in virtue's glorious crown.

" Friends!—let our love ne'er know decay;—
And that our hearts be ever free
From thoughts unhallow'd,—let them be
Franziska's monument for aye."

There was nothing now to check the course of his severer studies. In faithful companionship with his friend Hoven, he incessantly studied Haller's physiology with admiration, but still without any blind devotion to that great man. Professor Consbruch, who lectured on physiology, pathology, and therapeutics, was a scholar of the deceased Professor Brendel, in Göttingen, whose truly admirable college themes he possessed. Schiller procured a copy of them; but even here, with all due appreciation of the dead and living professor, he adopted many a law of nature and physics, which could not in the present day be maintained against the clearer light of science. The two poets now came into close contact with their medical comrades, especially with Plieninger, Jacobi, Liesching, and Elwert. These four were studious pupils, and therefore in advance of the other two; but improved by scientific conversations with them, Schiller and Hoven soon equalled them in knowledge. The bloom of the poet "Bond" was passed, but Schiller was once more reminded of it by a painful occurrence.

Our poet, in spite of his new friends, adhered faithfully to

his earlier companions, doing homage to one in an ode, and devoting himself to another, with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. His friend Scharffenstein was to leave the Academy finally in December, and they were probably not destined soon to meet again. It was in one of those open-hearted hours, when youth pours forth its visions, that Scharffenstein developed to his friend his poetical creed. Probably lowered in tone by Masson's satire, he held forth warmly on the beauties of some well-known poems, comparing them, without any intention of offence, to some of Schiller's productions, and placing the latter considerably in the shade. He then incautiously proceeded to pass a severe sentence on some of his friend's odes, written with all the enthusiasm of a youthful spirit. This hurt Schiller's feelings. "For," narrates Scharffenstein, "his feelings were certainly more wounded than his poetical egotism. Schiller did not become cold, for his nature did not admit of that, but he withdrew from my society with a deep depression of soul, which I cannot even now recall without pain, for whatever grieved such a heart, can at no future period be considered by me childish or insignificant." This worthy but pretentious friend seemed, however, to forget this admirable moral very shortly, when he continues,—"Schiller himself, who, in fact, only lived for a short period of his existence for his heart, and all the rest more entirely for his laurels, would assuredly have said to me, had he been reminded of this occurrence, 'You caused me much pain.'"

Schiller at that time wrote a long letter, in which he says,—"My whole soul is in a tumult." "Never," says Scharffenstein, "did a quarrel between two lovers call forth more affecting expressions. I answered reproachfully, that he had quite misunderstood my meaning, but whether owing to mutual *mauvaise honte*, or some fatal perverseness, or that friendship at that age lies more in excited fancy, than deep in the heart,

the disunion continued, and we did not interchange a word; and I shortly after quitted the Academy."

Poor Schiller! "Your whole soul in a tumult!" With what morbid feelings must you have anticipated the public examinations, which Scharffenstein was to attend for the last time! An expected prize could not console you for the loss of your friend.

Schiller drew lots with Plieninger, Jacobi and Elwert for the prize,—all four had proved themselves equally meritorious. Elwert was the victor. Scharffenstein quitted the Academy, but the breach in his old friendship was soon bitterly deplored by him. We see him one day return to his friend with the same impatient warmth of feeling, which he had wounded in the most noble of all hearts.

Schiller's appearance and address possessed, even at that time, a most irresistible charm. He had intelligence to comprehend ability in every form. Zumsteeg, who studied music in the Academy, and subsequently distinguished himself as a composer, adored Schiller, and set his songs to music. Any acute sense of this art has been often, as he himself complains, denied to our poet, whereas he had in reality a very refined, fastidious musical taste. Glück was his favourite; but the pure pathetic power of harmony always influenced him to a poetical mood. Schiller was also fond of drawing, and, in after days, often playfully referred to his amateur performances. Not only the musical, but the great plastic genius of the Academy, Dannecker, was faithfully devoted to him. Dannecker was the son of one of the royal grooms, and at a public meeting entered himself on the lists of the Academy. All the world knows the lustre he shed on it. He was Schiller's intimate friend. Such intercourse, and insight into a kindred sphere of art highly excited Schiller. In Albert F. Lempp, a newly-arrived pupil, he found ample compensation for the loss of Scharffenstein, a leader in speculative phi-

losophy, and in the comprehension of practical principles. Schiller always spoke of him with a kind of idolatry. Both continued to correspond regularly during their lives.

The ode to Franziska must have given satisfaction; for in January 1779, Schiller was again chosen poet on the occasion of her birthday. Duke Karl had given the theme "Do an excess of kindness, sociability, and lavish generosity constitute virtue in its precise sense?"

Schiller answered in the negative; but this very denial furnished the occasion for an enthusiastic eulogy of Franziska and Karl. Amid the boldest variations the theme ever recurs, "Virtue forms the harmonious bond between Love and Wisdom." It ends thus: "Karl celebrates the natal day of Franziska. Which is the greatest, the person who practises virtue or he who rewards it? Both resemble in this the Divinity! I am silent — too insignificant to eulogise Karl — I retire, and say no more! But I see the sons of years yet to come — I see them here! congregated on another great occasion — I see them wandering among the monuments of the noble of the earth! They weep! weep for Karl — Würtemberg's inimitable Karl! they weep for Franziska, the friend of humanity!"

Though this oration contains nearly as many high flown exaggerations as notes of admiration, still the bold reference to the grave, is a sublime piece of ingenuousness. The speech delighted the accomplished Duke, and he agreed in consequence, that his *protégé* should be allowed in the course of this year to write the usual dissertation, which finally opened the doors of the Academy.

Schiller on the same day had an opportunity of exercising his histrionic talents. A masque was given, thus described, "The Reward of Virtue, with rural dialogues, and allegorical representations of gods and men, in honour of the birthday of the best of women, Frau Franziska Reichs-Gräfin von Hohen-

heim, dedicated to her by the gracious permission of H. R. H. Duke Karl Eugen, and composed by the pupils of the Ducal Military Academy, set to music, and acted by them and the Demoiselles of the Academy, Stuttgard, January 10th 1779."*

The composition was a piece of courtly flattery in the Rococo-style. Burghers, peasants, shepherds, gods, cyclops, sylvans, fawns, nymphs, and innumerable other figures were introduced. In the first part the piece was divided into three scenes. Georg, a peasant, Herr Schiller — Georg's wife Herr Hopfenstock. Their part consisted of only a few lines, so Schiller could not be much enlightened on this occasion, as to his talent for acting.

But these exercises and recreations enlivened the uniformity of the more severe studies, to which our hero now applied himself with redoubled zeal. He certainly fully expected to finish his course this year. He was bound, according to custom, and in presence of the Duke, to write publicly a defensive dissertation. The choice of a subject rested with himself, and it indicated the true bent of his inclinations. The title was "The Philosophy of Physiology." As these are questions which unremittingly occupy all thinking men, probably our readers may not object, to our casting a glance at Schiller's work. He commences with spiritual life. The destiny of man is conformity to the Divinity. The ideal is indeed infinite, but the spirit is eternal. Eternity is the measure of infinity, that is, it will ever grow, but never attain. "If a soul," says a sage of this century, "were enlightened to such a degree, that it could embrace the plan of Divine Providence, it would be the happiest of all souls. A great, an eternal, and a noble law has connected happiness with perfection, unhappiness with imperfection. Whatsoever assimilates man more closely to this destiny, either directly or indirectly, must cause him enjoy-

* A printed copy of this pastoral, consisting of 40 pages quarto, is in the possession of Baron W. von Maltzahn.

ment. Whatsoever estranges him from it must cause him pain. He will avoid what pains him, he will strive after that which delights him. He will seek perfection, because imperfection pains him, and still more, because perfection delights him, in itself. The greatest amount of perfection with the least amount of imperfection, constitutes the highest enjoyment with the least pain. This is true happiness; it is therefore precisely the same whether I say, man is placed here to be happy, or to be perfect; for he can only be perfect when he is happy, and he can only be happy when he is perfect; but an equally grand and noble law has combined the perfection of the whole, with the happiness of the individual. Man with man, and even man with animals, by the bond of universal love. Thus love, the most beauteous and noble impulse of the human soul, the great chain of sentient nature, is only the interchange of my own being with that of another." This is the sum of the first chapter, which contained eleven paragraphs, and there were five chapters of similar length. It was an actual book; all that we possess of it, is a fragment of the first chapter.

Whether Shaftesbury's "Moral Philosophy," were in reality the source of these thoughts, we cannot say; but though the advanced knowledge of the present day may smile at them, they were entirely in accordance with Schiller's character, and he places implicit faith in them. He could not be satisfied with giving in his dissertation as a school exercise, he wished to transcribe in it the whole compass of his moral convictions.

Julius probably alludes to fragments of this work, when he writes to Raphael, "This morning, when searching among my papers, I found a theme which I had considered lost, it was sketched in the happy hours of youthful inspiration ..... My heart sought Philosophy, and Fancy substituted her dreams, the most vivid seemed to me the most true." In Julius' "Theosophy" it is said "All spirits are made happy by their

perfection. I desire the happiness of all spirits, because I love myself. A wish for the happiness of another we call benevolence." "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect" said the founder of our faith. Weak humanity shrunk from this command, therefore he said more plainly "Love one another." When Karoline von Wolzogen subsequently read Shaftesbury, she at once discovered the similarity of Schiller's views.

If a system were to be sought, capable of elevating the grandeur of the human mind, inspiring courage and hope, divesting mankind of the trite and commonplace, and shedding on the soul the brilliant lustre of the highest illumination, a finer one could not be devised. The Christian law of love is so developed in this theory, that love is considered the inmost essence of nature, and virtue indispensable to man; vice being only mentioned as an evidence of having strayed from the path of happiness. * . It is the Godhead descended from the throne and received into the will of man. These seeds of Schiller's moral views take root, and grow and develope into rich flower and fruit.

* Herrman Hettner, in his history of English literature, has restored Shaftesbury to his rights. When Hegel declares that a high degree of cultivation is displayed in such contemplations, the barriers are defined which always obstructed Schiller's efforts to cultivate the nation.

CHAP. VII.

QUENCHED FIRE.

The Professor's Verdict on Schiller's Dissertation. — Delay on his quitting the Academy. — His Frame of Mind. — Goethe's Visit. — Oration. — Death of a Friend. — Funeral Elegy. — Schiller's letter of Condolence to Hoven's Father.—Schiller plays Clavigo.—He commences working at "The Robbers."

WHEN the professors of the Academy received Schiller's dissertation for revisal, they stared in displeased atonishment at the scholar who had thus unexpectedly taken wing, and soared so high into the clouds. They were to decide whether the composition was worthy of being printed. They unanimously pronounced that it was not. The surgeon-major, Christian Klein, did so in the following terms: "I have twice read over this prolix and tiresome dissertation, but cannot even guess the meaning of the author. His arrogant spirit displays a prejudice in favour of novel theories, and a dangerous disposition to take pride in knowledge, wandering in an obscure and pedantic wilderness, where I cannot attempt for a moment to follow him. The composition prepared with so much labour, is exaggerated and full of false principles. Moreover, the author is truly audacious, and often severe and unjust towards the most admirable men. In the chapter which treats of the *viribus transmutatoriis*, he assails the immortal Haller (without whose aid, however, he would have been a very indifferent physiologist) in so offensive a manner, that it must rouse the indignation of the whole scientific world. He does the same to the zealous Cottunium, and makes an onslaught on everything that does not chance to suit his own

theories. At the same time, the glowing spirit which pervades the execution of this thesis, furnishes infallible proofs of the author's great and striking powers, and of his inquiring mind, which will probably, after the ebullition of youthful effervescence has subsided, produce an energetic and truly admirable scholar." In consequence of these heavy accusations, and after reading the trial papers sent in, the Duke wrote to the Intendant von Seeger, that the dissertations of the Élève Plieninger and the Cavalier von Schönfeld, were at once to be printed. "Reinhard's dissertation," continued the letter, "is not to be printed, nor that of the Élève Schiller, though I must acknowledge that the youth has written some very admirable things, and undeniably shown much fire. Precisely, however on this account, and because parts of it are far too daring, I have decided that it shall not be given to the public. Moreover, it is my opinion that it will be highly beneficial to him to remain another year in the Academy, when the too bright glow of his fire may be in some degree quenched; so that some day, if he continue to work zealously, he may become a truly great man."

From Schiller's demeanour, under similar disappointments, which from this time he had frequently to endure, we are entitled to conclude, that no bitter word escaped his lips, when the Intendant communicated to him this mortifying result; but in his heart he felt truly desolate, and deep dejection ensued. He thought himself mature, and had intellectually quitted the Academy, and yet he was now forcibly detained in it. Henceforth it became hateful to him. His treatise had been written with all the concentrated powers of his mind; it was rejected, and he despaired of those powers. After a succession of wild and contradictory impressions, which followed each other in quick succession, his mood subsided into a positive weariness of life. A few days after this discouraging decision, he saw for the first time the author of "Götz,"

"Werther," and "Clavigo." He saw him in all the fulness of happiness, the companion and friend, of Duke Karl August of Weimar. "Clavigo" delighted our young dramatist even more than "Werther" had done. In it, modern life, and even living persons, were represented with moderation, and yet in the most graphic and natural manner. The link between the man of the world and the youthful poet, was sincerity and a passion for truth — the only justifiable passion. "Beaumarchais" was the purest form of noble manhood which the drama had hitherto produced. He was a transcript of Schiller's soul. Now he was to see the poet adored by all Germany. It was on the 14th December, 1779. The examinations were just over when both the guests entered the hall. They heard the address of the Duke. The distribution of the prizes was to take place on the following day. Goethe was seen in the Academy church in the forenoon, and afterwards with the Duke of Weimar, dined at the royal table. In the evening, during the distribution of the prizes Karl August of Weimar stood on the right of the Duke and Goethe on his left — an Apollo full of vigour and beauty; the three formed a stately group, of poetical and princely merit. What a spectacle for aspiring youth! Goethe visibly coloured during Professor Consbruch's speech, perhaps from the many ardent glances fixed on him, instead of the professor. How must Schiller's heart have beat, when his name was called, when he received a prize, and kissed the hem of the Duke's garment. This same poor Elève, in after days, stood as third in this group, in the place of his Duke.

Schiller received four prizes, one for practical medicine, a second for the "*Materia Medica*," a third for surgery, and a fourth for the German language and style of composition. His friends were on an equality with him for this prize, and cast lots for it. The goddess of fortune who accompanied Goethe, recognised the youthful genius, and lightly touched

him as she glided past. He was twice conqueror. How easily by a visit or a letter to Goethe, of which the author of "Werther" received so many, could Schiller have made known to him the extent of his powers. But this mania of the day was far from Schiller's thoughts. He was to win his fame and his future distinction by his own individuality.

These impressions were not yet effaced, when the 10th January, Franziska's birthday, again drew near. The Duke on this occasion did not apprehend that the fire of his élève would burn too brightly. He chose Schiller as orator, and selected the theme, "Virtue considered in its results." Schiller was entirely absorbed in the ideas which we saw in his first dissertation; he could clothe these thoughts in various garbs, and words and images flowed inexhaustibly at his bidding. Perfection of the whole intellectual world must be the result of virtue. Joy at this harmony of all beings, and happiness, must be the inward recompense of virtue. Gellert, Haller, Montesquien, Addison, were named as the benefactors of mankind; Lametrie and Voltaire as their scourge. Virtue gives us a foretaste of heaven. "So great," he says in conclusion, "so blissful, so inexpressibly blissful are the inner results of virtue, this feeling suffices to make a world happy: the proud consciousness of having imbibed some of the rays of the Godhead, is too sublime for praise. Illustrious Gräfin, earthly rewards pass away, mortal crowns are fleeting, the most sublime strains of praise find no echo in the grave; but the tranquillity of soul, Franziska, the heavenly repose beaming in your countenance, loudly, loudly proclaim the infinite inner reward of virtue. One single tear drop of joy, Franziska, like the creation of a world, one, and one only, and this Franziska deserves to shed!" This address again met with much approbation, and Professor Haug noticed it in his "Swabian Magazine;" a copy was presented to the Gräfin, who carefully preserved it.

But under the influence of what mournful feelings did Schiller deliver this speech! While his loving heart embraced all mankind, his thoughts dwelt on the sick bed of a youth, whom he, and all who knew him, dearly loved, in whom the Academy lost its most promising pupil, and Wilhelm von Hoven his only brother. He died at the age of eighteen. The Duke lamented his early death, and testified his sympathy with the bereaved parents, in the most condescending and feeling manner. Schiller's heart bled from many wounds. In sorrow of soul, he composed in honour of the deceased his "Funeral Elegy," and on the 15th of January he wrote to the father of his lamented friend a letter which must have affected even a despairing heart.

This "Funeral Elegy" must be fresh in the memory of many of my readers. The power of rhythmus, which in unison with the feeling, shudders, rejoices, and melts in loving remembrance, impresses itself indelibly on the soul. Here Schiller is so entirely himself, that we may boldly assert neither Goethe, nor Klopstock, nor Bürger could have composed these lines.

Hoven was a gentle amiable youth, but Schiller's impulse was always to make the objects of his love still more perfect, for it was thus alone he could love them. He transfigures Hoven into his ideal. He places the statue of a god on the sarcophagus of his friend:—

"Proudly as the war-steeds strain,—
Their manes dishevell'd wildly fling,
Chafing at bit and bridle-rein;—
So stepp'd he before slave and king.

"In the sun-track, go,—thou dear one, go
In joyfulness to find the blest;
And slake thy thirst in streams that flow
Unsullied through Walhalla's rest."

In his letter to Hoven's father our poet becomes a physician of the soul. He begins by showing the parent the sad extent of his loss. "You have lost a son," he says, "worthy to form

the pride of his father, and who deserved more than any one of us all to live long and happily. I can indeed feel what it is to see the fairest hopes, and brightest joys of life borne away in a coffin. I know that the lamentations of a bereaved father are just, and that the lamentations of the father whom I now address, are tenfold more just than those of all others. I know how sad it would have been for my own beloved father, had this stroke fallen on me, and yet in no one point can I pretend to the worth of your son. But have you then lost your son? Lost! was he once happy, and is he no longer so? Is he to be pitied, *or rather is he not far more to be envied?* I indeed put these questions to a stricken father, whose sufferings none will probably ever fully know, but I address them also to a sage and a Christian, who believes that to God belong the issues of life and death, and that an all-wise Providence controls our destiny. What has your dear one lost, which will not be immeasurably compensated to him in heavenly mansions? What did he leave here below, that will not there be joyfully restored to him never more to be snatched away? Did he not die in the purest innocence of heart, prepared in all the fulness of youthful vigour for eternity, before he had cause to weep for the incessant change and inconsistent frivolity of the world, where so many plans are shattered, so many joys blighted, and so many hopes shipwrecked. The Book of Wisdom says of the death of the just, 'He pleased God, and was beloved of Him, so that whereas he lived among sinners, He translated him. He was taken away, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his mind.'

"Thus your son returned to Him from whom he came, and entered into his rest earlier, and in greater purity than we can ever hope to do, who trust one day to meet him in a happier world, but laden with sin and sorrow. He lost nothing — but won everything."

Towards the end of the letter he says further, "a thousand times I envied your son, when struggling with death, and I would have yielded up my own life, as calmly, as if I had been falling asleep. I am not yet one and twenty, but I may truly say, that the world has lost all attraction for me; I take no pleasure in it, and the day of my leaving the Academy, which a few years ago would have been a joyful day, will not even win a smile from me. With every step that I advance in life, I lose my feelings of contentment; the nearer I approach maturity, the more I wish that I had died in childhood. If my life were my own property, I would gladly follow your son in death, but it belongs to a mother and three destitute sisters, and my father's hairs begin to turn grey." He points to his son Wilhelm who is still spared, and says, "He concentrates all his energies on one particular object, and will accomplish for you far more than I can ever hope to do for my father." In conclusion, he says, "Would that I could give you in myself a second son, and thus be a brother to Wilhelm. How gladly would I do so; my powers are inadequate to this, but not my wishes."

Youth is a wonderful thing! Longing for death, unlimited devotion, speeches worthy of the seven wise men—we seem, like Lessing's Knight Templar, superfluous in the world, and yet we cannot get rid of ourselves. There is no help for it,—we live on, and are as healthy as possible! The same Schiller, who wrote this letter, was at that time studying a tragedy, and eagerly learning the part of Clavigo. The 11th of February was the Duke's birthday, which was usually celebrated by a drama. Hitherto Herr Uriot had given French comedies, and small operas, with the aid of the pupils and demoiselles. But now those Élèves, who had inscribed themselves on the list of actors, were so far advanced, that the German school could be brought forward. Schiller was an authority in histrionic matters. He selected "Clavigo," whether

from the idea that the Duke who knew and distinguished Goethe would be pleased, or from his own unbiassed taste, we know not. The direction of the piece was entrusted entirely to Schiller. He did not, according to the usual fashion of directors, reserve the best part for himself. That of Clavigo is not only one of the most difficult, but the least pleasing that we have. The repulsive impression which an irresolute and ambiguous character leaves on our minds, we are apt to transfer to the actor himself. The utmost skill in the performer, can alone prove a shield against such contumely. Among the hundreds of actors who at that time trod the boards of the stage with credit, there was scarcely one, who without training, could have played Clavigo even passably for their *début*. The fact that Schiller acted it very badly, is no reason for denying him all histrionic talent. His orations were effective, in spite of the defect in his voice, which in moments of excitement became extremely shrill. His friends, who spoke quite as broad Swabian as he did, felt no disposition to laugh, when he recited to them whole scenes out of "The Robbers". (his countenance alone, says Scharffenstein, was quite a touching language). As little do Streicher and Karoline von Wolzogen, to whom he often read aloud, or Goethe, who had a fine ear, represent Schiller's declamatory powers, in the eminently ludicrous light in which they appeared to the Stuttgarders, in the performance of Clavigo; but he strained too much after effect, and thus became ridiculous. It is very probable that when the curtain dropped, he did not join in the laugh. He had studied the part earnestly; he might now lay it aside with his dissertation, and his other disappointed hopes.

In the same recess, the most hidden of the human heart, lay concealed, even from Niess' piercing eye, the first scenes of "The Robbers." He now brought them to light. The storm was ready to burst. Sultriness, languor, and dusky gloom

had previously heralded its approach, and at length it discharged itself with majestic power. The only rays of light that brightened a gloomy world were forked flashes, and a faint glimmer in the horizon, mourning for a sinking sun.

Perhaps no work of any poet has entered into existence under such impassioned and tempestuous creative power as "The Robbers." We may well wonder whether Schiller still wished to be stretched on a bier, after he had written the two first acts. He declaimed each fresh scene as it was written to his companions, in the proud consciousness of success. He made his triumph a hundredfold greater, by enjoying the delight of representing his works first himself. In many passages he seems to have followed the injunction in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," to "roar gently like a sucking dove." The unexpected rounds of Niess, often scattered the band. They met during the hours of recreation, in a corner of the garden, or in some deserted recess of the spacious building; or they walked to some distant shady nook of the forest, thus sipping on the wing the nectar of costly time. The author sometimes caused particular scenes to be read aloud to him by his friends, to enable him to judge of them as an auditor. Mystery only heightened the intensity of the youthful poet's delight. He produced, in the literal sense of the term, a night piece. The pupils of the Academy were not allowed to burn lights after a particular hour, but a lamp was permitted in the hospital. In order to gain the night for his work, Schiller declared that he was ill. The Duke often visited this hall, when "The Robbers" was quickly shoved under the table, and a medical book, on which it had been placed, confirmed Karl Eugen in the belief that his favourite, Friedrich Schiller, was devoted to his vocation with actual fanaticism, and that he took advantage of the night to pursue his medical studies.

When a scene was fairly won in this manner, in fear and

trembling, and yet with secret delight, it was invariably read to his friends on the ensuing day. They were electrified*, the more daring the better; and this applause spurred on the wild Pegasus to still more prodigious flights. Many of the robbers' names, for example, Moor and Schweitzer, are borrowed from pupils of the Academy, while others served as intellectual models for the characters. Even Spiegelberg's project, to make a pilgrimage to the Promised Land, is an idea which one of the Élèves used to boast of as his own.

* Schiller writes to Körner, vol. ii. p. 20: — "When during my academical life, I suddenly laid aside my poetry, and devoted myself for two years solely to the study of medicine, my first production after this long interval was 'The Robbers.'" It is evident, therefore, that such testimony at once contradicts the idea mentioned in Wagner's History of the Karl Schule, that in 1778 Schiller had both finished and read aloud the greater part of the drama.

CHAP. VIII.

DISMISSAL.

Schiller suspected of Insanity. — His Medical Protocol. — New Dissertation on the Connection of Animal and Spiritual Nature.—Streicher and Schiller at the Public Examination. — His Appearance and Physiognomy. — Characteristics of his poetical Imagination.

HAVING once more resumed his poetical compositions, Schiller was attracted by kindred studies. He was constantly to be seen at Professor Nast's lectures on Homer, a poet who had formerly been as distasteful to him as Shakspeare; but he was deeply moved when the professor declaimed particular cantos from Bürger's translation in iambics. It was probably to this sympathy that we owe the lyric operetta of "Semele;" at least its blank verse bears a close resemblance to that of Bürger.

He also assiduously attended Drück's lectures on Virgil. In the "Swabian Magazine" of 1789, under the title of "A Storm on the Tyrrhene Lake," appeared a bold attempt at a translation of Virgil, in hexameters. It was by Schiller. Here, as in "Clavigo," he did too much; but as the precursor of Voss' translations, it acquires importance. Besides these, he studied historical and philosophical works. Search's "Light of Nature;" Herder's "Philosophy of the History of Man;" Schlözer's "Conceptions of Universal History;" and various writings of Sturz and Zimmermann. The subject of "Fiesko" seems already to have attracted his attention.

It would appear that these additional studies, outstepping the boundaries of his profession, the readings of his "Robbers," and the secret meetings with his comrades, inspired his supe-

riors with a suspicion of incipient insanity. This rumour was so prevalent, that Schiller considered it necessary to write to the Intendant himself, in order to disprove it. The immediate cause of such an idea was this. He had been entrusted, as was usual, in the case of the older medical students, with the superintendence of a patient whose state it was his duty minutely to report. The invalid, whose name is not known, was a friend of Schiller's; his sufferings arose from violent hypochondria. Schiller's analysis, in describing the condition of the sick man, gives an interesting picture of his own intellectual physiognomy.* He says in his first report of the 26th of June: "The whole illness is, according to my belief, nothing more than settled hypochondria; that unhappy state of a man, in which he is the miserable victim of the close sympathy between body and soul; an illness not unusual with deep-thinking and deep-feeling minds, and distinguished scholars. The intimate connection between mind and matter, makes it vastly difficult to discover the original source of the evil, or whether it may be traced at its commencement to the body or to the soul. Pietistic enthusiasm seems to have laid the foundation of all the subsequent evil, making his conscience more sensitive, and more painfully susceptible to all subjects connected with virtue and religion, and confusing his conceptions. The study of metaphysics at last rendered him dubious of all truth, and carried him to the opposite extreme, so that he who formerly entertained such exaggerated ideas of religion, was now, by sceptical researches, brought often to doubt its great fundamental principles. This frightful state of uncertainty as to the most vital and important truths, was more than his naturally pious heart could endure. He strove after convictions; but in this search, straying from the only right path, he sunk into a state of gloomy doubt, despairing of happiness hereafter, rejecting the Godhead, and believing

* Printed for the first time in Wagner's Karl Schule, vol. i. p. 584.

himself the most miserable sinner on earth. In addition to this disorder of ideas, bodily illness attacked him (I cannot decide whether some interior organic disease may not have been the exciting cause of his condition), his powers of digestion failed, languor and headaches ensued, proceeding from the weakness of a diseased state of mind and body, and rendering his state daily worse."

It was the most eager wish of the patient to leave the Academy; according to Schiller's report of the 16th of July, his friend dwelt on the thought "that he never could be cured in the Academy. Everything within its walls was distasteful to him; all was too monotonous to divert his mind. Every object tended only to increase his morbid melancholy."

"I represented to him," continues Schiller, "that he had no prospects in life unless he finished his course of study; that he had a delicate frame," &c. But though the youth improved in health under Schiller's care, the physician, in his report of the 21st of July, expresses a suspicion that Schiller secretly encouraged the heretical opinions of his patient. His intercourse with his friend was therefore restricted, and the Intendant communicated his injunction to the invalid in very plain terms. Schiller felt this deeply.

He addressed to Colonel von Seeger a comprehensive and impressive vindication of his conduct. Among other things he says, "It would be very hard on me were I forced to be silent on this subject, and the consequences might prove serious indeed. The ideas I am accused of are quite in opposition to my character." He several times mentions with pathetic emphasis that he had saved his friend from committing suicide. He strongly denies the imputation of having prejudiced the patient against quiet and orderly pupils. He says he has had the good fortune to live for eight years in the Academy, and during that time no one had ever known him in the character of a slanderer. After he had thus distinctly separated

his views of the Academy, from those of his sick friend, he explains, as the cause of such an unjust suspicion, the necessary tact of the physician in speaking the language of his patient. "The madman," he says "who imagined that he had two heads, was not harshly scouted by a dictatorial negative; on the contrary, an artificial head was fastened on him and then cut off." Both reports are interwoven with laudatory observations on the Duke's paternal goodness, which hovered irresponsible and supreme, over the petty state to which Schiller belonged, with only half his soul and ill-concealed dislike. He no doubt anticipated the approach of the final examinations with a longing heart.

He was desired to write a new dissertation. The principal topics of his studies during the past year, consisted of the following:—

1. The close connection of the animal nature of man with the spiritual.

2. On the freedom and morality of mankind.

It was thus left to the professors to choose either a medical or a philosophical treatise, as they thought fit. They selected the former, and with a view of keeping in check the unruly youth, they also gave him a Latin disquisition to write, on the distinction between inflammatory and putrid fever. The latter treatise was so indifferent, that the professors did not consider it worth printing. The German task, however, was quite in his line. He had not forgotten the censure for too much fire; but this new dissertation seems to me to be only a repetition of the former one.

The titles of the first thesis were: 1st. Spiritual Life. 2nd. Nourishment. 3rd. Generation. 4th. The connection of these three systems. 5th. Sleep and Death. Compare the contents of the subsequent work, still extant, "The Close connection of the Animal Nature of Man with the Spiritual." From the playful superiority and clever spirit in which this treatise

is written, its conclusion almost appears to be one of those sarcasms which Schiller was accustomed to hurl at his adversaries; the real object of which was only understood by his friends. With respect to our possible perfectibility after death, he says, "we lay aside here many a book which we do not understand, but perhaps we shall do so better in the course of a few years." The author quotes all his favourites, Shakspeare, Gerstenberg, and — it almost looks like a wager with his friends — "The Robbers," under the title of the "Life of Moor," "Tragedy by Krake." However closely the lion lay hidden, he could not resist stretching out his talons, and the worthy professors eagerly pared his claws. Some expressions were censured, but the work, with an edifying remark on the subject of the great Haller, was deemed worthy of being printed. It appeared, with some alterations, published by Cotta. Schiller never included it in the collection of his prose works. Since 1838 it is to be found in Cotta's edition, without the dedication to the Duke, which overflowed with devotion and gratitude. Schiller designates the Duke as the founder of his fortune. He acknowledges in his education, "the ways of a kind Providence," the basis of the happiness of his life, and prophetically adds, "and it will only fail me, when my own pursuits interfere wtth the views of my gracious Sovereign."

His Sovereign was at this time very kindly disposed towards Schiller; he had no foreboding of the bond that his pupil had formed with the demon of the century; as little did he know that Schiller was estranged from him in the same proportion intellectually, as he had physically outgrown, with his height of six feet three inches "the waistcoat without sleeves," that he wore when he arrived at the Solitude. "Look after him, he will one day be a notability!" This phrase of the Duke's was fulfilled; but in the sense in which he meant it? "The Lost Son" was the second title of "The Robbers." Poor

youth, in placing your Karl Moor in the black night of misfortune, you were a prophet of your own fate!

There were now only the *vivâ voce* examinations to be passed. The programme of 1780 (printed in Wagner's "History of the Karl Schule") does not mention that Schiller was called on to defend his treatise, but he held a controversy with a professor in the Latin tongue.* We cannot more vividly or faithfully realise the impression which Schiller's appearance made at that time, than by the narrative of an eye-witness among the spectators in the gallery on the day of this controversy, and who played so singular a part in the immediate ensuing years of our poet's life. This eye-witness was Andreas Streicher, a young musician. There have been many attached pairs of friends, in ancient and modern times, in life and in poetry; but to find a friendship which in tenderness, enthusiastic devotion, and self-sacrificing fidelity, even approaches the love of Streicher for Schiller, we must open that book wherein are described the most sublime and exalted wonders of the human heart. It will be found in Shakspeare alone. Read the scene between Antonio and Sebastian, in "What you Will," where Antonio says, "If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant." These words found an echo in the young musician's heart when he for the first time saw Schiller.

This Andreas Streicher wrote a small book anonymously. It is called "Schiller's flight from Stuttgard, and his residence in Mannheim, from 1782 to 1785." It is indeed a gem. His somewhat old fashioned style, and a certain minuteness of detail, have probably caused biographers to translate his simple narrative into their more classical German. I believe they

* Streicher mentions, that the subject of the disputation was a medical one. He scarcely knew sufficient Latin for this. Judging from the programme, it was a thesis of Professor Drück, "*De virtutibus vitiisque Homeri et Virgilii, ex seculi indole æstimandis.*"—Boas' "Jugend Jühre," vol. i. p. 213.

could not have done more unwisely. There are some inaccuracies in it, but such an impress of truth pervades the whole, there lies such a magic breath of feeling in the expressions, that the narrative of the musician makes the same impression, as listening to a sonata of Haydn's. There is no biographical sketch of Schiller in which his portrait in youth is so ample, so faithful, so simple, and yet so artistically delineated. It inspires us with the sensation of Schiller's spirit having assisted in compiling the book. Streicher has veiled his own person, under the letter S. I propose to use his own words, as often as the plan of my book will permit. He relates :—

" It was in the year 1780, at one of the public examinations, which took place yearly at the Academy, in presence of the Duke, and which S——, as a young musician sedulously attended, because generally on the ensuing day the pupils executed some music in chorus, at the close of the ceremonies, that he for the first time saw Schiller. He was at the moment engaged in a Latin disputation with a certain professor. Although S—— was as ignorant of his name as of his other qualities, yet his auburn hair, his bright face, the quick glitter of his eye, when arguing warmly, his frequent smile when speaking, his well formed nose, and the deep bold eagle glance which shone forth from under a full and well developed forehead, made an indelible impression on him. S—— had looked steadfastly at the youth, whose whole appearance had so irresistibly attracted him, and the scene was stamped so deeply on his memory that had he been an artist, he could even now — thirty-eight years afterwards — sketch the whole picture to the life. When S——, after the examination was over, followed the pupils into the dining hall, to be a spectator of the supper, it was again the same pupil with whom the Duke most condescendingly conversed, leaning his arm on his chair, and in this position speaking to him for a length of time. Schiller retained while conversing with his Prince the same

smile and quick bright glance, as in disputing with the professor.

"When 'The Robbers' appeared in print in 1781, and made so strong an impression, especially on the youthful world, S—— requested a musical friend of his, a pupil of the Academy, to make him acquainted with the author. His wish was fulfilled, and S—— was surprised to recognise in the author of the drama, the identical youth whose first appearance had made so deep an impression on him.

"As every reader of a book paints for himself a portrait of the writer, of his person, gait, voice and speech, it would have been very natural that the author of 'The Robbers' should be mentally delineated as a passionate youth; his outward demeanour already proclaiming the profound thinking poet, whose luxuriance of thought and force of expression, as well as his secular views, must every moment overflow in the most uncurbed recklessness. But how agreeably were these previous visions dissolved. The most intellectual countenance smiled kindly on the stranger, whose complimentary address was evaded with the most engaging modesty. In conversation not a word to offend the most susceptible feelings. His views on all points, especially on music and poetry, were novel, singular and convincing, though natural in the highest degree. His expressions about the works of others very striking, but yet forbearing, and his criticisms never unaccompanied by evidence to support them. A youth in years, but a mature man in mind, the scale he applied to all subjects carried conviction with it, lowering the standard of much that had been hitherto considered great, and making much hitherto esteemed commonplace, appear of importance. His face was naturally pale, but flushed brightly in the course of conversation; his weak eyes, the simple form in which his hair was smoothed back, and his slender white throat, gave the poet a peculiar appearance, contrasting as favourably with the affectation and pretension of

society, as the sublimity of his expressions did with their commonplace phrases. There was especial skill in the manner in which he contrived to connect different subjects, and to place them in order, so that one seemed to be developed by another, thus contributing more than any one to the hands of the clock being accused of undue speed, no one being able to comprehend the possibility of time having flown with such rapidity. His singularly charming and attractive countenance, which never betrayed any symptoms of a sharp or disagreeable expression; powers of conversation which elevated the listener to the level of the poet, ennobling every feeling and embellishing every idea; thoughts which revealed the most pure goodness, yet without any allay of weakness, could not fail to win from a young poet like S—— endowed with lively sensibility, his whole soul, and to combine the most devoted attachment with the admiration he had formerly felt for Schiller."

Streicher's narrative has led us away from the Academy; but I wished to give his portrait of Schiller full length. He had probably never read Lessing's "Laokoon," and yet he knew that the most graphic descriptions of a man are those which depict him when roused to emotion; all the rest is but a statue sculptured in words. Hoffmeister says, "it is a mistake to say that Schiller had a deep eagle glance," I must justify Streicher on this point. Hoffmeister indeed appeals to the fact, that Goethe speaks of his friend's eyes as gentle, and Petersen says, "Schiller did not display the ruling star of genius in his eye." I must here advert to what his fellow-students seem to forget, that Schiller was short sighted*, but a glance at Dannecker's small bust, which Scharffenstein pronounces perfect, will prove that Streicher is right; "the deep bold eagle glance" does not lie so much in the fire of the eye, as in the formation and harmony of brow and nose. Streicher

* Schiller and Lotte, p. 50.

saw the poet from a distance, engaged in eager discussion. The great features of his character impressed themselves at such a moment on his countenance. He afterwards talks of weak eyes, which might easily exist along with the first attribute. One thing is evident from these various delineations, that Schiller's bodily frame, in so far as it was influenced by mind, had undergone a striking transformation and embellishment.

However obscure the science of physiognomy may be, yet we are tempted, without pretending accurately to define Schiller, to sketch the outlines of his youthful figure, and here we are privileged to enter into minute details. His tall slender shape, which was however athletic, his wide chest and his long white throat, might have represented an Apollo in sublimity and power; but the limbs failed in elasticity; intense thought and severe study had made them mere slaves of the head, and thus there is blended with this picture a considerable proportion of the pale student, the haggard Cassius, the political conspirator. The chest, the region of courage, was arched and prominent. The strong hands, more mobile than delicate, their action more energetic than graceful, denoted a vigorous mind, a man of strong volition. Scharffenstein describes his hair as bushy and dark red; other definitions of auburn, of the old original German type, of abnormal; even of mystic, ghostly, and fit for an evil spirit, are by no means inconsistent, and the colouring harmonises with a white skin of the most excitable texture, and a quick tendency to become alternately pale and flushed. At first sight the face had something of a bird, of an oriental aspect. The sharp arched nose gave the impression of a man of research and power, of feeling and foresight, with which the drooping, and rather projecting under lip, entirely corresponded. But the broad forehead was in strong contrast; like a rock, massive, square, lion-like, overhanging the eyebrows and nose,

as Aristotle says of the lion's brow, like a cloud; such a brow at once proclaimed the man of lofty ideas. In the deep set eyes, which Scharffenstein pronounces dark grey, and Karoline von Wolzogen betwixt light brown and blue, thus evidently very uncertain in colour, were comprised intellect and character, and inward contemplation. The whole moulding of the head inclined to the pathetic. The mouth was full of expression, the lips, according to Scharffenstein, were thin, and the under one prominent by nature, but it seemed when Schiller spoke, as if inspiration had conferred on him this formation, bestowing an expression full of energy. The chin, if Dannecker's bust may be relied on, was marked, visibly cleft in the centre, bespeaking much endurance, self-reliance, and a certain degree of proud audacity. The voice was sharp when roused or excited, sometimes shrill, like that of Robespierre, Napoleon, and Luther.

The greatest æsthetic philosopher of our day, Vischer, is answerable for this descriptive attempt; but I must not omit to say how little reliance he thinks should be placed on such inferences.

How many problems lie unsolved in the finer lines, and the blending of scarcely tangible contours! Almost as many as in the intellectual physiognomy of the poet, the attributes of which we already depicted, and purpose to complete in the course of this biography. The vivid feeling for nature displayed in his "Ode to Evening," the most sound basis of all poetical inspiration, gives way to the ideal of the mind; the simply beautiful, yields to the grandly sublime. His powers of humour, genuine wit, and epigram, save him from misty dreaminess. The keen susceptibility which Schiller recognised in Hölderlin, as a transcript of his own youth, inclining him towards Klopstock, remains in the shape of rhythmical discomfiture, but transposed into strong passion, it became dramatic

cast steel. Such an imagination is especially directed towards history, politics, and moral greatness; more military than civilian in style; in burgher life dwelling more on the vast inequality of conditions, than on idyllic ease and repose. Sunrise on the ocean, sunsets, storms, deserts, turbulent waters, and turbulent men, and if we may extract an example, strife among animals, and swarms of sea monsters, all furnish him with imagery. Compare "The Glove" of Schiller, and the description of the storm in "Tell" with Goethe's tale, where the man himself is on a familiar footing with the lion. Our young poet is not deficient in a sense of the simple and beautiful in nature as well as in art, that sense which attracted him so strongly to Goethe, but the love of the sublime is always most prominent with him. We ought perhaps to take into account the singularly nervous frame, isolated from its normal formation, if we wish to understand this disposition to contrasts and to the sublime. Goethe, with his open countenance, his large clear eyes, and his thoroughly harmonious figure, was on the happiest terms with the world around him. Shakspeare too must have felt quite at home in his bodily frame, and though a vast storm often surged within him, it did not rend asunder the bond linking him to humanity. He could retire within himself easily and calmly. Schiller's spirit never was in harmony with his body; he allowed the latter in some degree to fall into decay, and found out too late the value of a healthy receptacle for the mind. Such a nature strives to hide the deficiency on one side, by an overplus on the other. The individual who checks and destroys his own organic powers, will soon become indifferent to outer objects. The ideal and the focus of the spirit, are best attained by cherishing the light of personality.

Nothing but an eventful stirring life can abrogate the narrow views to which we have alluded, or lead the poet to an

impartial natural view of the world, and Schiller really deserves, when we see the inner and outer obstacles in his life, fresh admiration, that he could mould these very obstacles into shape, and into a furtherance of his genius.

We now enter with him into "life," which that period of a man's career is characteristically called when he leaves college.

BOOK III.

SCHILLER AS A REGIMENTAL SURGEON.

JANUARY 1781 TO SEPTEMBER 17, 1782.

CHAPTER I.

BAD REPUTATION.

Schiller's Appointment. — Schiller in Uniform. — Scharffenstein. — Funeral Elegy. — Lieutenant Kapf. — Schiller's Residence and Mode of Life. — Dislike of his Official Situation.

The sun of princely favour which beamed on the poet after the last disputation, shed much light but little heat. Karl Eugen considered that in providing his pupil with an education free of expense, he had done enough to ensure his lasting gratitude. He did not wish to pay too dearly for this sentiment. Schiller was appointed surgeon in General Augé's regiment of grenadiers, but without the privilege of wearing sword knots. Eighteen imperial gulden, about ten dollars, of monthly pay, were but a meagre fulfilment of the promise that an excellent situation should compensate to parents and son, for having sacrificed his theological vocation.

But life, the promised land, which he and his friends, in their early dreams, had imagined a paradise of delight and action, was reached at last. It was an atmosphere worth breathing. His friend Hoven went home towards the end of December, to enjoy the happiness of again meeting his family. No doubt Schiller also hastened into the arms of his dear ones. In his heart joy entirely superseded all melancholy thoughts. His parents, however, found the bitter deception with regard to the good appointment very severe, though no one dared venture to raise a dissentient voice. On the contrary, the father wrote a letter full of gratitude to the Intendant von Seeger, and the son went to the palace to thank the Duke in

person for the benefit he had conferred on him. The Duke had been hitherto his parent, he was now his master.

Nothing estranges inwardly more than the change from a bond cemented by feeling alone, into that between servant and master. Schiller had borne the inevitable discipline of college, but its continuance in his new position, soon became intolerable to him. When he appeared on parade in a frightful uniform, every contact of his sword reminded him of the deficient sword-knots, and of his subordinate position; but what he felt the greatest hardship of all was, that without the express permission of his General, he could not absent himself from his duties. His parents lived only a few miles out of Stuttgart. Every visit he paid them must depend on the humour of his chief. This was fine liberty!

The greater number of Augé's grenadiers were invalids, and most miserable they looked. The mercenary levying of soldiers was, at this moment, out of favour with the Duke, and the patients of the army surgeon crawled about the streets of Stuttgart in soiled uniforms, a set of perfect scarecrows. The doctor himself—but how he looked we shall best learn from one who well understood making a ludicrous sketch. This was no other than Scharffenstein. We are aware that he and Schiller had disagreed. "I was," relates Scharffenstein, "appointed lieutenant of an infantry regiment; amid the occupations and aberrations of my new existence, my heart felt a vacuum; and an indescribable longing for my former associates, especially for Schiller, awoke within me. The thought of being at variance with him was insupportable to me. I wrote to him to this effect. He replied in the same frame of mind; every doubt was dispersed, all was entirely forgotten; but we were separated by circumstances, and had scarcely any communication with each other."

He suddenly sees the newly fledged medical surgeon present himself on parade. "How odious was the decorous discipline

which prevented me at once throwing myself into the arms of my long-lost friend; but how comical my poor dear Schiller looked! Packed into a uniform of the old Prussian cut, particularly stiff and ugly for surgeons; on one side of his face three formal pipe-clayed rolls representing curls, a small military hat, scarcely covering the crown of his head, from which was suspended an enormous queue, and his long throat strangled in a narrow horse-hair stock! His feet were particularly curious, owing to the thick felt that lined his white gaiters; his legs were like two cylinders, and of a larger diameter than his thighs, compressed into tight fitting breeches. In these gaiters, and boots thickly coated with blacking, he moved stiffly, unable to bend his knees properly, just like a stork. This whole combination so strongly contrasting with Schiller's sublime ideas, was often afterwards the cause of shouts of extravagant laughter in our small circle."

The regimental surgeon was a caricature on the poet; what marvel that the former did not please the latter! When Scharffenstein's fit of laughter was over, and he could discover the man under the scarecrow, his spirit bowed before the imposing superiority and intellectual progress of Schiller. "His heart," says Scharffenstein, "beat now in unison with his intellect."* What repugnant impressions had this heart to overcome, and yet how open and unembittered it remained! His complaints and lamentations were only poured forth when forced to deplore the loss of a friend.

Death was at that time his awful muse.

About the middle of January he wrote these lines:—

"Long sullen moanings, as when tempests lower,
Sound hitherward from yonder dwelling drear:
The death-notes fall from the cathedral tower
Whileas a youth is carried on his bier;—
A youth not ripe for the Eternal doom,—
A youth yet in the May-time of his Spring,—
A blossom gather'd in its early bloom,—
A son,—his mother's lone life gladdening.—

One of our dear-lov'd brotherhood is he!—
Up!—who is call'd a man, and follow me."

Who could linger behind after this spirited challenge! But among the sorrowing, who could venture to appeal to Heaven in true Prometheus wrath like their leader:—

" Oh! hideous discord on the mighty Lute!
Earth's Ruler, is the discord Thine?—
Here,—the first impress of his fiery foot;—
His coffin there,—and Thou Divine!"

What overpowering, what tremendous force in this lament! what powerful steering in this awful Charon's passage! what an electric effect in the linked sounds and images in these lines:—

" For him love's golden fire shall never glow;
His arms shall fold a virgin never;—
Never; for while our tears like rivers flow,
Dim sinks his eye, for ever,—ever.

" Slander may drivel falsehood o'er his name,—
Malignity spit venom on his grave,—
The Pharisees contrast him with their fame,
And howling priests refuse his soul to save.

" Well for thee, well,—in thy narrow cell;
Farewell,—beloved of our soul,—Farewell!"

He wrote this elegy on the memory of Joh. Christian Weckerlin, a college comrade. The society of medical men printed it, and certainly were not mistaken in thinking that a copy of this beautiful poem, would be no small consolation to the parents of the deceased. In it the author paints, in bright colours, the resurrection of the flesh. He can still impart comfort to pious parents, he still clings to the hope of a reunion after death. He holds out this consoling belief as compensation for the crosses and trials of this life, and the severity of temporal rule.*

* Youthful poems ought not to be considered systems of faith.—*Ed.* Boas deduces from them, with rather too much subtlety, that Schiller's belief in

But soon the relation of these contradictions excites him, and he bursts the bonds of his lyrics. The author of "The Robbers" made himself known by this effusion to the public. How horrified the public was, we learn from a letter to Wilhelm von Hoven, written in the wildest student style, the first of the kind which we possess of Schiller's. It gives us a glance into the character of the youthful poet, and restores him to us from the precincts of the churchyard, into all the fulness and vigour of life:—

"My dear friend,—Only think of the infernal mistake I have made. For fourteen days I have been expecting both an answer and money from you, on account of my elegy, of which you must have heard, and I was much puzzled to know why you sent me neither. Yesterday I found 'Carmina' and a letter which I wrote to you when I changed my lodgings, both snugly lying among my papers, whereas you ought to have received them a fortnight since. My stupid dolt of a servant is to blame for this. Do not, then, my dear friend, be displeased that you, to whom I always wish to send everything first, should have been on this occasion, by an unlucky mistake, passed over. As you were not here, and I knew that you had a sincere regard both for our deceased friend and his parents, I took upon me to add your name to ours, when I sent a letter of condolence and the elegy to the house of mourning. I am desired to offer you many thanks by the parents. These thanks, indeed, cost you two florins and twelve kreuzers, for this is the sum to which the share of each person who signed the Carminis amounts. (N.B.—I came off as free as air.) As all

immortality went no further than the mere resurrection of the body. Schiller only rejects the mode in which immortality is to continue. It is natural that at a certain stage of scepticism, the poet should employ the form of dogma most congenial to his heart, though his reason may have doubts of its correctness. — Boas' "Youthful Years."

The Cotta edition does not contain the whole of this poem.

medical men, even Dr. Elwert, were expected to attend uninvited, I had the less hesitation in accepting in your name. The fate of my 'Carminis' deserves verbal explanation, for it is truly laughable. I reserve it, therefore, till we meet. At last! at last! I begin to be known; and this insignificant trifle has made me more celebrated in this neighbourhood, than twenty years of medical practice could have done. But it is a name like the name of him who burnt down the temple of Ephesus. Heaven preserve me! Be so good as to send me the money by next post, for printers and bookbinders pester me. A thousand compliments to your excellent father, and mother, and sisters.

"I am yours,

"SCHILLER."

"A name like that of him who burnt down the temple of Ephesus!" He was bearing down full sail to this kind of fame! Even the choice of his dwelling was suspicious. The house, indeed, belonged to Professor Haug. It was situated in the "Kleinen Graben," which at that time formed the boundary of Stuttgart towards the city walls, in the present Eberhard Strasse. But there lived in it an officer's widow, thirty years of age, Frau Hauptmann Vischer; and what was probably in the eyes of the world still more shocking, Schiller was the fellow lodger of Lieutenant Kapf. Frau Vischer had let him the apartments on the ground floor, in which we must now seek our hero. Lieutenant Kapf, appointed like Scharffenstein to the Gabelenz Infantry Regiment, had left the Academy a year previously. The "mutual characteristics" of his comrades, to which we have frequently referred, show that he found no great favour at that time in Schiller's eyes. "His childish behaviour, his impudence, boasting, self-love, and contempt for others" were qualities which revolted Schiller, but were subsequently entirely overlooked by him, owing to Kapf's talent and cleverness. In 1778 he was placed in the first rank of his

division, on the lists of the Academy, and gained a mass of prizes. He also wrote, under the title of "A Bomb," a very warm defence of the Academy; but though so intellectual and gifted, his tendency to dissipation, and the aberrations of his conduct, very much damaged his reputation. He was afterwards transferred to a Würtemberg Cape Regiment, and died in the East Indies.

Schiller lived in the same house with this thoughtless associate. Neither of them was very orderly. Kapf was passionate, Schiller sensitive; but they agreed none the worse on this account, and the one never interfered with the student *ménage* of the other.

Humour, this Germanic brother of the Graces, this faithful household divinity of poor students and young artists, disdaining the more splendid apartments in Stuttgart, preferred dwelling with the poet and the lieutenant on the ground floor. Humour rejoices in picturesque disorder, and in the chaos, out of which it delights to create its own world, pleased with the fragrant incense of the Virginian weed, and the lavish reckless expenditure of folly. There was no lack of all this, when the members of the former "Bond" met together.

Petersen, now a sub-librarian in Stuttgart, Scharffenstein, Haug, and of course brother Hoven, who was now practising in Ludwigsburg and Reichenbach, were at all times most welcome to our poet. They were all, without one exception, poor. The great Curius Dentatus boiled his turnips himself; so why should not they eat potato salads, and while cherishing the hope of future greatness, prepare them with their own hands? Unluckily they deviated from the stern frugality of the Roman, for they added smoked sausages to their homely fare. And what does Scharffenstein say? "Wine was indeed a scarce article, and I think I can still see Schiller's triumph when he could surprise and delight us by producing some small coins, the proceeds of his magazine; the whole world

was then our own." We must hope that the excellent Schiller's motive in this, was solely to furnish Petersen with materials for the work in which he was at that time engaged, "On the national tendency of the Germans to drinking." Amid these gastronomical and national pursuits stood forth the strange figure of Schiller's servant, one of the grenadiers, and a great oddity. He bore the euphonious appellation of Kronenbitter. He constantly caused all sorts of confusion, and it is to him our vexed poet alludes in a letter to Scharffenstein, as "my stupid dolt of a servant," and yet he could not bear to part with him.

Their jovial mode of life was, however, far from degenerating into licentiousness. The expressions "intoxication of the senses and youthful folly," by which Karoline von Wolzogen probably imagined that she was veiling very pardonable excesses, have by their extensive circulation much contributed to dim the brightness of Schiller's youthful image. It would be no discredit to Schiller if the true particulars of this "intoxication of the senses" were detailed. It is quite easy to understand that there is much which to a lady may appear "unpardonable, reckless levity," and yet may in reality proceed from the noble self-reliance of a gifted nature, or from the impulse of a generous heart. Schiller, like most medical men, was a great snuff taker; he liked a game of Manille, was partial to bowls, went to the sign of "The Ox" to drink wine and beer, and talked nonsense without scruple to a pretty barmaid. In all these respects Petersen avers that he had little refinement. Schiller being unable at that time from poverty either to drink Burgundy or to purchase Morocco snuff, has contributed more to confirm this verdict of Petersen's, than any real deficiency in refined taste on the part of our poet. Gustel von Blasewitz, Schiller's select wine cellar in after days, might have served to convince Petersen of his mistake, even if the fair Margarethe Schwan, and the lovely Dresdener,

and a thousand expressions in the poet's works, had not done so.

An unreceipted bill from the hand of the worthy landlord of "The Ox"—"Note of Herr Schiller and the Herr Bibliotarius Petersen," has been preserved, and shows that our regimental surgeon was in the habit of drinking a half quart, or even a whole one, of wine. To this were added ham and salad, so that when brother Hoven came over to visit him from the orphan-house at Ludwigsburg, he could not complain of bad entertainment.

The tone of their companionship was cordial and honest. On one occasion Schiller left the following note: "Pretty fellows you are! Here am I, and no Petersen, no Reichenbach. What the deuce becomes of our game of Manille? I shall be at home, if you choose to come. Adieu!—SCHILLER."

To complete this whimsical society, the regimental surgeon undertook the editorship of a political weekly paper, which, as Eduard Boas has ascertained, appeared in Stuttgart every Tuesday and Friday, printed by the bookseller Mäntler. Its title was "useful and interesting intelligence." This was the magazine that Scharffenstein calls the first fruits of Schiller's genius. On the 6th of March, 1781, this paper contained a fiery ode, "On the safe return of our gracious Prince." Among other lines are the following:—

> "Republicans! would ye not have gladly borne your chains
> Had your ruler been—our Prince?"

and the bard who wrote these eccentric lines was about to produce "The Robbers!" To the Stuttgard censor this ode appeared to be "an attack on foreign princes," but he allowed it to pass. On another occasion, however, Schiller had so violent a dispute with the censor, that the enraged author was desired instantly to leave the house, if he did not wish to be thrown down stairs.

Frederick the Great always alluded to this paper with approbation; Joseph II. with enthusiasm. Lessing's death occurred at this time; he died on the 15th of February, 1781. Now was the opportunity to take the place of the deceased champion.

Practical medicine did not at all suit Schiller's taste; a project to become a teacher had casually entered his head. "The Almanack for Apothecaries," of 1781, being the only medical book that he bought during the whole of his course at Stuttgart, scarcely indicated any pretensions to a medical professorship. On the other hand, his expensive translation of Plutarch, and the Shakspeare that he had purchased in Wieland's German, immediately after quitting the Academy, portended a very different ambition. The tiresome monotony of parade, and attendance at the hospital, wearied and disgusted him; and though by his bold and independent treatment of some of the grenadiers in typhus fever, he saved their lives, yet the physicians of the old system shook their heads gravely. He took his own line, and liked to give proofs of his energy and self-reliance. The Duke had enjoined on him, in all important cases, to apply to his superior, Elwert, the court physician. Elwert was a practical and benevolent man, and after having repeatedly endeavoured to inculcate this command, he was obliged, in order to compel this hot-headed young gentleman to obedience, to issue an order to all military surgeons under him, to show him every prescription before it was administered. A degree of reckless irony against his own profession was felt by Schiller, which is strangely exhibited in "The Robbers," and likewise in his own criticism of the piece, when he says, "The author of 'The Robbers' is supposed to be a surgeon in the Würtemberg battalion of grenadiers, and if this be the case, he does honour to the penetration of his sovereign. So far as I can comprehend his work, he must be as partial to strong emetics as to strong æsthetics, and I would rather give him ten horses to cure, than my wife."

Schiller was not one of those young doctors, who profit by the advice of Mephistopheles to the scholar. No one was less particular as to elegance of appearance, nor further from Richter's idea, that a Dr. should have one-third of knowledge and two-thirds of *sçavoir faire:* moreover, his career commenced at the very time when every one, and he more especially, was anxious to brave all hypocritical prudery. He soon acquired the reputation of being very dissipated, and addicted to conviviality.

Such rumours of course prevented all possibility of his attaining sufficient practice in Stuttgart, to reconcile him to his profession; Schiller therefore turned with the greater ardour to his drama. There were many errors to correct, many scenes to complete, in order that the whole, when finished, might enable him to say to Scharffenstein, "We will compose a book which must be burned by the common hangman."

CHAP. II.

"THE ROBBERS" IN PRINT.

Completion of "The Robbers." — Published at his own Cost.—The first Preface. — The second Preface. — Effect of the first Copies. — Streicher makes acquaintance with Schiller. — Conz. — Wilhelm von Wolzogen and his Mother. — Luise Vischer, Schiller's Laura. — Wieland's Letter about "The Robbers." — Schiller's Visit to the Fortress of Hohenasperg. — Benger. — Schiller's Meeting with Schubart.

WHEN we compare the reckless, horse-dealing Kapff, with all his debts and follies, to the smiling, unassuming, and talented poet, whom Streicher so graphically describes, there seems to be an amazing incongruity between the associates.

Those who are usually apt to consider Schiller as the opposite of Goethe, accept him entirely as an Idealist. He was an Idealist, but with the highest capabilities for the real. His was one of those many-sided natures, which, as Hegel boasts of Shakspeare's characters, unfolds a different kind of treasure to each in his own sphere. He could, like Lessing, cast aside his dignity in the perfect conviction of being able to resume it at any moment. Karoline von Wolzogen commends his talents for business. He could, in fact, accommodate himself to every one, yet without being false; he had that noble self-reliance which the poet Young demands from genius, but certainly a very small share of vanity. His real nature was, as Streicher described it; all beyond that, was forced upon him by his unhappy position, and those associates who were so far beneath his true requirements and pretensions.

When walking with Abel and Petersen, the defects of his

drama formed the constant topic of their conversation. He pointed out these deficiencies himself with great perspicuity, accepted the censure and criticism of his companions calmly —and paid no attention whatever to their opinion, in his works. It was now ready for the press.

A greater space elapses between the completion of a drama and its performance, than in any other production. He had no view to the stage when he composed "The Robbers." Those who make it an article of faith to believe that from the revival of the stage a new dramatic epoch must arise, may be taught better, in so far as Germany is concerned, from the circumstance that her two greatest poets pursued exactly opposite paths.

There was not a single publisher in Stuttgart, who could be induced even to undertake the cost of printing the work; so Schiller applied elsewhere. Fortunately Petersen had at that time made a journey to Mannheim, and the poet resolved to place his fate, for weal or woe, in his friend's faithful hands. He did so in the following letter:—"To show you how bent I am on the publication of my tragedy, and if you give your consent, which I hope you will do, in order to induce you still more zealously to forward my views, I now in writing remind you of what Hoven, with all the eloquence of that forensic orator, has already informed you. The first and most important reason why I am anxious for the publication, is for the sake of that all-powerful Mammon, to whom the shelter of my roof is unknown. Staudlin, for one sheet of his verses, received a ducat from a publisher in Tübingen; why should I not get as much, or more, from a Mannheim publisher for my tragedy, which, with the new additions, closely printed, will make from twelve to fourteen sheets? All beyond fifty gulden shall be your own. You must not, however, think that I wish to bribe you to zeal by self-interest (I know you too well), but you

will have fairly earned that sum, and may therefore accept it freely. My second reason, which you will easily understand, is the opinion of the world, and my wish to present a work to that impartial judge, the Public, which perhaps I and a few friends look upon with too favourable eyes. I may add to this, that eager hope, anxiety, and desire, which all tend to shorten and sweeten my weary abode in this land of trial, and to sustain my spirits. I am also naturally anxious to know what fate I may expect as an author and a dramatist; and lastly, there is a third reason, equally genuine, it is this:—I have only one prospect in the world, that of labouring in one particular sphere. I feel that my future fortune and vocation, lie in that branch of art in which I can make use of my physiology and philosophy, and if I ever write with boldness and ease, it will be in this line. Compositions in the field of poetry, tragedy, &c., would rather disturb than promote my project to become a professor of physiology and medicine; therefore I wish henceforth to put them aside. Write to me, my dear friend, and let me hear what you think of this. I am not afraid of my secret being divulged; for my part, I shall carefully observe the utmost caution, and if it does come out, it will then be time enough for you to hint that your brother is the real author; to name yourself I cannot expect, for it would be doing far too much honour to my production. Don't forget the money for the books, for Kapff and I are in great want of it. Push the matter forwards: you are sure to get, at all events, four or five gulden for the work.—P. S. Listen, my good fellow: if it succeed, I shall certainly send you a couple of bottles of Burgundy." He knew that this postscript would at once find its way to Petersen's heart; but the publishers at Mannheim were not more spirited than those at Stuttgart. The piece, however, must come out. This was evidently only possible at the expense of the author; he therefore entered into an agreement with a printer, who, having probably little

confidence in the success of the work, insisted on the sum agreed on being paid down in hard cash. We know the extent of Schiller's stock; so he was obliged to borrow the money required, and a friend became his security. Under the pressure of such miserable circumstances, loaded with obligations, which eventually sunk our poet to the very verge of despair, the work at last went to press.

To obtain, if possible, some compensation for his outlay, and to make his tragedy known in other countries, he wrote, before the printing was quite finished, to Hof Kammer Rath Schwan, a bookseller in Mannheim, well known as a patron of *Belles Lettres*, and sent him the proof sheets. Schwan replied in a very friendly spirit, and returned the proofs to the poet, with advice, which he begged might be considered only as friendly hints. Whether it were that the views of Herr Schwan attracted the attention of the author, or that he was himself startled on seeing how daring and offensive many passages appeared when placed before him in print, at all events much was altered in the latter sheets; the preface, already delivered by the printers, was suppressed and replaced by another, written in much milder terms.

The former preface was a violent declaration of war on the part of Poetry against the Stage: it asserted that the dramatic style was certainly the most effective, for it could penetrate into the most subtle recesses of the soul; and to accomplish this, the aid of the theatre was by no means necessary. The piece might be designated a theatrical romance. Not merely its arrangement, but its purport, and the boldness of its characters, were calculated to exclude it from the stage; and yet this boldness was indispensable. The author contemplates more closely the theatrical public, his patrons, and the burden of his song is that of the old melody,—"Some are cold, some are uncultivated." Further, he dreads for his offspring the bearded race of students; even the applause of a theatre he

thinks suspicious: "The spectator, blinded by the dazzling light which appeals to his senses, often as entirely overlooks the most delicate beauties, as the under current of blemishes, which are only unveiled to the eye of an attentive reader."

That his work should be burned, like Rousseau's "Emile," by the hands of the hangman, the poet does not now seem to consider so indispensable; for in the second preface, though maintaining the lofty position of the Drama, compared with the Stage, he anxiously strives to set forth the moral tendency of the piece. We shall not attempt, as many have done, to seek in this an æsthetical confession of faith. The poet had already a conviction, that this was the source from which detraction and opposition to his works would proceed.

The printing was finished. The title was, "The Robbers. A drama, Frankfort and Leipzig, 1781."*

The arrival of the first copies caused the poet intense delight. In the meantime, as the "bantling," according to Scharffenstein, "was sent forth into the world at haphazard, and without either advertisement or friends," it had a very limited circulation; and Schiller gazed at the increasing pile with pleased but thoughtful eyes. The copies, however, that did make their way to the reading public, had all the force of those supplements which announce some great event.

It was the height of summer in 1781. No rumours of wars in Germany, and as yet no guillotine in France. All was as quiet in Stuttgart, as in a sick room. Sensuality, muffled in a long cloak of morality, and sacred poems, were the usual

* The mode in which this first edition is got up, is by no means so poor as Scharffenstein's remarks would lead us to suppose. The paper is good, the type excellent. The Lion Rampant, with its celebrated motto "In Tirannos," is not on the title-page, but in a cleverly drawn and engraved vignette, representing the scene in the tower. A second vignette at the end depicts Cæsar, in Charon's boat, and Brutus about to enter it. The Signature is, N., sculp., August 5.

literary food. The favourite books were "Sophia's Journey from Memel to Saxony," "Karl von Burgheim," and similar novels; the poetry of Uz, Gellert, Haller, Klopstock, and at most Wieland and Bürger. Ugolino was considered the finest specimen of the intensely horrible, and Götz von Berlichingen of the most reckless style of writing: Shakspeare was known to few. The new species of literature had been adopted by youth alone, and a murmuring band of secretly embittered hearts, the partisans of Weckerlin and Schubart.

A piece now appeared by a pupil of the Academy, and an especial favourite of the Duke, compared with which the "Elegy on the Death of a Youth" was like a lullaby to a storm. All Stuttgart called out fire! Youth shouted with joy! This dazzling composition, with its powerful rhythmus of passion, carried all before it in its vortex as in a Bacchanalian dance. The young crowded round the poet. His little room on the ground floor became the Temple of Fame.

But Schiller was not the person passively to receive incense. In this unexpected good fortune, the great charm of his character was displayed. When Streicher was presented to him (my readers may remember the scene), the poet at once felt the influence of this admirable heart, and responded to the enthusiastic devotion of the young musician, by unreserved confidence and daily intercourse. He received in the kindest manner his youthful Lorch friend, Conz, who had attended the cloister school along with him. Conz was of a timid and lyrical nature, and wrote poetry. Schiller, whose heart was filled with far more energetic feelings, showed nevertheless the most encouraging sympathy for his young comrade, and sought to strengthen him. He did for Conz what he also did for Scharffenstein, who relates "he urged on me with earnest eloquence the maxim so practical and useful in this life,—that happiness is a personal quality, and insisted on my laying it

to heart." He felt himself now in his proper sphere; he had the ratification of public opinion in a hundred enthusiastic testimonies, and he was certainly perfectly sincere, when, in a good-natured and careless allusion to Conz's theological course, he preferred his own position, and declared himself to be armed and prepared to encounter the world. "What should I now have been?" added he, "a petty schoolmaster in Tübingen." We must say—hardly! We entirely agree with Scharffenstein, who says, "If Schiller had not proved so great a poet, his alternative would have been to become a great man in active public life, but in that case the fortress would but too probably have become his unhappy, though certainly honourable fate."

And yet all such conclusions are only misapprehensions of the heaven-born poet. Schiller's strangely compounded nature, so often turned and twisted in life, always steadily returned to the pole of poetry.* His was no iron will, to endure the discord of daily drudgery without the harmony of song.

Happiness was essential to him. The contemplation of perfection made him happy, and the perfection of happiness and enjoyment, lay for him only in the region of the beautiful. There is an axiom dictated by noble ambition, taken from Sallust, by which all the Catiline attempts are condemned, "that the spirit is closely linked with dominion, and the body with bondage; that a truly great soul soars, for the benefit of others, far beyond the space of time, as the true object of fame." This maxim he wrote for Conz in his album. Indeed, however much in his physiological doctrine he made the spirit dependent on the body, yet in his own case he treated his body like a slave, and as that which leads to slavery.

* "Fate doomed me to be a poet, and even had I wished it, I could not have strayed far from this vocation."—Schiller to Körner, vol. ii. p. 167.

There is here evident in Schiller, something which I may call puritanical, connected with his early youthful impressions and with his physical frame.

Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," develops the difference between the Christian and Hellenic Ideal by the legend of Tannhäuser and Venus. When that goddess appeared to the ancients in a demoniacal shape, as the Venus of wrath, it was a rare occurrence; but in the German legend, Venus is no longer Aphrodite, but "a lovely devil luring the souls of men to everlasting perdition. The Pagan deified Nature, the Christian diabolized Nature." Lewes might have confirmed these views by a novel and striking example; for the goddess has never been so maltreated as by Schiller. In 1781, he published at Metzlers a poem called "The Car of Venus." It contains sixty strophes, and each is a scourge for "the hag," "the sorceress;" in fact the whole is a fierce attack on voluptuousness.

Schiller's exterior would have been best represented by a sculptor of the Christian middle ages, who, disregarding the plastic of form, would have represented the sublime expression of the countenance, radiant with soul; but even the face, with all its intelligence and energy, breathed more of a spiritual than of a vigorous nature. While Lessing, whose circumstances were no better than Schiller's, always studied a certain degree of elegance in his appearance, the latter, though now entering much into female society, had not the very smallest respect for frills or manchettes. He treated things which had no intelligence in the most barbarous manner.

One day, wishing to enter his room on the ground floor with Conz, he found the door locked. Instead of fetching a key from the landlord, or at least waiting till Petersen could fetch it, he makes short work of it by breaking in the door with his foot. When he run a thick score of ink through those odes of Klop-

stock's that did not please him, the same impatient spirit actuated him.

What a spectacle his room presented! Scharffenstein sketched a study from it, worthy of Hogarth. "I remember," he relates, "that some travelling *beaux esprits* drove up to the door one day in a fine carriage. However flattering such a visit might be considered, it certainly was not particularly convenient at that moment. Our poet was in the very greatest *negligé*, and his whole appearance anything but elegant: his room was strongly pervaded with the odours of tobacco, and except a large table, two benches, a small hanging wardrobe on the wall, and a pipe-clayed uniform, there was actually nothing to be seen, save in one corner a huge pile of 'The Robbers,' in another a heap of potatoes, empty plates and bottles all lying in disorder. A stolen silent review of these objects preceded each attempt at conversation."

Schiller subsequently, in the preface to his "Rhenish Thalia," accused the Academy of depriving him of all female society. This is certainly a well founded reproach; but would he ever have experienced so fully as Goethe, the refining influence or kindness of the female world? In general, beauty is no friend to penury. Now he was free to choose, and yet he had few female acquaintances, save those which he owed to his personal relations, and to his own intellectual merit.

One of the most interesting female friends that he acquired here, was indirectly connected with "The Robbers." At the Academy there were two brothers, Karl and Wilhelm von Wolzogen, sons of the deceased Freiherr von Wolzogen, of Bauerbach. His property was in Franconia. These youths belonged to a different division of the Academy from Schiller, and thus had little intercourse with him. His poetry kindled great enthusiasm in Wilhelm, as in all other youths, and caused an intimacy between him and the poet, with which,

subsequently, the web of all the most important events in Schiller's life was closely interwoven.

Wilhelm introduced his new friend to his mother, who was a most kind and benevolent person; and though she had four sons and a daughter to provide for, and in very limited circumstances, yet she had so strong a perception of the good and the beautiful, that the young poet soon won her warmest sympathy. She resided principally on the family property at Bauerbach near Meiningen, but often came to Stuttgart with her daughter Charlotte, a girl of fifteen, in whom Gräfin Franziska was sincerely interested.

Schiller soon became exceedingly attached to her, and made her acquainted not only with his own family, but with another friend, whose connection with Schiller has given rise to much comment, but which at all events was of such a nature, that Frau von Wolzogen, as well as the poet's own family, seem to have had no cause to decline her acquaintance. This was Frau Vischer, with whom Schiller lodged. She was thirty years of age, and had been two years a widow; she was a blonde with blue eyes, and had certainly no pretensions to beauty, but she was not devoid of talent, and both attractive and piquante. Conz alludes to her as the accomplished young widow of an officer. She was an extremely good-hearted woman, and full of enthusiasm for our poet; fond of music, though with no very distinguished talent, she had at least sufficient skill in harmony, to give wings to Schiller's excitable imagination. She had two children, with whom the poet played all sorts of wild pranks, and who loved him almost as much as their own mother.

Whether this connection were, according to the ideas of the world, strictly platonic, is one of the questions which chiefly interests that class of persons, who are fond of hints and innuendoes about their neighbours. Petersen and also Schwab seem to have had their suspicions on the subject.

Professor Abel assures us that nothing reprehensible ever passed between Schiller and his "Laura;" but no one can speak with any certainty on the matter. The reason that Eduard Boas brings forward against a love affair, namely, that in such a case Frau von Wolzogen would certainly not have associated with her, applies only to outward appearances, not to the private nature of the connection. I believe that it was a genuine passion, and that Luise Vischer had sufficient tact and talent to gain the poet's affections; a circumstance that we cannot attribute to her charms, for, according to Petersen's testimony, she was not at all handsome. But this was quite in accordance with the prevailing gallantry of the day, and the peculiar position of our poet.

We must remember how prone Schiller was to overstep the limits between friendship and love; how enthusiastically he celebrated Scharffenstein in his verses, and that in after days he could find an object of inspiration, even in a Berger. His unsuspicious heart in the early part of his life, placed confidence in all who approached him with even an appearance of sympathy. He invariably imagined himself in love with the young lady of the house, and not unfrequently with two at the same time. When we recall this, it is very easy to believe that he cast unreservedly all the ardour of his heart into his friendship for Luise Vischer; Scharffenstein, who is not very particular in his expressions, alludes to a platonic flight which the poet honourably accomplished.

Some degree of ridicule has been attached to this passion. The public, above all, cannot forgive Schiller, that his idol was not the most distinguished beauty in Stuttgart. She was the first person, about the age of the Gräfin Franziska Hohenheim, whom her devoted admirer encountered in near proximity, and who invariably showed a kind and loving heart towards him. She could very well meditate a nearer connection with Schiller, judging by her subsequent actions, for

when by Schiller's removal from Stuttgart, the tie between them was dissolved, she became attached to a young man who was studying law in the Academy. She eloped with him, and thus ruined her reputation for ever—she was no Frederike Brion!

Karoline von Wolzogen expressly says, "We are indebted for the 'Poems to Laura,' to a love affair with one of our neighbours, who was more intellectual than beautiful." When she adds, "They seem to me, to spring more from the effervescence of an exalted feeling to which he had hitherto been a stranger, than from true passion for the object," this appears a very singular judgment.

If it be admitted that the clever widow was the object of the Odes to Laura, their mutual love is at once openly acknowledged. Such poems could not be written without a certain degree of experience. It was the prevailing fashion of the day, for poets to celebrate the charms of an idol hitherto unknown and unseen, in verse couched in ardent terms, and Boas, among others, attributes the "Poems to Laura" to this custom; but these glowing lines, in which a resisting yet devoted spirit, struggles with all possible energy against the sensual power of love and its state of bondage, seem to me to breathe a very different feeling. The bond of love between man and woman here becomes a strife between the two; the creating and receiving, the thinking and sentient life of the poet. The ardent sensitive faculties, which a proud and aspiring spirit threatens to absorb in its vortex, are carried upwards by him in eagle's flight to heaven, to the inspired contemplation of the universe, and to the avowal—there is a God! Why do people persist, probably from a false idealism, in denying one of Schiller's most cherished friends her share in the inspiration of his lyric muse? We ought not to be surprised that he depicts his Laura as a young girl, when he so often transfigured his friends into heroes. That Schiller did not

give her exact portrait, is easily explained, if he wished to conceal a living personality, from the unsparing innuendoes of the public. Lastly, the glowing colouring of the poems is quite in harmony with the warmth of the Sturm und Drang school. Prudery of expression was not the prevailing fault of this period. Indeed, one portion of the female world, — I mean the middle class,—revenged themselves on the undoubted corruption of the higher ranks, who veiled their vices under gallant double-entendres, by the silent homage they offered to these new poems. Charlotte von Ostheim delighted in Amalia; and Christophine acted, in all innocence, the part of Semele with her brother. In Werther's Lotte, we find the heroine acting with more unreserve than her living prototype, and judging the "Odes to Laura" by the same standard, we shall then approach pretty nearly the true version of Schiller's connection with Luise Vischer. Later in life, Frau Vischer resided with her sister in Tübingen, in a quiet and retired manner; but unfortunately at that time, the desk containing Schiller's letters was stolen — with it we probably lost a considerable portion of the "Odes to Laura" in prose.*

Schiller had now many female acquaintances, among others, the amiable Ludovike Reichenbach, who had been brought up by her uncle, the Duke's physician, and was very intimate with Christophine. She had most distinguished talents for painting, and possessed all those qualities of pure and lofty female excellence, which our poet has so often honoured and extolled in her. She was betrothed at that time to Lieutenant Simonawitz, whom she afterwards married. The poems on Minna, and Fanny, in the Anthology, refer to passing fancies of Schiller's, and the charming young daughter of Frau von Wolzogen was undoubtedly often a very dangerous object for him to contemplate. No one can represent the female world to

* Luise Vischer died in 1816, on the 21st of April.

young men more admirably than good sisters. Christophine had thoroughly fulfilled the promise of her youth. She was now a blooming girl, with a masculine understanding, prudent and so clever, that she was mistress of several branches of art, and full of love and admiration for her brother. She always first received the impetuously sketched poem, with all its manifold blots and erasures, which she usually returned, fairly copied out; nor did she turn him into ridicule, when he expressed his dearest wish — to act comedy. The brother and sister now replaced in person, the paper dolls of their childhood. Indeed they recalled the "Elysian Scenes" of former days by making expeditions to the valley of Lorch, for which Schiller to the last day of his life, expressed the warmest attachment.

How perfect the mother was, we already know: "how often" relates Scharffenstein, "we made a pilgrimage to her, when we wished to spend a pleasant day! What baking and roasting there was, to receive worthily, the strange animal of a son, and the friend he brought with him." General Augé was frequently applied to for leave. The close union of the mother and sister, with the son and brother, the applause he received as a poet, exhilarated these loving women, and gradually elevated their minds to comprehend the dizzy height of his mission; for Schiller already considered his being as a mission; he contemplated poetry as a sacred power conferred on him, to enable him to chastise the vices and follies of the day. He advanced into his century, as the avenger of truth and nature. This conviction pervades the poems that he wrote at this time. In them, as with a war cry of progress, he proclaims himself a far more formidable opponent than even Schubart and Klinger, to superficial morality, prejudice, selfishness, and hypocrisy. While adorning Weckerlin's cold brow with the immortal wreath of his song, he wept burning tears on the grave of his congenial spirit, Rous-

seau, who, after many struggles, attained his rest in the year 1778. How affecting it is, on the threshold of life, when passions and wild wishes assail the youthful soul, and when enjoyments and pleasures tempt in a thousand forms, to witness such deep grief and heartfelt sympathy in our poet for another, when we know what tears, sorrows, and trials awaited himself! How bitterly must he have felt the pressure of his circumstances, to inspire him with that profound contempt for existence, which startles and affects us in his poem to Rousseau, where he calls life, "this dream of war between frogs and mice."

The same feverish excitability of heart, which bowed him down under the burden of such sorrows, raised him above dejection and weariness of life. While clothing his "Lament for Rousseau" in the bright garb of song, he buried deep within his soul every hard and fallible judgment of the noble combatant's, and however harshly he may seem to repel the world in this "Lament," yet he fetters it by the magic of his tones, as with the strong but delicate links of a chain.

Recognition of his powers within the circle of his own friends, could not satisfy our poet. His ambition was the approval of the world, and he felt that this could only proceed from his brother poets. He therefore sent "The Robbers" to Wieland, and received a clever, and, according to Wieland's custom, a very flattering reply. It made him intensely happy. "He ought not," wrote this celebrated man in the most fair and regular characters, "to have begun, but to have ended with 'The Robbers.'" It was an actual feast to Schiller's friends to read this letter. With pride they proclaimed "that the singer of Musarion was also a Swabian, and that from this Swabian land emanated the language of the Graces, and the most refined and cultivated writings."

But the destiny of this author who appeared in such lustre before their eyes, was fixed in a foreign country. Another

Swabian poet displayed in all its darkness and horror the night side of authorship. It is significant to observe that Schiller was thoroughly cognizant of this sad history, without being induced by it to take in one single reef of all his canvass, or losing one fibre of his love for humanity, or shrinking for one moment from the struggle against falsehood and despotism which such feelings must call forth. The poet Schubart, as we already mentioned, had been confined in the prison of Asperg since the year 1777. Owing to his imprisonment in a dark damp dungeon of that fortress, this energetic man was ruined, body and soul. He languished for more than a year without a breath of fresh air, with miserable food and in constant darkness, till the end of 1780, when his lot was in so far ameliorated, that he was allowed to have writing materials, and received permission to write. He was also authorised to receive visitors, and people crowded from far and near to see the unhappy man. Among these was Schiller—indeed he came by the express invitation of Colonel Rieger, who had not only been released from his own imprisonment, but appointed Commandant of the fortress where Schubart was pining away his miserable existence.

Rieger was one of those characters which might well cause Schiller to say, that "the more his knowledge of the world increased, the more circumscribed his list became of the wholly perverse." Rieger had displayed much piety in prison, but his piety consisted chiefly in remorse, and bore the traces of his gloomy cell. When Schubart was contrite and humble, he was more mildly treated, but if he did not appear very devout in church, or obsequious enough to Rieger, this "genius of the mountain, this giant," discharged all the vials of his wrath on his head, tormenting him by the most taunting and abusive speeches. Then, again, he had fits of soft-heartedness. During the most severe period of Schubart's incarceration, he allowed him to read any

letters that arrived for him, consoled his wife, and sent him more palatable food; he was more especially all kindness when Schubart praised him in verse; for Rieger was a friend to poetry. He even arranged theatrical performances in the fortress of Aspberg. Wilhelm von Hoven mentions having attended one of these entertainments on the birthday of the Commandant. The prologue commenced thus: "Noble Rieger!" The moment this short sentence was uttered, the General began to applaud and to shout out encore; this applause he renewed at every passage that flattered his vanity. All the spectators clapped their hands along with him, and Hoven with such vigour, that he thought the irony must have been only too evident. On the contrary, the General, who was seated close to him, took an immediate fancy to the young man who showed such excellent taste. Hoven, conscious of his impertinence, tried to slip away quietly, but it was no use. Next morning he received the most pressing invitation from Rieger, which he was obliged to accept, and not only delighted the Commandant by his visit, but was not allowed to leave him until he faithfully promised to return soon, and to bring with him some of his intellectual friends, especially the author of "The Robbers." In the "Curriculum vitæ meum" of Schiller's father, there is a remark near the conclusion, that Rieger always declared that he was Schiller's godfather. The poet, therefore, had a double reason for fulfilling his friend's promise.

The General, wishing to celebrate Schiller's visit as a festival (such comedies were fashionable at that period) requested poor Schubart, who was not personally acquainted with Schiller, to write an analysis of "The Robbers." Schubart accordingly did so. When Hoven arrived at the fortress with Schiller, after the General had overwhelmed the poet by his courtesies, he initiated them into the secret of the surprise he intended for Schubart. Schiller was to allow himself to

be presented to him as Dr. Fischer. They accordingly went to Schubart: what a spectacle for the supposed Dr. Fischer! The conversation, which Schiller knew admirably how to conduct, turned at last on "The Robbers." Dr. Fischer casually mentioned that he was well acquainted with the author, and consequently very desirous to hear Schubart's opinion of the work.

"I think," said the General, turning to the latter, "you have written a critique upon it; perhaps you will be so good as to read it to Dr. Fischer?"

Schubart brought out his manuscript, and after he had finished reading it, in his enthusiasm for the drama he uttered the wish that he might one day become acquainted with the author.

"Your wish is fulfilled," said Rieger, clapping him on the shoulder, "he stands before you."

"Is it possible?" cried Schubart, joyfully, "do I actually see the author of 'The Robbers?'" So saying, he embraced Schiller warmly, and tears of joy glittered in his eyes.

Schiller never forgot this scene. It was probably the cause of his henceforth taking a milder view of Rieger's character; but the violent and illegal measures to which despotism has recourse, were indelibly printed on his soul by the forms of Schubart and Rieger.

CHAP. III.

POETRY AND THE STAGE.

Schiller's first Correspondence with Schwan and Dalberg. — New version of "The Robbers" for the Stage. — Secret Journey to see it performed at Mannheim.

WHILE he thus enjoyed the result of his work, it begun to emancipate itself by degrees from obscurity. "The Robbers" thundered and lightened, carrying all before it, seizing and kindling every heart; in short, wherever it was read, producing the effects of a heavy storm, only that its echoes did not die away.

The very institution to which Schiller had gallantly thrown down the gauntlet — the theatre — eventually ensured the lasting fame of his drama, and probably will always continue thus to spread its renown so long as there are actors of passion on the stage, and the young and enthusiastic among the spectators. This piece was submitted, like "Tamino," to the double ordeal of fire and water. The cooler of these two elements, "The Robbers" had happily survived. Besides a criticism of Knigge's, a profound and comprehensive analysis of this work appeared in the Erfurt "Learned Journal," on the 24th of July, 1781. It is a masterpiece of subtle criticism. In addition to the usual inquiry, "Is a Franz Moor possible?" other objections are brought forward which, as we shall see, are of vital importance to the perfection of the piece. It afforded Schiller an opportunity of remoulding many parts of the work. There now remained the ordeal by fire.

The negotiations into which the poet entered with the stage are diffuse, but in one point of view most interesting. They renew an affinity which Lessing had effected by "Sara Sampson," "Minna von Barnhelm," and "Emilia Galotti," but again neutralised by "Nathan." We mean the affinity between Poetry and the Stage; between the highest interests of man, and the living eye and heart of the people. This bond was once more established, and the proceedings furnish an example for all times, of the mode in which it ought to be accomplished.

To assert that this connection is of no real value, and that in Germany we regard it in too serious a light, is to misunderstand our best qualities. He, who in a philanthropic point of view, likes to see his fellow men lower themselves to the level of a farce, which can only boast of a varnish of civilization, and imparts no more real instruction than a bull fight, however proud he may be of his political knowledge, cannot assuredly boast of any real love for the good of mankind.

So long as Providence creates something more than mere Hotspurs, there will be people among us who will read poetry, and people who will write it. We have theatres in plenty. What a poetical play can achieve, every one knows who has seen "Emilia Galotti," "Don Carlos," or "Nathan" well performed, and who will take the trouble to compare the impression they made with the insipidities of Iffland, or the dull, trite commonplaces of Kotzebue.

The more striking the contrast between what pleased the general public of that day, and what the better taste and feeling of the more cultivated class demanded, the more grievous was it to see genuine poetry fly from the spot where of late extravagance, after the model of the French, reigned supreme. Schiller inherited Lessing's disdain of the French school, and administered this inheritance with youthful ardour. He also participated in Lessing's love for the English drama,

and while the stage, abandoned by Lessing, offered the hand of reconciliation to our young poet, he forgot the past, and was all hope and complaisance; and the first performance of "The Robbers" in Mannheim, sealed the renewal of the ancient covenant.

My readers may remember that Schiller sent Hof Kammer Rath Schwan the seven first proof sheets. Full of enthusiasm, Schwan rushed with them to Freiherr von Dalberg, and read them to him in all the ardour of his delight. Dalberg was acute enough at once to perceive the certain future popularity of the work, and wrote a very complimentary letter to Schiller, encouraging him to adapt the piece to the stage. The directors of the Mannheim theatre were prepared to have the tragedy performed, and to undertake the entire expense of printing the new stage edition. Schwan also, who was by no means pleased with the idea of the managers of the theatre printing the play, made very advantageous proposals to the poet. Schiller, whose talents we have already seen displayed in such various lights, exhibits himself on this occasion as the intellectually mature, but somewhat credulous youth, whom Streicher's description has already made known to us. He gladly seized the hand proffered to him by a foreign state, and wrote to Dalberg: "If my powers ever soar so high as to bring forth a masterpiece, the world, as well as myself, will have to thank your Excellency, and your present encouragement for it; and I own that ever since I have felt dramatic genius within me, it has been my dearest wish to establish myself at Mannheim, this paradise of the Muses, but my close connection with Würtemberg will, I fear, render this difficult to accomplish."

The piece at last appeared. Schwan would no doubt have been only too glad to publish "The Robbers" after it had caused such an unparalleled sensation; but he was anxious to remain on good terms with Dalberg, so he preferred the

greater advantage to the lesser one. With all his literary merits he was, as we may perceive from his letter of the 11th of August, of that class of men who consider it necessary to persuade every one with whom they transact business, that they have a good heart. He did all in his power to promote the circulation of the piece, and advised the poet, with earnest, almost pompous zeal, to place entire confidence in the excellent Dalberg, but at the same time not to tie up his hands entirely at first.

Schiller does so on the 17th of August, by a letter to Dalberg, in which he requests the following information:—

1. Whether he is to have the honour of treating with his Excellency personally?

2. Whether all the works he may hereafter write, dramatic or otherwise, are to be included in the agreement?

With all the impetuosity of youth, in the hope of finally concluding the affair, he would probably not have hesitated to sell himself at once and for ever. He said that he hoped to finish the stage edition of his play within fourteen days. The terms that Dalberg offered him are not known. It appears that he left the whole arrangement to Schwan, who was still very indignant at the rival edition. The fourteen days were however extended to the 21st of September. At this date the poet sent the drama to Petersen, with an entreaty for a sincere opinion, saying, "If the criticism be less than six sheets, I shall be mortified." In the meantime the following announcement appeared in Haug's "Journal of Art and Science in Swabia," No. II. p. 469.*

"'Frankfort and Leipzig' are always the nominal places of printing when the real one is to be concealed. Consequently, at 'Frankfort and Leipzig' came out 'The Robbers; a Drama; 1781.' There is no preface: it is 222 pages long, and has a

* A continuation of the Swabian Magazine.

couple of good engravings. The play is a phenomenon that has already caused a great sensation, and which will, when quite finished, cause a still greater one. A young man has come forward who, at his very first step, has dethroned all other dramatists, and will certainly create a new era for our national stage! Well! what is the work? what its purport? It is enough for the present to say, that the best judges in this department strive with each other to publish the edition for the stage, for which it was not originally intended. The author is now occupied with this. We therefore, for the present, defer any detail or criticism of this novel production of German intellect, which will cause great excitement in the public mind."

It is evident that the journalists of those days thoroughly understood the art of puffing.

At length, on the 6th of October, 1781, the manuscript was sent off to Dalberg. The poet apologizes for the delay, arising from the unforeseen difficulties of the work, and an infectious epidemic in his hospital. He asserts that for one idea and one feeling, there exists but one expression and one colouring. This indispensable basis of all poetry pervades his entire compositions. He writes: "The improvements are material; various scenes are entirely new, and, in my opinion, worthy of the rest of the piece. Among them are Hermann's counterplots which undermine Franz's plans, and also the scene between them, which in the first edition was most improperly omitted (and this is also the opinion of the Erfurt critics). Franz is now brought nearer the pale of humanity, but the way in which this is effected is singular. A scene like that of his condemnation, in the fifth Act, has never yet, so far as I know, been produced on any stage; nor indeed that of Amalia's immolation by the hand of her lover. The catastrophe of the play is, in my opinion, the crowning point of the whole. Moor plays out his part to the end, and I feel sure that he will

not be forgotten, even when the stage curtain drops. If the piece be too long, it rests with the discretion of the manager to shorten declamatory speeches, or to omit occasional passages, when it can be done without injuring the impression of the whole; but I decidedly protest against any portion being suppressed in the printing: I had my own good reasons for all that I retained, and my complaisance towards the stage does not extend so far, as to induce me to leave a vacuum, and to mutilate the characters of my personages for the convenience of the actors."

Thus a stage manuscript was at last completed, in the same form in which the piece is to this day performed in all large theatres. It was in accordance with this version that Iffland, Ludwig Devrient (not Fleck, as Boas and Hoffmeister declare) acted Franz Moor. His celebrated monologue, which is far from being forgotten (as Boas alleges) displays most vividly the giant power, the precision, and the rhythmus of the style, and why actors will always be found eager to play this part. I transcribe it at full length.

Franz has a presentiment that the stranger Count is his brother Karl. Hermann has just sprung his countermine, and persuaded Franz that his father's life has been spared, as an instrument of revenge. Franz has sunk back on a chair, in agony of mind.—Hermann leaves him.—Franz starts up:—

"Franz! Franz! where is thy courage? thy wonted presence of mind? Alas! alas! even my creatures betray me. The pillars of my fortune are crumbling away, and my foes rushing in. Now for a speedy resolve! What if I were to go myself, and gently stealing behind, pierce him with my dagger? A wounded man is but a child in strength. Courage—I will risk it! (*He paces the stage in violent agitation, and suddenly stands still, as if exhausted, his whole frame relaxed.*) Who steals behind me? (*rolling his eyes in horror*)—faces such as I never saw—shrill cries! yet I have courage—courage as great as that of any man—but if a mirror were to betray me? or my shadow? or the echo of my murderous step? Hah! hah! horror creeps in my hair—my limbs are paralysed. (*He drops the dagger.*) I am no coward—only too soft hearted. Yes! it is so—these are the throes of expiring virtue. I honour them. I were a monster to lay violent hands on

my own brother. No! no! far be such a crime from my thoughts! I will cherish the last relic of humanity—I will be no fratricide. Nature! thou hast won the victory—even I feel something akin to love."—(*Exit.*)

Before the piece was performed in Mannheim, many of the copies that Schiller had printed at his own expense were bought. He thought it advisable to edit his drama again in its original form. Here and there a coarse expression was softened. The tragedy appeared with the name of the author, and the vignette of a lion rampant with outstretched claws. The tendency of the piece was now plainly indicated by the motto, "In Tirannos." The title was, "The Robbers. By F. Schiller. Second and improved edition. Frankfort and Leipzig: Söffler: 1782." It also included the songs, set to music by Zumsteeg, of which the poet says, in his preface,—"I am convinced that the words will be forgotten in listening to the music."

There are therefore two distinct conceptions of the piece: the literary edition, that Schiller printed at his own expense, and reprinted verbatim, shortly before his death, as "improved edition," but resembling in essentials that version which is in all hands; and, secondly, the stage edition, which agrees in all vital points with the Mannheim one. It was published by Schwan immediately after the first performance. I think the few changes in the printed copy, are improvements on the written one. Dalberg, however, was not yet quite satisfied. He wished Karl to shoot Amalie, instead of stabbing her. Then, when Schiller agreed to this, he proposed that Amalie should stab herself. Dalberg inserted his own conception into the play, and was not ashamed to patch the rent he had made in the brilliant rainbow web of the poet, with the coarse sackcloth of his own verse.* But Schiller remained firm, though wisely declaring that he thought Dalberg's poetry "admirable."

* Boas' "Youthful Years."

One change, however, he was obliged to submit to in the printed edition for the stage, which he strove hard to avoid. It was on the subject of costume. Schiller had no very clear ideas on this point; he spoke of canes and plumes of feathers, but could give no precise directions. Dalberg, who had lately produced "Agnes Bernauerin," with new costumes and great success, proposed to transfer the action of the piece to the sixteenth century. In vain did the actors protest, in vain did the poet from various reasons resist this innovation, and endeavour to preserve modern costume. Dalberg declared that in the present state of our police, such a robber band could not possibly exist. The poet rejoined that the middle ages contradicted Franz's arguments. Dalberg suggested the possibility of a villain, even of the sixteenth century, having imbibed a sophistical style of reasoning from Aristotle's philosophy. Schiller acknowledged that these subtleties sent him home silent, and resolved to wait with patience. Spiegelberg announces in the first act that peace is proclaimed in Germany. Historical accuracy was by no means observed; but we have to thank Dalberg's suggestion for these words of Karl, which have so often found their application — "Peace in Germany? Curse on that peace which drags back to a snail's pace what might have been an eagle's flight! Oh, that the spirit of Hermann still glowed in the embers. Grant me a regiment of men like myself, and then Germany would — but, no! she must fall, her hour is come. No power is now left for free eagle flight in Barbarossa's degenerate sons. I must strive to forget the strife of war, amid the pleasant fields of my home."

At length the drama and the theatre were in unison; the former had been curtailed of a good many long speeches, and thus much improved both for acting, and as a composition. The second had got a piece in vogue, containing four or five good parts, and an abundance of original poetry. Schiller, to

use his own words, was "as pleased as a child" at the prospect of the performance; but he had not even yet satisfied all demands. Schwan wrote to him that the play, with music and intervals, would occupy five hours in acting; a new abridgment seemed indispensable. The author wished to undertake this himself, and on condition that the expenses of his journey should be defrayed, offered to be present at the first rehearsal. He expressed the most eager wish to become acquainted with his Mannheim patrons. Gemmingen, the author of the "Haus Vater," read aloud "The Robbers" in Mannheim. Schiller wished to embrace him, and to say "how dear to him are such souls as those of Dalberg and Gemmingen."

Whether they grudged the expense of the double journey, or possibly thought they could dispense with the author's advice, we do not know, but at all events Schiller was not present at the general rehearsal. He was informed that the performance was to take place on the 10th of January — a new embarrassment; this being Gräfin Franziska's birthday, from which no one in the military profession, and more especially a pupil of the Duke's, could venture to absent himself. Schiller therefore begged that the performance might be delayed for a few days, and the strictest secrecy observed about his journey. To this Dalberg agreed, and also to pay his travelling expenses, which indeed he could not very well refuse. On the 13th of January, 1782, on a Sunday, the playbill of "The Robbers" was posted on the fountains and corners of the streets in Mannheim, and the announcement that, on account of the length of the piece, it would commence precisely at five o'clock. On the playbill was an address, "from the author to the public," written at Dalberg's suggestion. After a short description of the characters it proceeded thus: "No one can without horror contemplate the inner recesses of vice, nor without perceiving that all the

gilding of fortune cannot kill the gnawing worm of conscience — that terror, remorse, and despair follow close on the steps of the wicked! Youth may here with dread discern the fruits of unbridled licentiousness, and manhood will not leave the theatre without the conviction, that the invisible hand of Providence can employ even a villain as a tool to carry out his purposes and judgments; unravelling in the most marvellous way the complicated threads of destiny."

For this particular evening the national stage seemed to be elevated into a school of morality. Wilhelm von Hoven's original design for his friend was now transcribed on the playbill. Schiller had made so many concessions that he agreed to this one also.

From the whole country round, from Heidelberg, Frankfort, Darmstadt, Mayence, Worms, and Spires, people came crowding in, on horseback and in carriages, to see the far famed drama, represented by Mannheim's admirable actors. The small size of the theatre obliged those who had not already bespoken places, to wait patiently at the theatre from one o'clock in the forenoon, in order to secure seats. At length the curtain drew up at five o'clock. A place was reserved for the poet, who was also among the travellers. This was necessary, otherwise he could not have got a seat at all. As soon as possible, after the congratulations to Gräfin Franziska had been duly offered, Schiller set off on his journey, without asking the permission of his superiors, in the most profound secrecy, and accompanied by Petersen.

CHAP. IV.

"THE ROBBERS" ON THE STAGE.

Glance at the German and at the Mannheim Stage. — Distribution of the Parts. — The Performance and Success of the Piece. — Schiller's Return to Stuttgart. — Schiller's Criticism of "The Robbers."—Representation of the Drama in other Countries. — Effect of "The Robbers."

LET us, while the public are assembling before the mysterious curtain, cast a glance on the stage. Schiller owes to histrionic talent many a leaf of his laurels, and we must now advert to those actors, and their position at that period. Moreover, our poet's influence over the German theatre, is one of his most brilliant achievements, and though this fact has been fully admitted in the history of theatrical art, yet biography can neutralise many of its accusations, by maintaining the principle that the stage first finds its proper vocation in representing poetry.

Up to the days of Ackermann and Ekhof, the German stage, so far as we can here enter on the subject, was a close imitation of the style of French tragedy. Ekhof is justly considered the first who deliberately rescued it from this bondage. His nature was North German, like most great actors, in contradistinction to poets. He was a thorough and "true man," and highly respected in private life. He introduced into tragedy that simple tone which speaks direct to the heart. He gave words their full value, not according to the musical, but according to the intellectual sense; and by his carefully studied action and incomparable voice, so energetically worked out his part, both in affecting and pas-

sionate characters, that even in the formal garb of Alexandrines, he practically accomplished what Lessing professed to do; he corrected Corneille in every scene by restoring him to nature. Lessing, in the parts of Tellheim and Odoardo, inflicted on him a task quite opposed to his inclinations. Consciously and unconsciously a school was formed through him, and by him, which raised Nature aloft as the emblem on its banner; but modest, and it must be owned, even commonplace Nature, in opposition to the Sturm und Drang school. In the Mannheim theatre, Iffland, Beil, and Beck were decided followers of Ekhof.*

With the cultivation and excellence of the actor, the public estimation of the theatre had been gradually increased, and while in France all circumstances combined to form a National Assembly, in Germany, from the admirable example of Hamburg, a National Theatre had arisen. In Vienna, under the express and noble authority of Joseph the Second, and in Mannheim under the direction of Dalberg.

The Elector Palatine, who had hitherto established his court theatre in Mannheim, had inherited Bavaria, and transferred his recently formed theatre to Munich, at the same time giving Dalberg a commission to engage a new company for Mannheim. In the autumn of 1779 the National Theatre was opened in Mannheim. The actors were partly selected from the Gotha company, which, during the previous year, had been under Ekhof's personal superintendence.

The Mannheim public, accustomed to the French mode of acting, could not at first appreciate the natural tone of the new school. Then came Schröder, the great rival and genuine successor of Ekhof, in the zenith of his fame, to act for a few nights at Mannheim. The public placed that implicit faith in

* Not to be confounded with Bök, written by mistake Boek, in most of Schiller's Memoirs. According to an autograph, Ekhof, is the correct mode of writing the name, not Eckhof.

the master, which they had refused to the pupils. His representation of "King Lear" was a great success, and won the victory for the Hamburg school. Thus, by the efforts of Schröder and Ekhof, and by the influence of Shakspeare and Lessing, the ground was prepared for Schiller's plays. Beck, Beil and Iffland, closely united in a bond, like that of our Göttingen poets, and working in unison for the good cause, were stimulated to fresh efforts. The organisation of the stage, formed after the model of Vienna, had every facility to preserve unity in the performance, without destroying feelings of independence in the actors. Dalberg, while supporting his authority on the basis of universal confidence, made the stage manager select his first committee from the whole combined company. A second committee, which supported the first, assembled every fortnight, under the presidency of Dalberg, when consultations were conducted, and questions connected with theatrical art distributed, to be answered in writing. The Intendant generally did, what we may remember in the discussion as to costume in "The Robbers," —exactly as he pleased.

However generous this wealthy nobleman may have been to the stage, and valuable as his qualifications undoubtedly were as a manager, yet his conduct to Schiller places his character in a most unfavourable point of view. He knew how to calculate, and to employ his subordinates to the best advantage; but all he did for Schiller's talent, was simply to make use of it for his own purposes. To point out to him the path by which, in closest connection with the stage, his genius might be most quickly developed, was beyond his power. Although he arranged pieces to suit the stage, and even wrote dramas in iambics, yet he was utterly deficient in refined taste, and still more in poetical genius.

The Mannheim theatre possessed a pit well filled with critics. Freiherr von Gemmingen, Schwan, Meyer, gave the

tone to the judgment of the public; a task which they were saved with regard to "The Robbers."

The parts were almost all in good hands. Iffland, at that time three-and-twenty, played Franz Moor. He seems not to have studied the part so deeply as afterwards, when he represented Franz rather as a calculating villain. The clever and intellectual Beil as Schweizer, and young Beck as Kosinsky, were quite in their proper sphere, but Bök's short and rather broad figure, and insignificant features, did little justice to the representative of Karl Moor. He liked to act in a disjointed and fragmentary way, pausing between his sentences, and finishing his phrases in a high key; but he had considerable experience and knowledge of the stage.

The expectations of the actors, were certainly not less highly raised than those of the public and of the poet. The latter took possession of the place reserved for him, just before the play commenced. The house was crammed to the door. A vast number of people had been sent away. The curtain rose, and the play began. Perhaps it was owing to Bök's short square figure not corresponding with the idea the public had formed of the bandit chief, with his "long slender throat," or to the piece not being sufficiently abridged, but certainly the three first acts did not make the impression which had been expected; but when Bök, as Karl Moor, in the midnight scene of the tower, in pathetic tones, adjured the moon, and the stars, — when Iffland (Franz), with his delicate frame and pallid face, entered into the finest subtleties of his part, detailing the whole compass of the torments of conscience,— when, appalling all who heard him, he related to old Daniel, his dream of the final day of doom, the lamp in his hand lighting up his pale spectral face, sinking back at last in a swoon,—when the robbers are heard rushing in, and he asks, "Is there one above the stars?"—uttering a loud and impetuous "No!" but, as if touched by an invisible hand, again

sinks back, breathing a faint "Yes! yes! there is!"—and falling on his knees, prays, while the castle is burning, shouting in reckless delirium, "Oh, God! it is the first time, and shall be the last!"—the triumph of the piece was insured. The result surpassed the most extravagant expectations. Dalberg's costumes had also brilliant success.

Poet and actors celebrated the newly formed alliance. Schiller and Petersen supped in company with all the actors who had taken any part in the play. The whole party, imbued with elevated feelings, naturally soared into the clouds of artistic discussion, which never fails on similar occasions.

Schwan received the victorious, laurel-crowned poet with especial kindness, and presented him with the promised compensation for his journey, consisting of four carolins.

Schiller returned from "the Paradise of the Muses," as he now calls Mannheim, to the Siberia of Stuttgart. He certainly did not repose on his laurels. If his restlessness had been remarkable during the past year, that of 1782 realised in him the saying "that the growth of man corresponds with the grandeur of his aims." He has many calls on his time from his profession, but is active in all directions. He writes a report of the performance, and a criticism on the play itself,—fights a severe literary battle, "crushes" a poet, and his "Almanack of the Muses," by publishing his "Anthology." He is also the soul of a new scientific journal, "The Würtemberg Repertorium." He writes an elegy, composes "Fiesko," sketches a dissertation befitting a doctor, remains fourteen days under arrest,—and by autumn all this is accomplished. Before following our enthusiast step by step, it is necessary to inquire what the world said about "The Robbers." Let us first listen to the author. He has been blamed for thus publicly criticising his own works; but Lessing did the same. A man may be permitted to analyse his own merits, as Schiller did, provided always he can write as admirably as Schiller.

To provide an organ for the new epoch of literature, Abel, Petersen and Schiller agreed, in 1782, to publish a journal at their own expense. This "Würtemberg Repertorium" contained, on the 15th of January, "A correspondence from Wurms," but in reality written by Schiller. It details the result of the performance of "The Robbers," by an eye-witness, — praises Dalberg, the stage moon, Iffland, who is, however, censured for mouthing his words, though his future success is prophesied; in short, everything and every one have their meed of praise — except the poet.

"If I am to give a candid opinion, I must say that this piece is, in fact, not suited to the theatre. If all the shouting, singing, burning, and stabbing, were taken away, it would be tiresome and heavy for the stage: however, it makes a great noise." It did, indeed. The "Pot-pourri Journal," which was in French, said,—"La noblesse n'y a point paru . . Comment peut-on prendre pour succès le suffrage du peuple? Ce n'est qu'une curiosité passagère! encore quelques représentations de cinq heures, et le parterre fera lui-même justice." "The Robbers," however, went the round of all the German theatres; first in the commercial cities of Hamburg and Leipzig. In Hamburg, Fleck played Karl Moor; in Leipzig, where it chanced to be the time of the fair, the piece was prohibited, as so many thefts were committed while the fair was going on.

In Berlin the applause was immense; but, as usual the ridiculous followed close on the sublime. A new reading appeared, by Plumicke, and also one by Thomas; the latter, in compliance with the tender hearted ideas of the day, allowed all the characters to remain alive except Franz. The manner in which the piece interested every class, seems almost incredible. In Bavaria, a robber band of boys was formed, which, however, foundered at its outset, in consequence of one

of the juvenile Karl Moors being unable to resist taking leave of his mamma, before going off to the Bohemian forests.

The critics almost all continued highly displeased with the unseemly composition. A deluge of bandit romances flooded the country. Spiess, Cramer, Vulpius, hovered like ravens over all possible candidates for the gallows. The distortions and misrepresentations which the moral of the piece underwent, made Schiller resolve in desperation, to write a continuation. He undoubtedly commenced it, but fortunately delayed finishing it, and in 1801 a lady anticipated him. Her drama, in six acts, came out under the title of "Karl Moor and his Companions, after the farewell scene in the old tower; a picture of sublime human nature; a pendant to Rinaldo Rinaldini. By Frau von Wollenradt. Mayence and Hamburg, 1801." She said in the preface, that "as she absolutely required the old Moor and Amalia, to heighten the interest of the various situations, she had, therefore, instead of allowing them to die after Karl's exit, caused them only to swoon, and to be revived."

In France, Beaumarchais employed a young author to abridge the piece, and it was played there as "Robert, Chef des Brigands, imité de l'Allemand, par le Citoyen La Martelière. Paris, 1793."

This French play had also its own version. In England, the land whence Schiller's drama had imbibed its very life's blood, "The Robbers" found a translator and critic in Benjamin Thompson, London, 1792. Coleridge and Carlyle, especially the latter, in his Life of Schiller, have done ample justice to Schiller's poetical works.

Let us now return from the work to its author. On the 17th of January, he wrote a warm letter of thanks to Dalberg, with the following acknowledgment: "I have observed much, and learned much; and I believe that if Germany should one day consider me a dramatic poet, I must date from the period

of the past week." Thus much the poet owed to the theatre. The proposal to write a criticism on the performance was not complied with. Instead of this, he published in the "Würtemberg Repertorium" an analysis, by far the best that has ever been written, of "The Robbers;" as it also offers a most favourable opportunity for developing Schiller's revolutionary esthetics, I will give a sketch here of the critique.

The author does not attempt to vindicate the morality of the piece*, but at once elevates it to the artistic point of view from which it sprung, and in which alone it ought to be contemplated. After detailing the plot, he says, "Rousseau extols Plutarch for selecting sublime criminals, though to the detriment of his productions." Schiller agrees with him, saying, "we admire mental vigour in every sphere." He alleges that great criminals are peculiarly adapted for dramatic effect; for they depend on development, on the contrast of light and shade, and on intrigue; and that all hearts unconsciously lean towards the erring. The drama naturally presents the night side of human nature. Sympathy with Milton's Satan, half converts even the most devout reader for the moment, into a fallen angel.

The author attributes the secret interest, which we cannot resist feeling for transgressors, to a peculiar disposition of the human heart. He says, "Robbers, however, are the heroes of the piece: robbers! one of whom surpasses even his own class in iniquity,—a sneaking villain. I do not know how to explain why we sympathise most warmly where we are most isolated; that we follow with our tears, into the lone desert, the man rejected by the world; that we would rather dwell with Robinson Crusoe in an uninhabited island, than float down the stream with the busy crowds of the world. It is certainly a similar feeling which attracts us in this play to the

* See the end of the criticism.

highly immoral gang. The very singularity of this band, (which is formed in direct antagonism to civilised life,) its privations, crimes, and dangers, have all a charm for us. Owing to an imperceptible original propensity of the soul to equality, we imagine that by our sympathy, an idea which also flatters our pride, we assist in weighing down their light immoral scale, till the balance remains even with justice. The more distant their connection with the world, the more closely our hearts are drawn towards them." Our hearts! The poet here realises the public, whom he wishes to convince, as forming part of his own individuality. Every author does the same. If he has powers of persuasion, he will endeavour to lower the public to this level, like Kotzebue, or to elevate it, like Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. It is the mighty attribute of great poets, to have a sublime idea of mankind.

We can throw no brighter light on Schiller's character than by comparing the public, as he esteemed it, with the idea formed of it by others. His success, as well as his failure, rests principally on his holding human nature in higher estimation, than any other German poet has ever done. Lessing at first exacted no more from the public, than the scanty meed it was able to bestow. He succeeded in gaining the domestic interest of the times; with his "Sara Sampson;" as a critic, he founded his æsthetic views of the drama on pity and terror, passions common to all human beings; but he included the stage public in his calculations, and these calculations never deceived him.

In "Nathan," he is so entirely absorbed in the abstract love of mankind, that he forgets his real public. He appeals to a more purified sense,—to the exercise of entire toleration, which even the most cultivated are not yet capable of comprehending. Goethe, in "Götz and Clavigo," makes no great demands on the public, and in "Iphigenie," he only asks for that sympathy which a small portion of the intellectual public

was prepared to bestow. Schiller, on the contrary, boldly turns to an ideal public; not ideal in the sense of comprehending mythology and immaculate iambics, but ideal in the sense of love for a fellow-creature; a compassionate heart making allowances even for the greatest errors and aberrations, because the objects of our pity are mercilessly thrust out by the world. Schiller exacts an excess of compassion, which cannot fail to perplex egotists with narrow minds and weak nerves; while Goethe rarely depicts evil, except in Mephistopheles, whom he places beyond the sphere of humanity. Schiller places a Franz Moor, a Wurm, and a Philip, within the bounds of humanity. His best world has some evil at its core; and, therefore, next to Shakspeare, he is, to those who can appreciate him, the most Christian of all dramatists. Thus, in the analysis of "The Robbers," he says, "by the strength of an unceasing desire to embrace all within the circle of our sympathies, we raise devils upwards, and allure angels downwards." He touches us with pity for publicans and sinners, and it is the Protestant who reconciles us to the Catholic Virgin Mary.

Was then the real living public what he thought? Was there not a violent outcry against "The Robbers?" Is it otherwise to this day? Do not many deeply read critics regret that he made the heroine a Catholic? But Schiller was not mistaken in the substance of the community; and though he might exaggerate the increased good feeling of the age, still he knew how to value that one great mode of ensuring compassion, which Lessing recommends, by constituting a hero of the same stamp with ourselves. He goes on to say, "Lastly, the author by one device has especially linked the criminal to our hearts by a thousand cords. He loves, and is beloved." Even Lessing must have confessed that the elements of tragic effect, fear and pity, are to be found on the grandest scale in "The Robbers."

With regard to Franz Moor, Schiller, to judge by his own criticism, in some degree changed his designs with regard to this character, probably in consequence of the rather unsatisfactory manner in which Iffland played the part. In the suppressed preface to "The Robbers," he says, "the more his knowledge of the world increased, the fewer were those he found wholly perverse;" and in another passage, "No man, as Garve justly says, is all evil; the most depraved have many ideas which are just, many impulses which are good, and many thoughts which are noble. He is only less perfect than many others." Franz Moor was thus defended; but he also says, "However far Nature may surpass the most vivid fancy of caricaturists in ludicrous originals, she assuredly has never realised our poet's ideal by one single example." He endeavours to find every possible reason for rejecting the character artistically. Carlyle's view was anticipated in the analysis; namely, that the conceptions which these subtle thoughts presuppose must necessarily ennoble Moor; or, as Carlyle says, that "he must have known that honesty is the best policy," with how much more acuteness than all subsequent critics, has the author himself searched out his own faults. He defends the consistency of the piece, and acknowledges that Franz, so soon as he is in sorrow, wins our kindly sympathies; and referring to Franz' command to stab him, he adds, "Does not the poor wretched being die at last almost like a hero?"

Amalia and old Moor could scarcely have been more severely criticised than in this composition; what a feeling of lofty independence with regard to his work is manifest in these words of the author:—"The man is of a frigid and frog-like temperature, but as the poet is also a physician, he can prescribe a proper diet." The plasticity of "The Robbers" is commended, and the stage version preferred, with relation to Herrmann's character.

Far be it from me to defend the drama from the attacks of the poet, but it might be more just, than to acquiesce in his sentiments. Does he not bestow many redeeming points on Franz?—the burden of being ill-favoured, an imagination sullied by licentiousness, a heart repulsed by all from childhood. Did not Ludwig Devrient breathe the most graphic truth into the representation of this boasting babbler, this worst of villains?—are Iago's thoughts less acute, or Edward's less ruthless?—and has not systematical sophistry, even to the present day, been ever seen side by side with the ardent pursuit of pleasure, and refined hypocrisy? And Amalia? Charlotte von Ostheim's was not the only female heart that sympathised with her. She says, "How touchingly does Amalia proclaim the mysterious, heartfelt, subtle truth," thus irresistibly winning us to forbearance. How striking are the words, "thou dost hate him?—then thou must hate me also?" Amalia is the first attempt of a German poet to embody in a female shape, the exclusive love of all that is free, daring, and noble in humanity. She follows the outcast into the wilderness. There are important defects in the part, but we do not doubt that there were German heroines at that time, superior to the feminine ideal of domestic commonplace, and of a well-assorted marriage of convention. Amalia is in some degree a copy of the times, and only the younger sister of Queen Elizabeth.

Karl Moor, as an immature boyish ideal, has also been rejected by critics. In opposition to Hegel's views, I will describe the manner in which Fleck played the part. It was his greatest triumph. Tieck thus delineates it:—"This Titanic creation of a youthful and daring imagination, receives, through Fleck's acting, the most terrific reality, and the most noble sublimity; recklessness was so mingled with touching pathos, that doubtless the poet himself, at the sight, would have been amazed at his own creation. The artist availed

himself of every tone and gesture of fury and of despair, and if the spectator were startled by the energetic feeling displayed in all its power, in the voice and frame of this youth; he was actually appalled when, in the terrific address to the robbers, after recognising his father, the same man rages with still more vehement fury, till the very excess of horror makes him throw himself on the ground sobbing; then suddenly bursting into wild laughter at his own weakness, he starts up, uttering fulminating tones, such as were probably never heard before on any stage." Hoffmeister says, in his great work, that Schiller's analysis pleased him almost more than the piece itself; as he was himself writing an article on "The Robbers," this was merely a piece of vanity, a hundred inferior minds being capable of writing a criticism like that of Schiller, but not one, save himself, this scene from "The Robbers" with which we shall take leave of the piece. It is the 2nd Scene in the 3rd Act.*

MOOR *is already deeply plunged into blood and crime. The Bandits are encamped on a height shaded by trees, near the Donau.*

MOOR.—Here must I lie. (*Throws himself on the ground.*) My limbs seem hewn off—my tongue dry as a potsherd. (SCHWEIZER *steals away unperceived.*) I would ask one of you to fetch me a handful of water from the stream, but you are all weary to the death.

SCHWARZ.—The wine, too, is all finished.

MOOR.—How abundant is the vintage! the vines seem bowed down under their precious burden—a produce full of hope.

GRIMM.—It is a fruitful season.

MOOR.—Thou sayest so? One toiling soul will then be rewarded in this world. One?—but in the night a hail-storm may fall and destroy it all.

SCHWARZ.—Very possibly,—it may be ruined even a few hours before being gathered.

MOOR.—I say so, too. It will all be lost. Why should man succeed in what he learns from the ant, and fail in that which assimilates him to the gods? or is this the boundary of his destination?

SCHWARZ.—I know not.

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* Schiller was rather proud of this scene. In a letter to Körner, vol. i. p. 16, he writes:—"No sooner did I receive your letter, than I felt that we were friends. That first voluntary action spoke for you, let Karl Moor on the Donau speak for me."

MOOR.—Thou hast well said, and wilt do better, if thou never seek'st to know. Brother, I have studied man with his insect cares and his great projects, his godlike purposes and his mouselike employments—his strange race after happiness—this brilliant lottery of life, on which so many risk their innocence and—their heaven—in the hope to gain a prize—and—the result is only a blank—for there was no prize to gain. It is a spectacle, brother, to move us to tears—and yet to laughter too.

SCHWARZ.—How beautifully the sun goes down yonder.

MOOR (*absorbed in the sight*).—So dies a hero—inspiring worship.

GRIMM.—Thou art deeply moved.

MOOR.—When I was yet a boy, it was my favourite thought to live like him, and like him to die (*with suppressed grief*). It was a boy's thought.

GRIMM.—Assuredly it was.

MOOR (*pressing his hat over his eyes*).—There was a time ——. Leave me alone, comrades.

SCHWARZ.—Moor! Moor! what the deuce !—— How he changes colour.

GRIMM.—Why, what is the matter? Is he ill?

MOOR.—There was a time, when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening prayer.

GRIMM.—Art thou mad—to let thy boyish years thus sadden thee?

MOOR (*lays his head on* GRIMM'S *breast*).—Brother! brother!

GRIMM.—Come, do not be such a child, I beg of thee.

MOOR.—Oh! that I were so once more.

GRIMM.—Pooh! pooh!

SCHWARZ.—Cheer up; look at this picturesque landscape—this lovely evening.

MOOR.—Yes, my friends, this world is lovely.

SCHWARZ.—Come, that was well said.

MOOR.—This earth so glorious.

GRIMM.—Right, right; I like to listen to thee now.

MOOR (*sinking back*).—And I so hateful in this fair world—and I a monster on this splendid earth!

GRIMM.—Alas! alas!

MOOR.—My innocence—my innocence! See! all are gone forth to sun themselves in the glad rays of spring! Why must I alone imbibe the pains of hell from the joys of heaven? All so happy, so united by the spirit of peace. The whole world *one* family, and a Father above all!—not *my* Father—I alone am an outcast—I alone am banished from the ranks of the pure—For me no sweet name of child—for me no fond glance of love—for me no embrace of a beloved friend! (*Starting back wildly.*) Encircled by murderers, by hissing serpents—fettered to vice by iron bands—sinking into the grave of destruction—leaning on the feeble reed of vice, amidst the flowers of a happy world—a howling Abaddon!

CHAP. V.

THE "ANTHOLOGY" AND THE "WÜRTEMBERG REPERTORIUM."

Stäudlin's "Swabian Anthology." — Schiller's "Anthology" in 1782. — His Self-criticism.—Schubart's Ode to Schiller.—Essays in the "Würtemberg Repertorium."

In the year 1781, a countryman of Schiller's, Gotthold Friedrich Stäudlin, assembled the Swabian poets under his standard, and published a "Swabian Nosegay of Flowers. Sickingen, Publisher, Cotta." It modestly bore, as a frontispiece, the sun rising over Swabia! Schiller's contributions were also requested, and he sent the editor several odes and poems, to dispose of as he thought best. The latter, either through stupidity or jealousy, selected, it would appear, only one poem, the "Homage to Laura," and this was considerably mutilated. Schiller had a proud consciousness of his own powers. "The first drama produced by the Würtemberg soil," he says in his self-criticism of "The Robbers." He felt that the Swabian Muse was not worthily represented by a poet like Stäudlin, who was devoted to the cloying insipidity of the French style. The arrogant censure which Stäudlin had launched on Schiller, may also have irritated him. Be that as it may, he wrote a fair acknowledgment of the merits of the magazine, but accompanied by sharp criticisms; he more especially ridiculed the vignette of the rising sun, and Stäudlin's attempt to cultivate flowers in the northern climate of Swabia. It was a patriotic and æsthetic requisition, to root out these weeds as quickly as possible.

He resolved to "crush" Stäudlin's work. He mustered his

forces, and in order to impose on his rival by an array of numbers, he came to the rescue in person at every weak point, but always under a new cypher. But as all points were unfortunately equally weak, (for his colleagues were far beneath him in talent,) he here fought a battle similar to that in "The Robbers," in which eighty bandits fight against six hundred. Scharffenstein, Petersen, Haug, and Hoven, probably also Graf Zuccato, and a certain Ferdinand Pfeiffer, were the academical comrades who followed the beat of his drum. "Schiller's standard," says Scharffenstein, "displayed such gloom and energy, that gentle, sentimental, and poetical recruits were rather alarmed than attracted by it." Gloomy enough, in truth! The new "Anthology" was dedicated "to Death! most potent czar of all flesh, destroyer of kingdoms, unfathomable, and ever craving for all nature, with a respectful shudder," &c. A proper homage follows this introductory address:—"In thy case also, the proverb holds good, 'stolen fruits are the sweetest.' I devote this dedication to thee, the more gladly, from the hope that thou wilt lay it aside for many long years. But jesting apart! I think we two are better acquainted than from mere hearsay. Incorporated in the order of Esculapius, first-born of the box of Pandora, ancient as the fall of man, I have stood before thine altar as the son of Hamilcar did before the Seven Hills, and sworn immortal hostility to thine inimical nature."

What did the professors of the college, and the Duke, think of this Goliath strain of humour?

The "Anthology for 1782" appeared as "printed at Tobolsko," with a neatly engraved head of Apollo for a vignette.*

The preface which follows the dedication is also dated, Tobolsko, February 2nd. "Tum primum radiis, gelidi inca-

* W. v. Maltzahn and Boas, not satisfied with reading Schiller with their own eyes, by the aid of a magnifier discovered the name of the engraver, E. Verhelzt, in one of the laurel-leaves of the Apollo.

luere." Flowers in Siberia? Some fraud must surely be hidden here, or else the sun must shine at midnight. The jest, however, soon becomes plain earnest:—"If every poet who contrives to filter out his paid for sorrow in funereal Alexandrines, consider this a proof of his vocation for Helicon," &c.

The Tobolsko where this was concocted was that room on the ground-floor in which "Mammon refused to dwell." While Stäudlin received a louis-d'or a sheet, the author of "The Robbers" could not even find a publisher. As the "Anthology" was again undertaken at their own risk and cost, a fresh sum was added to the debt already incurred for "The Robbers," and an addition to the moral liabilities of the author, amounting to almost the entire index given in the "Anthology," which contained all the impassioned effusions of his youthful soul. It was a collection of the innocent lyrics which he had composed in the Academy, and the reckless, scandalous, and desperate strains written since that period. Bürger, who had dared more than any one, was surpassed.

Schiller inserted the "Funereal Elegy" on the death of a youthful friend, which was "to acquire for him a name like that of Erostratus," and also much more vigorous poems,—"Evil Monarchs" branding the influence of a mistress in a kingdom, thus directly attacking the Duke's connection with Franziska; and "Rousseau," a determined glorification of the martyrs in the cause of freedom, and a violent anathema on their oppressors. He also included the "Poems to Laura," which shocked all narrow-minded people, probably because they could not comprehend them. He introduced a "Monument to 'The Robbers,'" likewise, the pedestal of which indeed was blame; but scattered over with the wreaths of flowers which were to be allotted to him by the admiration and sympathy of future generations. The patriotic war-song, "Eberhard der Greiner," was among the collection; but though it was calculated to give offence to younger princes,

perhaps it might not be written by Schiller. It was by no means in his peculiar style; no doubt it was written by the author of the "Peasant's Serenade," or the poem, "In a Battle;" and yet all these were by Schiller, and also those under the various cyphers of "Y.," "W.," "D.," "O.," "P.," "A.," "R. v. R.," and probably others, jesting, lamenting, breathing passionate and revolutionary strains, or sublime criticism.

The form in which the "Anthology" now appears, in the collection of Schiller's poetry of the first period, resembles almost the dried up summer bed of a mountain stream, which in spring flows impetuously along, rushing and roaring. This latter is the faithful image of the "Siberian Anthology." It includes the poem "Rousseau," abridged to two strophes in this edition, fourteen in the original. "Evil Monarchs" is altogether omitted, and also, "Monument to 'The Robbers,' by its Author." The "Hymn to Eternity," the "Revenge of the Muses" (a cutting stroke at Stäudlin), and many other wild and clever productions, are undoubtedly from the pen of Schiller.

What charm and melody of rhythmus in this song to flowers:—

"Flowers of the day-dawn,—are ye weeping
For absent love that's dead or sleeping?

"Behold! the reddening hemisphere
Invests you with a dome of light!
And Laura,—dearest of the dear,—
Entwines you in a garland bright;
And sends you, glistening with tears,
To tell the tale she may not write:
Emblems of sweetest hopes and fears.

"The touch her fairy fingers bore
Is quickened by Diônè's breath:
Flowers of the meadow,—weep no more:
Rejoice!—for ye are wean'd from death!"

The epigrammatic talent of Schiller is also richly displayed. He exercises it chiefly on the immorality of the period, on the medical profession, and on literary antipathies. Here is an epigram on Klopstock and Wieland, whose silhouettes were hanging together:—

> "Most surely, when I cross Oblivion's stream,
> That right-hand image must be dear to me;
> For my young spirit quicken'd in his beam.
> Thou image on the left hand,—as for thee,—
> Let me embrace thee, as a brother can;—
> Let all men love thee;—for thy scheme was man."

There is an epigram on Spinoza in the collection; it may be by Schiller, without deducing from it that he had studied Spinoza; indeed, according to his own assurance to Körner, he had occupied himself very little with severe metaphysical science. If we seek the specifically great poet of melodious song, Schiller certainly appears in a less brilliant light than Goethe in his juvenile poems. We can scarcely bestow on his verse the praise which Vischer pronounced to be the highest that could be awarded to lyric poetry,—that it should have "fragrance;" but we must not attempt to judge Schiller by such a standard, we must rather consider the wonderful mass of thought, everywhere bursting through forms, a fault approximating to a virtue in the dramatist, and an exuberance, the doubtful value of which for lyrical poetry the poet well knew.*

But why should I not rather let Schiller himself speak, who again records the existence of his new book in the registers of literature? His notice appeared in the "Würtemberg Re-

* A new edition of the "Anthology" appeared in 1798, under the title of "Anthology of the Year 1782. Edited by Friedrich Schiller. Stuttgart. Published by Johann Benedikt Metzler." Ed. Bülow brought out another edition of the "Anthology," with a treatise on the Demoniacal and a supplement. Heidelberg, 1850. Bangel and Schmidt.

pertorium." He ridicules the title, and censures the motive: "The editor may detest Stäudlin, or Städele, as the people call him, and give him a sly thrust whenever he has an opportunity; but whether he be right or wrong, we are quite tired of this stupid, silly strife. The poems themselves are not all in the usual style; eight addressed to Laura are very remarkable, and written with brilliant imagination and deep feeling: they distinguish themselves favourably from the rest; but they are all in an exaggerated style, and evince an unbridled imagination. Here and there, too, we observe a suspicious passage, veiled by platonic bombast."

The poems are then characterised in groups. "The Triumph of Love" is declared to be probably written from perusing Bürger's "Homage to Venus." Most of the epigrams are pronounced merely materials to fill up the book: "What care the anthologists, if they plant a few daisies and nettles among the carnations and narcissuses?" He adds: "It would be fortunate if our young poets would learn that exaggeration is not vigour, and that violation of good taste and propriety constitutes neither boldness nor originality; they should go to school once more to the Greeks and Romans, and again study the modest Kleist, Uz, and Gellert; they should—— (but now he is tired of this sarcastic tone); but what should they not do? Our fashionable writers know only too well what to serve up to suit the prevailing taste, and to win approval." And finally, as a farewell, he gives a parting hit at the public. "This anthology, however, seems totally to have failed, if its intention were to please generally; for the tone which pervades it is too original, too deep, and too manly, to satisfy the loquacious babblers of the present day."

This strange criticism, in which arrogance, pride, and modesty singularly contend, was not the only one that appeared. The lyrical "Robbers" were not, however, so successful

as the dramatic ones. The Berlin "Literary and Theatrical Paper," Februrary 16th, 1782, announced its approaching publication, but said no more.

Stäudlin was not so easily "crushed;" he rose again vigorously to the surface after his plunge-bath, with a collection of poems, one of which, "The Genius," gave a spiteful caricature of Schiller. The "Würtemberg Repertorium" made a sharp rejoinder. It is signed "C. Z.," but quite in Schiller's manner. He then was silent, and left his revenge to fate, which accomplished it only too fully. Stäudlin lived to see the great fame of his rival, and became one of his most devoted admirers, and declining into melancholy, at last put an end to his life.

But if these Siberian flowers did not please the world, their fragrance breathed the charm of spring within the gloomy walls of a prison; for the captive Schubart they had life, speech, soul, and thought, and he addressed a beautiful ode to Schiller, which commenced thus:—

"Thanks, Schiller, for that lofty peal!—
The genius of this mountain land,—
A giant, with a soul to feel,
Stands listening, till his club of steel
Drops from his misty hand.
My spirit in its dark abyss,
Thrill'd to the sounding string,—
And drank,—as blinded by his bliss,
The pilgrim in the wilderness
Drinks at the icy spring.

"The shadow of each iron bar
Was lost upon my dungeon floor;
The pang of each corroding scar,
Fetter and chain, were felt no more;
For through strong tower, and dungeon wall,
Like to a mighty waterfall,
Thy song came surging o'er and o'er,—
Enthron'd me on its molten Pyre,
And on its rushing waves of fire
Aloft my spirit bore."

Could Schiller have brighter compensation for the attacks of less cultivated minds? The poor prisoner often wept over his sorrows in Schiller's presence. Such tears must have undoubtedly washed away many a fair feature of Karl Eugen's paternal image, as it had formerly dwelt within Schiller's breast, and when the poet compared Schubart's dungeon with the Grecian climate of Mannheim!—He tried to suppress such sad thoughts, but in his hospital, and on parade, they would obtrude themselves. He was incessantly occupied with the theatre. An ideal hovered before him which seemed only attainable when public, poet, and actors should all be equally imbued with a sense of the dignity of the stage. He inquired into its present imperfect condition, and found that the spirit of the age tended towards the drama, and that the drama, through its powerful operation, might purify this spirit, if, the public would only refuse to be satisfied by finding in the theatre mere amusement, and that charm of the senses to which the attractions of the actresses contributed their share; if, in the laudable wish to represent nature, poets could be prevailed on not so far to outstep the bounds of moderation; and if, it were inculcated on actors, not to be so negligent in rendering the words of the poet!

This inquiry appeared as an article "On the present State of German Theatres," in the "Würtemberg Repertorium." They are the same views which were more plainly developed in the first suppressed preface of "The Robbers;" but one lesson he had learned in Mannheim,—that exclusive blame was not to be attached to the public, or to the actors, but that the poet had also his full share.

"To make a faithful transcript of Nature, two things are requisite,—a noble audacity to seize her essence, and to attain her vigour; but chastened by diffidence, in softening the coarse strokes which are admissible in large frescoes, but not in miniature portraits."

The treatise is full of golden maxims, and what is most striking, is the earnest gravity the writer assumes when discussing the drama; yet the same author plays all sorts of mad pranks with his lyrics. A more hopeful tone now inspires him. "A noble unsophisticated spirit breathes fresh vital warmth into dramatic art. In the rude crowd, at least one chord of humanity still faintly vibrates." The article is signed "U." Omitting the strongest passages, as only provocations of princely wrath, which they indeed actually were, it was printed in Cotta's edition. A second work of Schiller's in the "Würtemberg Repertorium," "A Walk under the Lime-trees," is in some degree a *pendant* to the philosophical friends, Julius and Raphael. Simplicity and a disposition to faith and innocent pleasure, are represented in Edwin; the man of sentiment in Wolkmar, who is in fact a modern Hamlet in the churchyard. He says of the world, like Karl Moor, "It is a deceitful lottery; the few miserable prizes are swallowed up by innumerable blanks." This dialogue was signed "K.," and "perhaps to be continued" added.

Besides these two themes, corrected and amended, the "Repertorium" had five pieces signed "G. Z.," the same signature as the criticism on Schiller. Among others, there was a very mild, indeed, in some respects laudatory notice, of a miserable collection of poems, by Gustave Schwab's father, who had formerly been one of Schiller's preceptors. This circumstance gave rise to the following unjust accusations, in the Swabian "Biography of Schiller." "Schiller made use of his 'Repertorium,' as well as of his 'Anthology,' not only to extol his own merits, but as a safety valve for his literary enmities; and this he did in the most uncrupulous way. For example, he did not hesitate to detract from the literary acquirements of one of his teachers, in the most spiteful and unkind manner; probably some reproof of his still rankling in his mind." Such an act of baseness was far removed from Schiller's nature, and certainly the criticism does not justify this attack.

Schiller wrote for the second part, the tale now adopted by Cotta in his edition, "A noble action of modern times." It occurred to the brothers of Frau von Lengefeld, and her relations, the Wolzogens, probably communicated it to the poet. It is a regular novel in all respects. He was at home in every sphere. Architectural plans for monuments to great men had been furnished by Atzel, and Schiller wrote the Latin inscriptions. The following is the one on Luther:—"*Martinvs Luthervs, in Terra Notvs, et Cœlo et Inferno.*" A dialogue also of Scharffenstein's, entitled "The Youth and the Old Man," was rewritten for the second part of the "Repertorium." The youth Selim commences a restless struggle, notwithstanding the sorrow it causes,—"I weep that I am only a man, I glory in the thought that I might be a divinity;" thus perfecting Wolkmar's idea, who also weeps that he is a man, and sinks into dejection at the thought, while Selim assumes the Ideal as a polar star, to lead him on to enjoyment and to action. "The hope of enjoyment is the seasoning of pleasure; pleasure itself is death." The representatives of this calm and unruffled disposition, first in the shape of a youth, and then of a grey-haired man, are both rather roughly handled. Schiller, however, sympathised at heart with both these sentimental natures.

CHAP. VI.

PRINCE AND POET.

New Dramatic Subject. — Elevation of the Military Academy to the rank of a University under the name of the Karl-Schule. — The Duke's Opinion of Schiller's Poetry. — Schiller's Elegy on Rieger's Death. — The Graubünden Affair. — The Duke prohibits Schiller publishing any more literary Works. — Schiller's second secret Journey to Mannheim. — Conversation with Dalberg. — Schiller's Journey comes to the knowledge of the Duke. — Arrest. — Schiller's desperate Condition.

SCHILLER'S "Journalism" was for the present at an end, and after his energetic impulse was withdrawn, the "Journal" soon dropped. The third part appeared in 1783, but it was the last.

We must now follow the restless poet into another sphere. His vocation was at last quite clear to him. He had the most convincing proofs of this vocation, in the applause of the stage public, and in the judgment of connoisseurs. He was born a dramatist. Every hour that he snatched from art, seemed to him a robbery from his better self. He became dissatisfied, but continued energetic. He was more calm, more laborious, more in earnest, — his mind was brooding over new dramatic subjects.

Conradin of Swabia, and the conspiracy of Fiesko, were both long dwelt on by his searching eyes. The Genoese subject very decidedly emerges in his second dissertation. "Doria greatly erred in thinking that he had no cause to dread the voluptuous Fiesko," — and what higher recommendation could the subject possess, than Rousseau having pronounced Fiesko to be one of the most remarkable characters in history?

Schiller could here remain true to his theory of great criminals, of isolated beings, which he brings forward in the criticism of "The Robbers." The wily conspirator offered more interesting complications than the innocent Konradin, especially as Fiesko conceals crime under the mask of levity. Schiller made his decision, meditated deeply on his subject, studying customs, scenery, and the period, assiduously using the library, reading and taking notes. The subject imperceptibly led him to history. He made use of the "Conjuration du Comte Louis de Fiesque," by Paul de Gondi, afterwards Cardinal Retz, and the third volume of Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth." Streicher, his daily, indispensable associate, was surprised to see how short and dry the first outline of the plot was. The contents of the scenes and acts were strictly punctuated, like the book of a stage-manager. According to his humour, he worked at single scenes or monologues, and read them aloud, enjoying the great delight of seeing his poetry reflected in the soul of a most attentive hearer, his young friend Streicher, who, on such occasions, listened with a degree of sympathy and sensibility, closely bordering on fanaticism.

The poet again expected that this drama would be the fruit of a single summer, but obstacles intervened, reminding him at this time, in the most disagreeable manner, of his medical studies. The Emperor Joseph, in December, 1781, elevated the Military Academy to the rank of a University, for three faculties. It was henceforth to be called "Die hohe Karlsschule." Schiller was never enrolled among these students. An imperial diploma signified that those who had not matriculated "could become Bachelors of Arts, Licentiates, Masters of Arts, or Doctors, in this University, according to the usages of similar institutions." This distinction bestowed on the Academy was in so far an advantage to its earlier pupils, that they were no longer obliged to go to Tübingen to take their degrees. This was very agreeable to Hoven, but

less so to Schiller, who had already the right to practise. The advancement to the dignity of Doctor, and the dissertation connected with it, which he was in honour bound to deliver as soon as possible, were mere superfluous forms for him, only serving as an interruption of his dramatic labours.* At this very time a syren voice from Mannheim was enticing him thither. Dalberg had inspired him with a wish to work, and had promised to find him a German subject for a national drama, and recommended him to make a stage version of Götz. Schiller writes to him, on the 1st of April, the annoying reasons why he cannot finish "Fiesko" before the end of the year, declining (wisely enough) to interfere with Götz, unless Goethe gave his consent, and reminding Dalberg of the German subject he had promised. Schiller did not graduate*, though it seems he really did begin to write the dissertation. It was one of the many clouds that obscured his horizon and oppressed his nature; while his passion for the drama excited his mind and strained his nerves, the reality of his profession stared him in the face, producing that kind of mood in which the powers of darkness delight,—and they came called and uncalled, and made the creator of heroes, himself the hero of one of the most affecting dramas that ever was acted in the life of a poet. The two principal characters being Schiller and Karl Eugen.

The Duke had watched in silence the suspicious course of his pupil. He had pleased him, by his admirable passages on Virtue, and this approbation extended to his style of writing, and even to his dashes and breaks in composition. Schiller might observe, that in the various small notes, called forth by his connection with the Duke, his style, and the dashes after sentences, were adopted by his princely benefactor. Karl

* In the annual report of the Karl-Schule for 1782, there is no allusion to any dissertation of Schiller's "*pro gradu doctoris.*"

Eugen was too acute not to perceive, that when the youthful ardour of his fire was moderated, Schiller would become "a notability." It would have given him pleasure to see a pupil from his academy so successful, if he had been simply a poet, and not also a physician;—but the Duke paid the medical man, not the poet. The Duke has been pronounced unfeeling, simply because he had not attained the height of our day;—that he did not recognise genius. To me, it seems incredible that, on the contrary, Karl Eugen did not after the publication of "The Robbers" instantly prohibit his *élève* from writing at all, as various passages might easily have been interpreted into an attack on the irregularities of the Prince's past life. Then "The Evil Monarchs!" "The Car of Venus!" Could he have expected such sallies from one who had so recently called him the founder of his happiness? and the way in which Schiller took every possible opportunity of speaking of the medical profession, and of his own position, did not this look as if he despised the benefits of the Duke, which he had at first accepted with gratitude, thus turning them into ridicule in the sight of all men? and what reports may have been brought to the Duke of his pupil's dissipated life, his horse medicines, and his love of jovial society? Whether, too, did that first expedition to Mannheim, when Schiller supped with the actors, remain a secret? Nevertheless Karl Eugen did not give up his *protégé*. He hoped to guide his talent on the prescribed path. He sent for him, and warned him in a parental manner to avoid those offences against good taste so frequent in his productions. Schiller was not unmoved. The Duke commanded him to lay aside for the future all his poetical compositions. This was an impossibility to the poet. He declined doing so. His subordinate position did not permit him to justify this refusal by any discussion; indeed it would have been utterly fruitless, notwithstanding the acute and refined intelligence of Karl Eugen for all that

lay within his sphere, but the thorough comprehension of Schiller's poetry lay far beyond that sphere. It flowed from the individual convictions of the poet and of the nation; but a Sovereign, however eagerly he cultivated this feeling both theoretically and systematically in education, yet could not either understand or sanction it practically. Still, even after this refusal, he issued no interdict against the poet. Schiller was at length driven, as if by an inward impulse, to prove the sovereignty of the poet.

On the 15th of May, 1782, Rieger died quite suddenly. Schubart was requested by the officers of his battalion to write his funeral elegy. It was a very moderate production. Schiller, too, composed one in honour of his memory, of which a few copies were circulated in Stuttgart. Rieger was his godfather, and had shown him nothing but kindness: that the poet should write his elegy was natural enough, but how did he write it? Hitherto he had never made any personal allusions to Karl. "The Evil Monarchs" might be interpreted as being the very reverse of Karl Eugen. Here there was a positive reference to a man whom the Duke had cruelly, and without a trial, cast into a dungeon. He says:—

> "Upon thy vision dawns the King of kings,—
> Vision more solemn than that Prince's smile,
> The guerdon of a blinded multitude."

And in another place:

> "Basely to crouch before the gods of earth;—
> To offer up a nation's curse upon
> The altar of a King,—was never thine."

And again:

> "Yonder,—where Rieger in his Paradise,
> Forgets in ecstacy the rack of life."

Karl Eugen had inflicted this rack, and it was not agreeable to be reminded of the fact. Rieger was certainly no servile

character, at the same time he was far from deserving such public homage. The curses of the people he had richly deserved, and obtained. How detestable must the Bard of Liberty have appeared in the sight of the Prince's court, thus casting a halo round Rieger, for having despised the favour of his sovereign! To recompense him for this contempt, the poet awarded him a poetic wreath, connecting the maledictions of the Duke's subjects so closely with royal favour, that the two conceptions seemed inseparable.

Compared with this, the unhappy Schubart had been quite moderate. Some voices were certainly uplifted, hinting that Schiller deserved to be sent to prison far more than the unfortunate Schubart. The poem excited the displeasure of the Duke, and this feeling was encouraged by those around him, who justly participated in his feelings of indignation.

To denounce the author of "The Robbers" was considered a sure proof of devotion to the existing order of things, and to the person of the Prince. The pretext for such denunciations proceeded directly from "The Robbers." Schiller had placed these words in the mouth of Spiegelberg. "Grütz is resolved to be a rascal, there must be a national genius for that,—a certain rascally climate, so to speak,—and therefore I advise you to go to the country of the Grisons, the Athens of modern rogues." A young schoolmaster, of the name of Wredow, who had lived for some years in the Grisons, got hold of this passage. He was a German by birth, but his attachment to the Grisons was of that cosmopolitan kind, which frequently causes common minds to commit the greatest follies at the expense of their own country.

Wredow was guilty of precisely such a folly with regard to Schiller. In the Hamburg "Address-comptoir" paper, on the 13th of December, 1781, he defended the Grisons against the formidable accusation, in a long, high-flown article, suggesting that a small district must be meant, dependent on

the Grisons, and to which Spiegelberg's allusion was sufficiently applicable. This small place was Veltlin, inhabited by Italians. In the passage quoted from "The Robbers," Razmann answers Spiegelberg, "Brother, I have always heard Italy so highly praised," which proves that Schiller cast this reflection on the Grisons, only in so far as its Italian subjects were concerned.

It is not known whether Wredow's article made its way to Würtemberg, but in the Electorate it came to the knowledge of Dr. Amstein, also a German, and a fanatic for the Grisons. He wrote a bitter denunciation of the poet, and inserted it in "The Collector," the public organ of the Grisons, which he edited. The title was, "A Justification of the Grisons from the Accusations of a foreign Play-writer." It appeared the end of April, 1782. Amstein always looked out for profit. He attributed enormous importance to this trifle, represented Schiller as the blackest slanderer of a whole state, and demanded from him a public recantation; praised Wredow as an honourable advocate, printed his article along with his own, and moreover wrote direct to Schiller himself, that the latter might not affect to be ignorant of an apology being demanded. Schiller received the letter, but did not consider himself called on to answer it. "The Collector" being the only official organ of a neighbouring state, could not fail to be circulated in Stuttgart, as it treated of husbandry, and the agricultural society of the Grisons including several members from Würtemberg, there can be no possible doubt, that so early as the beginning of May, the complaint against the author of "The Robbers," whom so many were vigilantly watching, was known in Stuttgart, and quickly communicated to the Duke.

The ducal inspector of gardens, Walter, in Ludwigsburg, a vain, ambitious, shameless fellow, probably on that very account inimical to the Schiller family, was a correspondent

of the Grisons' Agricultural Society. He afterwards boasted, that as soon as he read the article in "The Collector," he contrived that his Sovereign should see it. It is possible that even this pretension may be unfounded. At all events, the Duke perused the article, and was roused to great indignation. The republic was at all times a bad neighbour, and the most odious things were printed in the Electorate about Würtemberg, and now one of the pupils of the very academy to which he had devoted so much care and anxiety, had disturbed this hornets' nest! At that very time the author of "The Robbers" had undoubtedly given great offence in Stuttgart by his poem on Rieger, and not content with this, he had justified another State in making a public accusation against him, and all through that useless, unpractical poetry. It was not to be endured. An injunction was instantly despatched to Schiller, calling on him to justify himself, and a command to print no more of his writings unless on medical subjects, and carefully to avoid in future all collision with neighbouring countries.

Schiller answered that he did not consider the offensive speech as an assertion or a fact, but as the worthless and casual expression of a bandit, and indeed the worst of them all. Moreover, he had only in this followed a tradition that he had heard in his earliest childhood.*

Though the severe reproofs and displeasure of his Prince, which he had so innocently incurred, were in the highest

* Petersen, in his unpublished "Memoirs," states, that the Duke sent for Schiller to the castle of Hohenheim, where he displayed the most violent anger, and used the strongest language, saying at the close of the interview, "If you dare to write any more plays, you shall be broke." Schiller went straight from this interview to "The Ox," and with apparent composure and cheerfulness, took part in a game at bowls. As Streicher alone relates the whole affair as it occurred, I have preferred his less minute detail. However severe the reproaches of the Duke may have been, it is degrading to Schiller to imagine that his royal master's indignation made a deeper impression on him than the prohibition itself, which clearly portended future discord with the Duke.—*Boas' Youthful Years*, vol. ii. p. 276.

degree painful to Schiller, yet the command was infinitely more so. By the prohibition to have any intercourse with other countries, the very life-sinews of his dramatic plans and efforts were finally severed, besides depriving him of many advantages, which such association could alone procure for him. His regimental pay as a surgeon, after deducting the necessary expenses of equipment, and maintaining a respectable appearance, was really next to nothing; and in the present state of the Stuttgart theatre, a disclosure of the precious treasures of his life, was not to be thought of for a moment. This peremptory order involved nearly an entire renunciation of his poetical gifts,—and all owing to one unfortunate sentence in "The Robbers." It was the most ludicrous cause for such disproportioned severity. Schiller had only one resource,—at once to throw himself into the arms of a foreign country. Lessing had become theatre poet in Hamburg, Klinger in Leipzig, and in Mannheim there was an Italian court poet, who had been often invited by the Duke of Würtemberg to assist at his fêtes. The Würtemberg Court was on the most friendly terms with that of the Bavarian Palatinate. If Dalberg,—and surely such a heart as his could be relied on,—if Dalberg would only intercede for him, and appoint him theatrical poet at Mannheim? The more gloomy his position became in Stuttgart, the brighter, in his eyes, appeared the scene of his success. Here, in Stuttgart, he was reviled, calumniated, and threatened with the fate of Schubart; in Mannheim he was esteemed, received with open arms by intellectual patrons, and, above all, passionately admired by the public.

In the meantime, his play of "The Robbers" was repeated in Mannheim with the same concourse of spectators, and the same enthusiastic applause as the first time. The report of the extraordinary sensation it had made, and the admirable manner in which it had been acted, reached Stuttgart. These

matters were discussed in the intimate society of the poet with the most lively interest, and the most eager desire to attend the performance in Mannheim. Schiller longed to renew the impression of seeing himself mirrored in the souls of those whom he prized most. Frau von Wolzogen and Frau Vischer were so kind and sympathetic, and so thoroughly appreciated his value; would it not be most gratifying to these friends to see their own judgment so brilliantly confirmed, their warm admiration so fully shared? They assailed Schiller with entreaties to accompany them to Mannheim; and it occurred most opportunely, that the Duke was to be absent for a short period. Schiller deliberated whether he could venture to risk the expedition a second time. It was vain to calculate on obtaining leave. Could he not discuss his position better in conversation with Dalberg than in writing? more especially the absurd and vexatious affair with the Grisons, to which so much importance had been attached, and by which his future intercourse with Dalberg, was likely to be embarrassed.

The Duke was actually gone. A speedy decision was necessary. Schiller wrote to Dalberg, that his eager wish to see his play acted a second time in Mannheim, and the absence of the Duke had induced him, with a friend and some ladies, who were as much interested in the subject as himself, to undertake a journey to Mannheim. A hint from Dalberg would, he felt sure, be sufficient, and Schiller did not doubt that the actors would at once assent; he looked forward with deep interest to the performance, and proposed remaining two nights at Mannheim. This was on the 24th of May; on the 25th he wrote also to Wilhelm von Hoven to ask if he would be of the party, in which case he was to be waiting exactly at half-past one o'clock, at the Chaussée-house, between Suffenhausen and Ludwigsburg. He ended by "not a word to any living soul on the matter."

Schiller made a pretext of indisposition to his chief, and the party, consisting of Frau von Wolzogen, Frau Vischer, and the poet, drove off one bright spring day at noon, in a double-seated carriage. The presence of such dear friends, the prospect of enjoyable hours, the beautiful landscape, dotted over with villages and towns on its extensive plain, stretching to the boundary of the blue Vogesen, the hope of interesting Dalberg's sympathy by a private detail of his unhappy position, and thus exciting him to rescue him from such a fate, — all this made Schiller's earth beat high with happy anticipations. When they entered that land where a mild government cherished art and science, where his own talent had found an honourable reception, how quickly vanished every fear, every scruple, every anxiety, as to the consequences of this secret expedition, before the proud feeling of anticipating the fame he was to win from future generations, by witnessing the applause of the living race of men; all circumstances combined in promoting this cheerful mood. Dalberg had complied with his request,—"The Robbers" was given.

His whole soul absorbed in the performance, both he and his companions felt how much his youthful powers had accomplished, even under the pressure of such heavy chains. If these powers were only granted free room to expand! Such thoughts were the more encouraged by his enthusiastic friends, from the profound impression which those deeply moving scenes had left on their minds. The same idea led him to have recourse to Dalberg, who granted him a long, confidential interview. Schiller poured out his whole heart, and prayed for rescue. He read in Dalberg's open countenance, even more than his Mannheim friends had caused him to anticipate. The Freiherr was much affected, and promised to do all that was in his power; he seemed to find more difficulty in the means of getting Schiller safely away from Stutt-

gart than in procuring employment for him at Mannheim. He faithfully assured him that he would not lose sight of his wish, and sealed this promise by shaking hands kindly with the poet, but nothing was finally settled.

Now began the journey home. Pleasure quickly displayed the reverse of the medal; a violent cold which seized the poet, changed his intoxication of delight into sober reality. The nearer they approached Stuttgart, the more dejected he became. He had brought back with him no positive guarantees for the future, only a severe illness and feverish attack. Streicher was waiting to receive him, and Schiller told him of all the hopes Dalberg had held out to him, but his spirits were so depressed, and everything in Stuttgart so hateful in his eyes, that he gloomily added, if the Mannheim plan did not succeed, he would be forced to take some desperate step. He resolved, as soon as he was well enough, to write to Dalberg to induce him to come to some final decision.

To most of our readers it may appear very surprising, that Schiller had not already taken the desperate step he hinted at. According to our ideas of the present day, such an interdict as that of the Duke, was quite sufficient to justify any one in such a measure, even if it had not been addressed to the author of "The Robbers." It is far more necessary to explain why he remained so long, than why he afterwards fled,—one reason was his personal reverence for the Duke. The enthusiastic words by which he had devoted his life to his beloved Prince, weighed with him far more than the consideration that this Prince was his absolute master for life and death. Besides, he was withheld from any rash step by the thought of his parents, and their position with regard to the Duke; and lastly, the prospect held out by Dalberg of friendly mediation was the chief cause of prolonging the martyrdom under which the poor captive languished. The lukewarm conduct of Dalberg involved Schiller in more sorrow than all

the harsh measures of the Duke. He wrote to Dalberg on the 4th of June,—"I have fully atoned since my return for the great pleasure I enjoyed in Mannheim, by an attack of epidemic fever, which, to my inexpressible annoyance, has prevented me till to-day writing to thank your Excellency, in the warmest manner, for your kindness and courtesy; and yet I almost repent having made the journey, though they were the happiest days of my life, for the striking and painful contrast of my own home with Mannheim, has so thoroughly disgusted me, that Stuttgart, and all that belongs to Swabia, are to me utterly odious and unendurable. No one can be more unhappy than I am. I am sufficiently sensitive deeply to feel my melancholy situation, and have also enough self-appreciation to think that I deserve a happier fate; nevertheless, I have only prospects." He once more throws himself unreservedly on Dalberg's protection. He is thoroughly persuaded that Dalberg will assist him. He says, "Your Excellency encouraged me to think so, and I shall ever feel the kind pressure of the hand which confirmed your promise. If you approve of the three ideas I enclose, and choose to make use of them in writing to the Duke, I will be answerable for the result. Once more, with a beating heart, I repeat the entreaty, the soul of this letter. If your Excellency could know what is passing in my heart, what feelings are working there, could I paint to you in proper colours, how my spirit struggles against the irksomeness of my position, you would assuredly at once grant me an aid, which one or two letters to the Duke might effectually secure." He sends in the envelope three leading suggestions for such a letter. They were founded on the most intimate knowledge of the Duke's character, but I am convinced they were of a nature highly displeasing to a Dalberg. They were written with all the thoughtlessness of a youth, ignorant of the world and of its requirements. The diplomatic hints which he sent to his future chief were as

follow:—The affair must be placed in such a light before the Duke, that it may appear as if emanating entirely from his own wish. "Therefore," he writes, "your Excellency would certainly gratify him if, in writing about me, you were to mention that you consider me as a creation of his own, cultivated and educated by him in his academy, and that by my poetical vocation his seminary would receive the credit of those productions which good judges already highly prize. This is the *passe-partout* with the Duke." In the second place, his residence in Mannheim was to assume rather the aspect of a lengthened visit, than that of an entire desertion of Swabia; and thirdly, he begged that a continuance of his medical practice in Mannheim should be suggested, that he might not be detained in Stuttgart under the pretext of his welfare. Andreas Streicher says: "The third point more fully proves the truly paternal kindness of the Duke towards the pupil whom he had educated, than all that could be alleged in favour of his goodness; and there is no doubt whatever, that if Dalberg had made the attempt to gain permission for the young poet to reside at Mannheim, his Prince would unhesitatingly, with only a recommendation to take care of Schiller, have granted the request."

Dalberg was in a position to do justice to the great extent of Schiller's talents. He had at once acknowledged his genius in "The Robbers," which had already been most profitable to his theatre. If the Freiherr had been gifted with one thousandth part of Streicher's honest heart, or Streicher with one thousandth part of Dalberg's wealth, in either case Schiller would have been succoured. All that the Freiherr was asked to do, was to write a letter to the Duke. An influential Baron of the kingdom, high in office, and a favourite of the Elector, might easily, considering the amicable relations between the two courts, have hazarded such an application; at all events, it was his bounden duty as a gentleman (to speak

plainly) at least to write forthwith to Schiller, stating that he neither could nor would attempt to succour him. Instead of this, he left Schiller for several weeks in a state of torturing expectation. Yet the poet's courage did not droop, and he was even self-possessed enough to work assiduously at his new creation.

A circumstance then occurred which he had not taken into his calculations. The female friends of the poet had not forgotten having, along with Schiller, seen "The Robbers" given at Mannheim. They could not resist the impulse of depicting to others, though under the seal of the strictest secrecy, the striking effect of the tragedy, and the admirable manner in which it was acted. With still more impressive injunctions as to secrecy, General Augé is told of it, and last of all, with the most minute detail of every circumstance, the Duke himself. He is of course in the highest degree displeased. What audacity on the part of his former favourite, after all that had occurred, to absent himself for several days without permission in a foreign country, thus also neglecting the Lazareth hospital! He sent for the poet, and reprimanded him severely for having again, in spite of his express prohibition, been in communication with a foreign state; he once more enforced his interdict by threats of the most rigorous penalties, and commanded him instantly to repair to the guard-house, to give up his sword, and to consider himself under arrest for fourteen days.

No romance writer could devise a situation, where contending thoughts and feelings struggled more fiercely within the mind of a prisoner. The poet was accustomed to indifferent lodgings, but the guard-room was the horrible type of the fortress, to which his further literary productions must infallibly condemn him. Then his arrest was perfectly just! that was indeed a bitter aggravation. By this transgression of all rules, the Duke's bad opinion of him was fully justified, and

his anger excited at the very time when Schiller had hoped, through Dalberg's intercession, to prevail on his Prince to be more lenient towards him. A guiltless prisoner, seized in a defeated attempt at flight, and loaded with chains, such was the image which passed before his imagination in his extremity; but he was now lost. The desperate step, a hint of which he had conveyed to Streicher by a few mysterious allusions, must at last be dared.

To renounce his poetry!—every fibre of his frame vibrated with indignation—rather give up his life! nothing then remained but flight. The thought was a bold one, but so much the better.

We can understand, in a general point of view, why Luther refused to recant, why Huss during a martyrdom, the very recital of which makes the blood run cold, should sing praises to God; we can comprehend why Juliet is determined not to marry Paris, because she loves Romeo, but it is not so easy to see why a poet should so obstinately cling to his muse. One biographer indeed, says, "He might have sacrificed his poetry, but were not the most sacred rights of his manhood bound up with this hallowed gift?"

Oh, degraded Ideal! No; Schiller never could have consented to be severed from his idol, for it was his passion, and "the passion for poetry, is strong and ardent as first love." Schiller possessed a solid, sound, and noble ambition, and a vehement wish for renown. He did not choose to remain miserable, he was resolved to enjoy happiness, in the sense which Streicher, with his artistic soul, well understood when he says, that "Schiller would gladly have submitted to every privation or every punishment, provided he only obtained permission to diffuse the treasures of his intellect through the world, and to link his fame with those who will ever be named, both by contemporaries and posterity, with admiration and reverence." This godlike gift of genius, which had

every power to make him happy, and through which he was to win the laurel wreath of the poet, now became a source of torture and of martyrdom; condemned never to slake his thirst, though ever in sight of the alluring fountain.

Karoline von Wolzogen declares, that during this arrest he sketched the plot of "Cabal and Love," "and thus," she says, "we can account for the glaring colours and striking incidents of this piece." Eduard Boas admits this idea, and attributes those passages applicable to the irregular past life of the Duke (which, from the sketch we have given, any one will easily discover,) to a personal feeling of animosity against him. I place no faith in this charge.

Karoline von Wolzogen also, by the very apology she offers, imputes a fault to the poet, which must have, at all events, influenced him longer than during his arrest, and must indeed have continued even to the date of the piece being performed. To cherish for so long a period the gratification of a momentary personal revenge, must tend to tarnish the reputation of Schiller's dramatic work, and the excellent Frau von Wolzogen could scarcely be aware of the ignoble feelings she thus attributed to Schiller. Were not "The Evil Monarchs," "The Car of Venus," and Bürger's "Elegy," all equally capable of being applied to Karl Eugen? His feelings of revenge must have blinded him strangely, if he could view Franziska's connection with the Duke in the same light as that of Lady Milford, which bears only a slight and superficial resemblance to it.

The events which had occurred in Würtemberg had their parallel in many courts, and Schiller had certainly no intention thus to stigmatise the Sovereign who sent him into arrest, but the whole race of Princes. Yet the previous incidents at the Würtemberg Court, were well adapted to be thus branded. Those who in this manner misinterpret the poet's actions, are not themselves aware how much they

lower the dignity of poetry, by such evil and petty constructions.

So long as every despot persists in thinking that by the word tyrant he is especially designated by the malicious poet, so long as the worthy middle classes persist in believing that Shakspeare in "Coriolanus" intends the "hydra-headed public" as a hit at them, how far shall we be removed from all possibility of a powerful dramatic picture!

I follow here Streicher's account, in saying that the plot of "Cabal and Love" was not sketched until Schiller had left Stuttgart.

The excitement from which the poet suffered during his arrest, was little favourable to his drama, and the feelings which actuated him when the arrest was over, were simply produced by the current of the times. Lady Milford was only a more fortunate Gräfin Orsina, and is by no means the principal person in the piece. Karoline von Wolzogen says, rather indefinitely, "The idea of 'Fiesko' also occurred to him at that time; it had more attractions for him, and was written chiefly in Stuttgart." Streicher also was already familiar with the arrest scenes in "Fiesko," and therefore his testimony with regard to the composition of "Cabal and Love" may be entirely relied on.

Schiller was at length released from arrest. He had expiated his offence against military discipline by close imprisonment;—all beyond this, which still hung over him, he considered unfair and cruel. He could not petition to be allowed to retire from the service, for as a pupil of the Academy, it was obligatory on him to serve in Würtemberg; and the Sovereign whose menacing expressions had often been reported to Schiller, would by such a request have been roused to a state of fury. If Schiller had not experienced such deep and heartfelt attachment to the Duke, it would have been easy for him to insist on the born rights of the meanest subject;

that of making use of the gifts of nature within their proper limits, and to establish, at least intellectually, a solid position with regard to the Duke. But with his equitable and noble mode of thinking, it must have caused him the most acute pain, to appear odiously ungrateful in the eyes of a man, to whom he had so often vowed eternal gratitude. His inward struggles were still more severe. He received another gracious letter from Dalberg, containing fresh assurances of good-will. Once more a ray of hope brightened his path. Schiller wrote on the 15th of July to Dalberg; he returned him Wagner's "Child Murderess," and his translation of "Macbeth," the Freiherr having sent them to him for his opinion. He promised to have "Fiesko" ready by the middle of August, and wrote that "Don Carlos," a subject which had been suggested to him by Dalberg, would probably be his next drama. He mentioned his arrest, and his conversation with the Duke. "If your Excellency believes that my wish to come to Mannheim can possibly be fulfilled, my earnest entreaty to you in that case is, to lose no time in effecting it. My extreme anxiety on this point has a cause which I cannot well entrust to a letter. Only one thing I may say for certain, that if in the course of a few months I have not the happiness of going to Mannheim, all hope of ever living near you will then be at an end for ever. I shall, in that event, be forced to have recourse to a step, which must render it impossible for me to reside in Mannheim."

CHAP. VII.

FLIGHT.

Dalberg's Conduct to Schiller. — Resolution to fly. — Schiller works at "Fiesko." — Festivities at Court. — Schiller's Farewell Visit to Solitude. — Preparations. — Journey.

FOURTEEN days elapsed, and Dalberg did nothing. The poet was at last convinced that where aid had appeared to him most certain, no succour was to be expected. His usually cheerful disposition changed into sadness and gloom, and what formerly excited him the most, now found him cold and indifferent; even the friends of his youth, who could always rely on his most cordial welcome, were, with few exceptions, entirely distasteful to him. His "Fiesko" could proceed but slowly in a mood like this. Such a state of mind could not possibly go on long; it was dangerous to his reason, and in his delicate state of health, even to his life. He thought himself the most unfortunate of men. Something must be done, while a spark of energy still remained under the pressure of this consuming sorrow. He must rend asunder this web of duties and prohibitions which stifled him; but how? In what way? He meditated on a place of refuge; at last he resolved to confide his embarrassment, and the impossibility of remaining longer in Stuttgart, to Frau von Wolzogen, of Bauerbach. This noble-minded friend gave him the solemn assurance that, in case of need, she would allow him to reside at Bauerbach, and furnish him with all the necessaries of life, so long as he had any persecution to fear on the part of the Duke.

After much consideration a plan was arranged to make a secret journey once more to Mannheim, and to write to the Duke from that city. If the interdict on his writings were not then removed, he was determined never to return to Stuttgart. He expected to have little difficulty in being appointed theatre poet in Mannheim, as so many of his friends confidently assured him, that such a poet would elevate the stage there to the highest degree of renown.

The question now was at what time this secret journey ought to be undertaken: all his actions were observed, and the slightest suspicion might chain him for ever to his prison. He required assistance from some unsuspicious quarter. He resolved not to have recourse to any of his school friends, whether it might be in their power or not to help him; among all the companions who regularly played Manille with him, and for whom he purchased wine with the miserable profits of his writings, not one enjoyed his confidence sufficiently to be entrusted with the preparations of his secret journey. "In this condition," relates Streicher, "there was only one person to whom he could safely open his heart; an intercourse of eighteen months having convinced him, that he might rely on his devotion and self-sacrifice. These feelings in his friend bordered, indeed, on that enthusiasm which is only felt by those, whose mind and disposition deserve to inspire as much cordial love and friendship, as respect and esteem." This friend was Streicher himself. The confidence between him and Schiller knew no bounds, or reserve, and the unhappy condition of the latter formed the inexhaustible subject of their conversation. Schiller's plan to address a letter to the Duke from neutral ground, met with the entire approbation of Streicher. Schiller also acquainted his eldest sister with his project, and instead of hearing violent remonstrances from her, as he had feared, Christophine was of opinion that as the promise of a good and lucrative situation had not been ful-

filled, any step he thought fit to take, with a view to save himself from ruin, was quite expedient and excusable.

A companion to undertake this secret journey along with him, and to assist in the necessary preparations, was already found in Streicher. It had been his intention to travel to Hamburg in the spring of 1783, there to complete his musical studies, under the superintendence of the celebrated Bach. He had some relations who lived in Hamburg, and who had promised to show him all possible kindness. Not wishing, however, to expose his dear friend alone to the sea of torments which awaited him, and knowing well how helpless he was in every way, Streicher contrived to persuade his mother to let him go now to Hamburg. The whole affair was to remain a profound mystery to Schiller's father, that, in case of the worst, he might be able to give his word of honour as an officer, that he had known nothing whatever of his son's design; but what tranquillised the friends on this point was, that the Duke, with truly noble feeling, invariably separated his relation to his pupils, from that with their kindred, and never made the one party suffer for the faults of the other.

After all that was necessary to the fulfilment of the project had been privately arranged between the two friends, with the usual amount of sanguine self-delusion, Schiller's resolution was irrevocably fixed. He felt that he must strain every nerve to finish "Fiesko," for until it was completed, the journey had no object, and his thoughts had been wandering in such a restless maze, that as yet, besides the plot, scarcely one half of the piece was written out. The steadfastness of his purpose reanimated his courage, and restored his usual cheerfulness and equanimity. He now so far mastered his feelings, that casting aside all anxieties and thoughts unconnected with his new drama, he resolved to live entirely for the future, and only to refer to the present when he could not avoid doing so.

"Fiesko" made rapid progress, and how delighted Schiller was to read aloud to his friend a scene composed the previous night. How did his eyes, heated from want of sleep, brighten, when relating the further advances he had made, and the hope that his tragedy would be finished much sooner than he had at first expected. Schiller had a high opinion of this new composition. He declared, "My 'Robbers' may be forgotten —my 'Fiesko' never."

The world without, formed at that time the most tumultuous contrast to the quiet cell of the poet. The Court expected the arrival of royal guests from Russia. Even at the beginning of August, extensive preparations were made in Stuttgart, Hohenheim, Ludwigsburg, and at the Solitude, for the solemn reception of the Grand Duke Paul and his Consort, who was niece to the Duke of Würtemberg. The illustrious travellers were expected about the first week of September. Most of the neighbouring princes, and an immense concourse of strangers, arrived some days previously. Splendid equipages, and the most beautiful and valuable horses, eclipsed all that had hitherto been seen at Stuttgart in elegance and in magnificence. The preparations for a grand *chasse* were truly imperial; it might indeed have furnished a succession of brilliant subjects for the pencil of Rubens or Sneyders. Six thousand stags, the inhabitants of many extensive preserves, were driven into a large wood in the vicinity of the Solitude. A number of peasants, stationed between narrow chains of watch-fires, prevented the deer from breaking through. To increase and vary the amusements, the noble animals were hunted down a steep hill, and forced to plunge into a lake, where from a summer-house they could be shot down at leisure!

While these preparations were going forward, well-meaning friends advised the poet to propitiate the Duke by a poetical eulogy. Under existing circumstances this would have been

a pitiful meanness on his part. He declined it, but as a last resource, he wrote once more to the Duke. The letter is dated the 1st of September. In it he begs permission to communicate some more of his literary compositions to the public: "an inward conviction," he writes, "that my Prince and absolute master, is also my father, inspires me with courage to make an humble representation to your Royal Highness, for the purpose of imploring some mitigation of the command I received, not to write any more dramas or poems, or to hold any intercourse with other countries." He gives two reasons for this, which were most likely to be intelligible to the Duke, and in fact were the true ones,—profit and distinction. Duke Karl Eugen never read this petition. He refused to receive it, and prohibited the poet, on pain of arrest, from presuming to address any letter to him.*

In the meantime the tumult increased with the number of guests. Among the numerous strangers who arrived, none excited so much interest in Schiller as Dalberg—Herr von Dalberg. We may remember the last despairing letter which Schiller had addressed to him. Was it Dalberg's intention to answer him verbally? At this moment, when the Duke was so accessible, did he mean to attempt something in favour of his unlucky protégé? Schiller paid him a visit; Dalberg merely reiterated his promises, and also his scruples, as to the mode in which Schiller was to emancipate himself from the Duke's service; Schiller thought it wiser not to give him the smallest

* After this lesson, how could Schiller really believe that in braving the Duke by his flight, there was any probability of his granting what he would not even allow to be addressed to him in the form of the most humble entreaty? The refusal of the poet to show himself in Würtemberg before his character was established, his declining to take advantage of the Duke's permission to return, the candid and noble independence with which he boasted to his sister of his bold flight, all seem to render this very improbable. He himself subsequently designated his secret journey to Mannheim, and his proposal to return on certain conditions, as mere "machinery."

hint of his project; but still he did not renounce his hopes with regard to Mannheim. His resolve stood fast. He was determined to vanquish all scruples and objections by one irrevocable act.

The present time must be made use of; the Russian guests were arrived; only a very few of the fête days offered sufficient excitement and bustle to admit of a journey being undertaken without attracting observation. Schiller wished once more to see his parents and his sisters. His mother had been privately informed of the most minute details of his plan, and he was anxious both to tranquillise her and to take leave of her.

The wife of the manager, Meyer, of the Mannheim Theatre (who had played Herrmann in "The Robbers") was among the strangers who had come to Stuttgart. She and her husband were natives of Stuttgart, and had already shown deep interest in Schiller. Our poet visited her repeatedly, but said nothing of his intended evasion. He went with her and Streicher, to the Solitude. The path they pursued, led through the smiling country which he had so often traversed in happier days, and in which he now wandered, possibly for the last time. On the way he endeavoured imperceptibly to gather from Madame Meyer, everything connected with those private relations of the theatre, which had any reference to his own hopes. No one better than she could have reduced to their real value all the flattery, kind wishes, and politeness with which Schiller had been overwhelmed during his last visit to Mannheim; but as everything relative to the subject was only casually alluded to, closer questioning being avoided by Schiller, from the fear of his purpose being divined, the conversation left the future in that degree of twilight, in which good wishes for success appear the only bright point.

They now arrived at the Solitude, — the mother and Cristo-

phine were alone. However kindly they were received, it was not possible for Schiller's mother, to master her feelings sufficiently to conceal from Streicher the uneasiness, which often led her to gaze at her son and to attempt to speak, but without being able to utter a single word. Fortunately Schiller's father soon came in, who, by enumerating the festivities which were to take place at the Solitude, so entirely concentrated the attention of all present on himself, that the son could steal away unperceived with his mother, leaving his friend engaged in conversation with his father. In the course of an hour Schiller returned to them, but without his mother. How could she appear again? Although she ought to have considered, and did consider, the step that her son was about to take, as a matter of necessity, in order to secure his future happiness, and possibly to avoid an undeserved imprisonment, still it almost broke her heart to be obliged to part with her much-loved son, probably for ever; and owing to causes so insignificant, that in any other country they would have had no results whatever; and this son, in whom she saw her own image reflected, who seemed to have inherited her gentle disposition and mild spirit, who had hitherto caused her nothing but happiness, adorned with all the qualities she had often so earnestly implored Providence to bestow on him,—now — alas!

How painful this farewell was to both might be judged from the son's troubled aspect and heavy eyes. He affected to ascribe this to an attack of inflammation that he was often subject to, but he could not regain his composure till they had nearly reached Stuttgart, when the lively conversation of his companions by degrees restored him to cheerfulness. Schiller heard at the Solitude, that on the 17th of September there was to be a stag-hunt, a play, and a general illumination. When they returned home, everything connected with their journey was eagerly discussed, as there was no time to lose,

for the festivities would soon come to a conclusion. They had also ascertained on what day Schiller's regiment was *not* to be on guard, so that at the gates he would only meet with soldiers less familiar with his appearance than his old Grenadiers: the journey was at last finally fixed for the 17th of September, at nine o'clock at night.

Schiller passed the last evening on guard with Scharffenstein. With this dear friend Schiller once more recalled all the weal and woe of his college years,—his whole soul was filled with emotions of tenderness. He made presents of various books to Scharffenstein, and gave him a copy of Shakspeare to take care of for him, and, as if conscious that henceforth he would be unable to renew the exclusive friendship, and daily intercourse, they had so long enjoyed, he bequeathed to him, as a friend, one of his most favourite companions, Lempp. When Scharffenstein, in his "Sketches," says, "this legacy of Lempp bore good fruits, and without this capital I should have been poor indeed," we cannot but consider this reproach, regarding the steadiness of Schiller's friendship, as somewhat harsh and unkind. In one respect Streicher surpassed all other youthful friends of our poet, in comprehending the noble sense of Goethe's words:—"If I choose to love thee, why heed my love?"

"The ordinary civilian's dress," relates Streicher, "which Schiller had caused to be made, his linen, the works of Herder, Shakspeare, and some other poets," were by degrees carried off by Streicher, so that little should remain to be done during the latter part of the day. On the last forenoon, according to agreement, everything that Schiller still intended to take with him, was to be ready by ten o'clock. Streicher arrived, punctual to the minute, but he found nothing prepared; for after Schiller returned early from visiting his Lazareth hospital, in looking out his books, Klopstock's "Odes" came into his hands, one of which especially had often charmed him, and so excited

him at this very time, at this last decisive moment, that he actually commenced a corresponding ode. In spite of every urgency and every incitement to haste, Streicher was obliged to listen first to Klopstock's ode, and then to Schiller's antistrophe, the latter of which (and we really believe not entirely from partiality for his friend) Streicher infinitely preferred, both on account of the beauty of the language, and the precision of the imagery. A considerable time elapsed, before the poet could be diverted from his object, and brought back once more to a world of reality, to the present hour and to the fleeting moments. Indeed, repeated questions whether anything essential had been forgotten, were necessary to rouse his attention. It was late in the afternoon before everything was arranged, and at nine o'clock at night Schiller arrived at Streicher's lodgings, with an old pair of pistols under his cloak. One, which had still a hammer, but no flint, was placed in a trunk; the other, with a broken lock, he took with him in the carriage: but we need not say that both were only loaded with pious wishes for the safe arrival of the fugitives, and a happy result.

The stock of money with which our travellers were provided was by no means great; for, after purchasing indispensable clothes and other necessaries, there only remained three and twenty gulden for Schiller, and eight and twenty for Streicher,—a sum quadrupled, however, in their estimation by hope and youthful confidence. If Schiller could have been prevailed on to delay his journey for some weeks, and not to persist in setting off at this time, Streicher would have been in possession of the sum destined to convey him to Hamburg; but the impatience of the oppressed poet to see his fate decided, made him utterly disregard this consideration, especially as he dreaded that if he allowed so good an opportunity to escape for slipping away unperceived, he would have still more difficulty in inducing the Duke to grant his request. The

contents of their slender purse would suffice to take them to Mannheim, and to maintain them there for some days, and what was required for a further stay was to be forwarded to Streicher.

After the carriage was packed with two trunks and a small piano, now came to Streicher's turn the painful struggle which Schiller had experienced a few days previously,—that of taking leave of his pious and excellent mother. He too was an only son, and her maternal anxieties were only alleviated by Schiller's faithful promise of unchangeable fidelity to his friend, and also by the confident assurance he expressed, of their return within fourteen days, when they hoped to be able to give the best report of their fortunate journey. Accompanied by tears and blessings, the friends at last, at ten o'clock at night, got into the carriage and drove off. They had selected the Esslinger gate for their exit, as this was the darkest of all, where one of Schiller's most trusty friends* (we believe Scharffenstein) was lieutenant on guard, so that if there had been any impediment, it might have been immediately removed by the interference of the officer. Fortunately no passports were at that time demanded, from any persons travelling in carriages.

However prepared the friends were for all that might occur, and little as they had in reality to fear, still the call of the sentinel, "Halt! Sergeant of the Guard, turn out!" made a disagreeable impression on their nerves. After the usual questions as to their names and destination, Streicher changing the poet's name into that of Dr. Ritter, and his own into Dr. Wolff, inscribed them in the book, naming Esslingen as their destination. The gates were then thrown open, and the travellers drove on, looking eagerly into the officers' guard-room, in which there was no light, but both windows wide

* Streicher adds, "May he one day read these lines." There is little doubt that Scharffenstein is the friend alluded to.

open. When they had passed through the gates, they believed that they had happily escaped a great danger; and, as if dreading its recurrence, so long as they were driving round the town, to reach the road to Ludwigsburg, they scarcely exchanged a syllable; but when they arrived at the summit of the first hill, their composure and careless gaiety returned, and the conversation became more animated, referring not only to past, but also to impending events. About midnight, towards the left of Ludwigsburg, an extraordinary red glow was visible in the sky, and when the carriage came opposite the Solitude, they could see plainly, on an eminence, the palace, with all its spacious out-buildings, swimming in a blaze of fire, which, at the distance of four miles, had a most surprising effect. The pure, clear atmosphere, showed every object so distinctly, that Schiller could point out to his companion the very spot where his parents lived; and then, as if some sympathetic chord had been touched, he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh, "My mother!"

Between one and two in the morning they reached the first stage, Entzweihingen, where they were to rest their horses. After ordering coffee, Schiller drew forth some sheets of unprinted poems by Schubart, and read aloud some of the most striking to his companion, in spite of not having closed his eyes on the previous night. He thought the most remarkable was "The Grave of a Prince."

Let us for a moment realise the scene: Schiller, at dead of night, in a room of the little inn, the first resting-place of his flight, reading aloud manuscript poems to his unwearied friend, and these poems not even his own. He who does not discover in this circumstance strong proofs of godlike folly, something of the "passion ardent and strong as first love," had better close the book. The guiltless and now emancipated poet, could not be severed from his home under better auspices, than by recalling the poor prisoner in his dungeon

with love and enthusiasm. The melancholy strains of Schubart escorted him on his flight, — the only escort which his Fatherland sent with her greatest son into banishment. The only one? Let us not be unjust. To compensate for the lost favour of his Prince, for the privation of his natural rights, for a mournful exile from his native home, his country bestowed on him the most precious of all earthly treasures,— a friend, from the race of her noblest sons, from the lineage of the people; and the entire, devoted, and faithful heart of that friend.

BOOK IV.

IN THE VORTEX OF THE WORLD, AND IN RETIREMENT.

SEPT. 1782 TO JULY, 1783.

CHAPTER I.

DR. RITTER IN MANNHEIM.

Arrival in Mannheim. — Schiller writes to the Duke and to the Intendant von Seeger.—Von Seeger's Answer.—The reading of "Fiesko" at Meyer's. — Fear of Persecution.

THE travellers arrived without any obstacles, at eight o'clock in the morning, at the boundaries of the Palatinate, which they crossed with as much delight as if all sorrow were left behind, and an Eldorado lay before them. Streicher has faithfully depicted these hours. He relates, "the sensation of being released from severe restraint, coupled with the secret vow never more to submit to such oppression, restored the hitherto rather depressed spirits of Schiller once more to cheerfulness. The charming landscape, the busy toils of the rustic peasantry, all contributed to enliven him." "Look," said he to his friend, "even the barriers have a friendly aspect with their blue and white stripes; just as friendly is the spirit of the government!" An eager discussion, to which these remarks gave rise, made the time pass so rapidly, that at ten o'clock it seemed scarcely possible that they had actually reached Bretten. There they alighted at the post-master's, Pallavicini, ordered something to eat, and sent back the carriage and horses which had brought them from Stuttgart. In the afternoon they set off again with post-horses, and went on by Waghäusel to Schwetzingen, where they arrived about nine o'clock at night. As Mannheim was at that time a fortress, the gates were closed before dark, so the two friends were obliged to pass the night at Schwetz-

ingen — a very desirable rest, after so many sleepless nights and troubled days.

On the 19th of September, the travellers were occupied at an early hour in preparing for their entrance into Mannheim. The best contents of the trunks were brought forth, in order to secure, by an appearance of respectability, that deference too often denied to those who are either needy, or shabbily dressed.

Schiller's hope soon to see his slender purse replenished, cannot be considered self-delusion, for how could he doubt that the manager of a theatre, who had derived so much profit, even in the course of this very season, from "The Robbers," could possibly hesitate to accept his second drama? It was not calculated so much for the public at large, as for the more intellectual among them. Schiller, whether the Duke's decision proved favourable or the reverse, had no doubt whatever that "Fiesko" would be performed shortly, and the author compensated, either by a handsome sum or by a fixed income, sufficient to supply all his wants for the present, till he could make further efforts to secure an independence. In the full confidence that these expectations would certainly be realised within the next fourteen days, they got into the post-chaise, and in the course of a couple of hours, without let or hindrance, they arrived at the gates of Mannheim.

The manager of the theatre, Herr Meyer, to whose house they drove, was not a little surprised to see Schiller in Mannheim, at a time when he believed him to be wholly absorbed in gaieties and festivities; but his surprise was heightened into consternation, when he learned that the young man whom he so highly esteemed, stood before him a fugitive.

Though Herr Meyer had been informed by Schiller himself, during the two visits he had already paid to Mannheim, of his miserable life in Stuttgart, yet he had not the slightest

reason to suppose that those ties would be so speedily rent asunder, and in such a sudden and daring manner. After hearing Schiller's further explanations, Meyer, like an experienced man of the world, refrained from all remonstrance, only confirming him in his intention of writing to the Duke the very same day, and endeavouring to effect a reconciliation by his entreaties and representations. The travellers were invited to dinner by Herr Meyer, and he was so obliging as to procure a lodging for them close to his own house, which was by no means difficult in a town so empty as Mannheim at that season, and their luggage was immediately deposited there. After dinner, Schiller went into the anteroom for the purpose of writing to the Duke.

The letter, of which hitherto only a fragment of the rough copy had been preserved, is now found entire. It begins:—

"The misfortunes of a son and a subject, can never be indifferent to his father and Prince. I have been obliged to have recourse to a violent measure in order to touch the heart of my gracious Sovereign, as the usual mode was denied to me, on pain of the most severe penalties. Your Royal Highness also prohibited in the most absolute terms, my publishing any more of my literary compositions, or sending them to foreign countries."

He proceeds to entreat the Duke, in the most affecting manner, to remove this interdict, and pleads for permission no longer to wear uniform, but to obtain leave to travel, that he may become acquainted with learned men. Under these conditions, his most anxious wish would be to return to his native country.

This letter was enclosed in one addressed to the Intendant von Seeger*, requesting him to do all in his power to enforce

* Streicher says that the letter was addressed to General Augé. Streicher's credibility on all important points is substantiated by a letter to the Duke being still extant, the substance of which Streicher had retained with

his entreaties, and to use his influence with the Duke for this purpose.

Schiller was so little alarmed about his safety, that he asked the Intendant to enclose his answer to Herr Meyer. "The latter, however," relates Streicher, "did not feel quite so much at ease about the probable course the Duke would pursue, as Schiller, whom it most concerned, appeared to be." Still he thought it possible that the Prince, touched by the modest and affecting appeal made to him by his former favourite, as well as out of consideration for his excellent parents, might be induced for once to recall his orders, and to grant at least a portion of the petition.

On the evening of the ensuing day, Madame Meyer returned home from Stuttgart. She mentioned that on the forenoon of the 18th, she had heard of Schiller's disappearance; that every one was talking about it, and that the universal opinion seemed to be, that he would be instantly pursued, and a demand made that he should be given up to the Duke. Scharffenstein observes, "many saw in this a pendant to 'The Robbers;' Schiller, however, tranquillised his friends by the assurance, that he had experienced too many proofs of the magnanimous disposition of his Sovereign, to feel the most remote dread of danger so long as he showed any wish to return to Stuttgart. He had already done so, and he was not accused of any crime; not having been enlisted as a soldier, he could not be classed with those who were subject to arrest for being absent without leave. Nevertheless, it was thought more consistent with propriety that he should not show himself publicly, so he was restricted to his own lodgings and to Herr Meyer's house.

astonishing correctness in his memory. The daughter of Colonel Seeger, Staats-Räthin Lotter, found both letters among her father's papers. They are dated September 24th. Schiller despatched them afterwards exactly as Streicher states.

It was very agreeable for our travellers to find not only a countrywoman in the lady of the house, but a kind friend, who readily entered into all that concerned their future destination.

At this critical period, as well as in after days, these worthy people remained Schiller's most sincere and faithful friends; and Madame Meyer, especially on this occasion, showed as much care and anxiety about Schiller, as a mother could possibly have done for a son.

In the meantime Streicher had spoken to Meyer on the very first evening, about the tragedy of "Fiesko," which was now nearly finished, declaring that it was a work of infinitely greater merit than "The Robbers." It was but natural, therefore, that the poet should be entreated to satisfy the curiosity thus excited, by reading the manuscript, which, however, he only agreed to do on condition that there should be a considerable number of persons present. A day was appointed, and all the highest class members of the theatre were invited to attend the reading of the new tragedy.

Streicher relates that an immediate answer arrived to Schiller's letter, in which he was informed, by command of the Duke, that His Royal Highness was in a very gracious mood, in consequence of the presence of his illustrious relatives, and that Schiller was to return at once. As this reply did not contain the smallest allusion to the amendment in his fate that Schiller had so earnestly prayed for, he forthwith wrote to say, that he could not consider this order for his return on the part of His Royal Highness as any guarantee for the future, and consequently felt himself obliged to adhere to the substance of his petition. "Placed in considerable doubt by the Duke's communication as to what he had either to hope or to fear, Schiller, who had written to his parents on the day after his arrival, now wrote to various friends, requesting them if they heard rumours of anything prejudi-

cial to him being intended, to give him instant information. He awaited their answers with as much uneasiness as anxiety.

"The afternoon appointed for the reading of 'Fiesko' arrived, and about four o'clock, besides Iffland, Beil, and Beck, a good many other actors assembled, who seemed unable to find words to testify their deep veneration for the poet, nor to express the lofty expectations they had formed, with regard to the latest production of so sublime an intellect. After they were all seated at a large round table, the author proceeded to give a short sketch of the historical facts, and an explanation of the various personages of the drama, and then began to read.

"For Streicher, the presence of such celebrated artists as Iffland, Meyer, and Beil, of whom report said wonderful things, was the more exciting and delightful because he had never before been in the society of an actor. He secretly enjoyed by anticipation his friend's certain triumph, thinking how surprised all these people, whose eyes were at this moment so intently fixed on Schiller, would be at the many glorious passages which even in the first scenes were so numerous.

"But the first act was read through, in the most profound silence certainly, but without the slightest token of approbation. It was scarcely at an end, when Herr Beil left the room, and the others conversed about the history of 'Fiesko' and the passing events of the day. The second act was read by Schiller, to which the audience listened with the same attention, but still gave no sign of praise or satisfaction. All now rose as refreshments were carried round; one of the actors, named Frank (Streicher would gladly have murdered him in cold blood), proposed shooting at a target, and preparations were made for this amusement. In a quarter of an hour more, all had gone away except the members of the family,

and Iffland, who did not leave till eight o'clock in the evening."

We may pretty well guess the extent of Schiller's indignation, if we take it for granted that he felt half the wrath that his friend experienced. Streicher was quite frantic. All the dreadful reports he had heard of the envy and cabals of actors recurred to his mind; and with such people as these, his Schiller was henceforth to live and to labour! He was on the point of complaining vehemently to Herr Meyer, of the strange, almost insulting treatment of his friend, when the latter took him into the next room and said, "Tell me honestly, are you quite positive that Schiller wrote 'The Robbers'?" "Perfectly certain; how can you possibly doubt it?" "Are you very sure that some other person did not write the piece, and it was published with Schiller's name? Did no one at all events assist him in the composition?" "I have known Schiller intimately for two years past, and I would pledge my life that he wrote 'The Robbers' entirely himself, and likewise the new version for the theatre; but why do you ask this?" "Because 'Fiesko' is the very worst drama to which I ever listened in my life, and it seems to me impossible that the same Schiller who wrote 'The Robbers' could have composed anything so wretched and commonplace."

This was a hit at Streicher, who had placed "Fiesko" far above "The Robbers." All attempts to change Meyer's opinion were fruitless, he steadfastly maintained his own opinion; "as an experienced actor," he said, "he must be well able to judge of the merit of the tragedy, from the scenes he had already heard." His conclusion was, that "if the same Schiller really wrote both 'The Robbers' and 'Fiesko,' he must have exhausted all his strength in the former, and could no longer produce anything but pitiful, bombastic, tiresome stuff." Streicher was speechless; a man of practical judgment, and Schiller's warmest friend, could really speak thus?

At one moment he was inclined to contemn his own judgment, at another to believe in a universal conspiracy against the poet. The painful hours of the long evening were passed by those present in a state of extreme restraint and discomfort. No one made the smallest allusion to "Fiesko." Schiller himself was excessively annoyed, and he and his companion took leave at an early hour. At the time of their departure, Meyer had sufficient courtesy to beg the loan of the MS. for that night, as he had only heard the two first acts, and would like to know the winding up of the drama.

In a very dejected mood, the friends reached their apartment. Each avoided speaking of the subject uppermost in his thoughts. At length Schiller gave vent to his indignation, and in addition to his just complaints of the stupidity of the actors, he also suggested envy and intrigue on their part; nay, more, he now for the first time expressed his deliberate intention, if not accepted here as theatre poet, himself to become an actor. Streicher was considerate enough not to deprive his injured friend of this consolatory illusion; but by reminding him seriously of his parents, of the prejudice against the profession of an actor, and of the hopes connected with Dalberg's return, he at last succeeded in giving his thoughts another direction.

With very desponding feelings as to the final verdict on "Fiesko" and its author, Streicher went next morning early to Meyer, who had scarcely caught sight of him than he eagerly exclaimed, "You are right! You are right! 'Fiesko' is indeed a masterpiece, and far more carefully composed than 'The Robbers.' But do you know the real reason why I and all Schiller's hearers thought it a miserable composition? It was entirely owing to his Swabian accent, and the confounded highflown way in which he declaims every passage. He delivers every sentence in the same pompous tone, whether it be 'shut the door,' or a grand heroic monologue; but the piece

must be instantly laid before the committee; there we shall have it properly read, and everything shall be prepared for its being given in our theatre without delay."

Streicher would gladly have contradicted the derogatory observations as to his friend's elocution, but joy impelled him to return instantly to Schiller, whom he found just risen, and in a most desponding mood. The news that his tragedy was soon to appear in a living form, caused him the most delightful surprise. His friend, however, judiciously concealed from him the explanation of the mystery, to avoid "irritating his distempered spirit."

On the following day, the answer to Schiller's second letter arrived, but it was of the same nature as the previous one: "As His Royal Highness was very graciously disposed, it was advisable that Schiller should lose no time in returning;" but Schiller was as little inclined as before to comply with this injunction. The decisive step had been taken; the bond with his Prince was finally rent asunder. He did not write again, but he followed the advice of his friends to absent himself for a time, as it was possible that a demand for his surrender might be made on the Palatinate Government. He had been educated in the Academy at the expense of the Duke, and also worn uniform, and therefore he might be considered as belonging to the military profession. If no steps were taken against him for some weeks, it would then be almost certain that his absconding was in so far forgotten, that the Duke, with his usual magnanimity, would take no further notice of him.

Baron Dalberg, too, was still at Stuttgart, and the period of his return very uncertain; consequently nothing could be done in the interim to promote Schiller's views. It was therefore decided that he and Streicher should make an expedition to Frankfort, by Darmstadt, where they were to await further intelligence from home or from Mannheim. But this journey

must be made on foot, for the small sum which they brought from Stuttgart was so reduced by the journey to Mannheim, and by their stay there, that even with the most careful economy it could not last beyond ten or twelve days. It was not possible for Schiller to apply to his parents for assistance, as he dared not write to his father, from the fear of exposing him to suspicion; besides, he wished to spare his mother the sorrow of knowing that he was already in distress for money, as she undoubtedly believed that his prospects were excellent. Streicher consequently wrote to his mother, begging her to send him thirty gulden without delay, by the post to Frankfort, as Schiller had not as yet succeeded in getting a situation in Mannheim, and they had only sufficient resources to last a few days, and that to leave his friend under such circumstances was totally impossible.

CHAP. II.

A PILGRIMAGE ON FOOT.

Departure for Frankfort. — Rest for the Fugitives. — Arrival at Frankfort. — Letter to Dalberg, in which Schiller entreats him for a Loan. — Plot of "Luise Millerin." — Dalberg's Answer — Crushed Hopes. — Streicher a Friend in Need. — From Frankfort to Mayence. — Nierensteiner Wine. — Night's Rest in Worms.

After the most cordial farewell from Herr and Madame Meyer, and slenderly provided with money, our travellers, after dinner, crossed the Neckar bridge, and took the road to Sandhofen. They passed the night in a small village, and continued their journey next morning along the glorious mountain road, adorned with ruins, arriving at Darmstadt about six o'clock. They went to an inn, and very much fatigued by having walked for twelve hours, they were only too glad, after a good supper, to rest on comfortable beds, in the hope of refreshing their wearied frames by sleep. The latter, however, was not destined to be their portion, for they were startled out of profound slumbers by such noisy obstreperous drumming, that they concluded some dreadful fire had broken out. They listened, after the terrible clamour was over, to hear whether there were any sounds of galloping, or driving, or any outcries; they opened the windows, to ascertain if the light of flames were visible, but all remained tranquil, and if one alone had heard the commotion, he might have thought it a troubled dream. In the morning they questioned the landlord as to this extraordinary uproar of drums, and heard, with astonishment, that the same sounds

recurred every night, regularly as twelve o'clock struck—that "it was the reveillé." In the morning Schiller was very unwell, but he insisted on making out the fifteen long miles to Frankfort this same day, that he might forthwith write to his friends in Mannheim, to desire them to forward any letters addressed to him.

"It was a bright, cheerful morning, when the travellers once more set out on their weary pilgrimage. They went slowly on, but rested in the course of an hour at a village, where they cooled and refreshed themselves by some kirsch and water. At noon they again went into an inn, not so much for the purpose of eating, as on account of Schiller, who, feeling much fatigued, wished to have a little rest; but there was so much noise in the little inn, and the people were so rough and uncivilised, that they did not stay there more than half an hour. So they once more proceeded on their way, in the hope of reaching Frankfort in a few hours; but Schiller's weariness rendered this scarcely probable, every moment he walked more slowly, his pallid face showing how exhausted he was. When they arrived at a thicket which had been partly cleared out, near the road, he declared that it was impossible for him to go one step further; but he might at least try if a few hours' rest would so far recruit his strength, as to enable him still to reach Frankfort. He lay down on the grass under a shady tree, in the hope of falling asleep, and Streicher seated himself opposite to him on the stump of a tree, looking with anxiety and alarm at his poor friend, who was now in a worse plight than ever.

In what uneasiness and distress Streicher passed his time while Schiller was sleeping, those alone can tell who have experienced friendship, not only by the interchange of mutual complaisance, but also by sharing and sympathising in sufferings and annoyances; and in this case the most heartfelt compassion was heightened, by its object being a youth who had

already given indications of the most pure spirit, and the most noble soul, and of all those sublime and admirable qualities which he subsequently displayed. Even in his worn and gloomy features, the proud spirit was apparent with which he sought to struggle against a hard and undeserved fate. As he lay there, his changing colour betrayed the thoughts which unconsciously occupied his mind. His resting-place was very favourably situated for the sleeper, as there was only a narrow footpath to the left, which during two hours was quite deserted. When this time had elapsed, an officer, in a pale blue uniform with yellow facings, suddenly appeared, and exclaimed, "Oh! you are resting!" Streicher suspected him to be a recruiting officer, from Frankfort. He approached nearer, saying, "Pray, who are you, Gentlemen?" to which Streicher replied, in a loud and gruff voice, "Travellers." Schiller awoke, raised himself quickly, looking at the stranger with surprise, who departed without another word, easily perceiving that there was nothing to angle for here. In answer to Streicher's eager inquiries as to how Schiller felt, he received the satisfactory assurance, that he was so much better, he believed he could resume his journey. He got up from his resting-place so refreshed by his sleep, that though at first walking slowly, he shortly went on without any difficulty.

They met some people beyond the wood, who declared that the city was scarcely two miles distant. This good news restored their spirits; they went along at a better pace, and all of a sudden they came in sight of the antiquated and picturesque town of Frankfort, which they entered before sunset. In some measure, from necessary economy, and also that in case of pursuit, they might be better concealed, they selected a lodging in the suburb of Sachsenhausen, opposite the Mayence bridge, and made an immediate agreement with the landlord for board and lodging, that they might ascertain precisely

how long their slender supply of money could possibly be made to last.

The certainty of being sufficiently concealed here, the rest he could indulge in, and a refreshing night's sleep, gave Schiller strength and courage to write some letters next day to his friends at Mannheim; among these there was one addressed to Dalberg,—we must not pass it over, for it was written with a heavy heart, and with no dry eyes.

"Your Excellency has probably heard from my friends at Mannheim of my position while awaiting your return, which unfortunately I could do no longer. When I say that I am a fugitive, you know my fate, but now comes the worst part of the affair. I do not possess the means of placing myself in a condition to defy my cruel destiny. For the sake of safety, I was obliged to fly from Stuttgart, during the period of the Grand Duke's visit; I have thus embarrassed my affairs, and have been unable to pay my debts. My hopes were fixed on my residence at Mannheim; there I had anticipated, with your Excellency's assistance, and by the aid of my drama, not only to have defrayed all my liabilities, but to have enjoyed better pecuniary circumstances: any arrangement was prevented by my sudden departure; I went empty away, empty both in purse and in hope. It makes me blush to be obliged to acknowledge such necessity to you, still I know it does not degrade me; it is sad enough to see substantiated in my own case the odious truth, that freedom and independence are denied to every Swabian. If my actions hitherto, and all that your Excellency knows of my character, can inspire you with confidence in my honour, permit me frankly to ask you for assistance. Though the sum that I expected for my 'Fiesko' be absolutely necessary to me at this moment, still I cannot have it prepared for the theatre before three weeks; my heart has been so long oppressed, that the sense of my distressing

position entirely dissolved all my poetical visions. When, however, I promise 'Fiesko' at the end of that period, not only finished, but worthy of your stage, I think I may use the freedom to implore your Excellency, to send me at least an instalment of the sum I would be at that time entitled to receive. In my whole life I never required succour so much as at this moment. I still owe about 200 florins in Stuttgart. I do assure you that this distresses me far more than the thought of how I am myself to get on in the world; I can know neither rest nor peace, till I see myself clear on this score. My small supply of money for the journey to this place will in eight days be entirely exhausted, and as yet it would be in vain for me to attempt to write my drama. I can think of no other resource at present. If your Excellency (as I have told you everything) would only advance me 100 florins in addition, I should be quite at ease. In that case, you might either be so kind as to promise me the receipts of the first performance of 'Fiesko' (with no free admissions), or to make me an offer of a sum equivalent to what you may consider the value of my piece; in either event, it would be very easy for me (if my present application should exceed the amount of that sum) to equalise the matter by my next work. This proposal, which I wish you to consider only as an urgent request, I have placed before your Excellency to the best of my abilities, in the hope that you will comply with it.* As my present condition is bright, when compared to my former one, I consider it unnecessary to annoy your Excellency with *too painful* a picture of my urgent necessities. Speedy succour is all I can now think of or wish for. I have requested Herr Meyer to communicate to me your Excellency's decision, whatever it may be,

* If Schiller had composed "Cabal and Love" during his arrest, according to Boas, who adopts the idea from K. v. Wolzogen, he would undoubtedly have mentioned this piece to Dalberg.

and thus to save you the trouble of writing to me. I am, with esteem,

"Yours faithfully and respectfully,

"FRIED. SCHILLER."

Streicher makes some observations with regard to this letter, which I omit; indeed, any remarks must be superfluous. I may, however, remind my readers that the printing of "The Robbers," and other claims, had caused Schiller's debts to amount to several hundred gulden, and that a friend, Streicher tells us, had become his security for 200 gulden. After Schiller left Stuttgart, the lender could only look to the security, and as the latter was quite unable to pay, he might very possibly be arrested.

The letter was enclosed to Meyer, with a request to forward Dalberg's answer to Frankfort, where he and Streicher would call for it at the post-office. "As Schiller had by this appeal lightened his heart of a heavy burden, he in some degree regained his former serenity. His eye became brighter, his speech more lively, and his thoughts, hitherto wholly absorbed by his own affairs, now turned to other objects." A walk they took in the afternoon across the Mayence bridge to the post, to send off their letters to Mannheim, amused Schiller, as he saw here, for the first time, the busy throng of a commercial city. On their way home, they contemplated from the bridge the eager bustle of the passengers, the ships being loaded and unloaded, a portion of the ancient city, and Sachshausen, and also the yellow waters of the Maine, and the bright evening sky mirrored on its surface. All these objects attracted Schiller, calling forth observations which could not fail to be interesting, as his overflowing power of imagination gave significance to the most trifling circumstance, connecting the most casual details of the present with the most distant future. This occupation had such a favourable

effect on our poet's health, that his appetite, which had for some days completely failed, now returned, and he conversed with animation about his poetical schemes. His whole being was so constituted, his body so subordinate to his mind, that such thoughts never quite deserted him, and the Muse seemed incessantly hovering near him. He had scarcely finished his frugal evening repast, when, from his silence and upraised glances, it was evident that the fire of inspiration was on him. Even all the way from Darmstadt, it was very perceptible that his thoughts were not so much occupied with his present condition, as with brooding over some new creation, for he was so absent, that even in the justly far-famed mountain road, his companion was forced to call his attention to every beautiful view.

Now within four walls, he gladly gave the reins to his imagination, being no longer distracted by outward objects, and able to move about, or be at rest, just as he chose. At such moments he retired wholly within the recesses of his own mind, entirely shut out from the world of reality. His friend was careful never to disturb him at times like these, and invariably remained as still as possible, with a feeling of reverential awe.

The next forenoon was devoted to examining the city, so celebrated in the history of Germany, with more care than on the previous day, and also to visiting some booksellers' shops. In the first of these which they entered, Schiller inquired whether the famed tragedy "The Robbers" had good circulation, and what the public thought of it? The information on this point was so very favourable, and the opinion of the literary world so flatteringly depicted, that the author was surprised into giving up his incognito, and though he had represented himself as Dr. Ritter, he avowed to the bookseller that he, who was at this moment conversing with him, was the author of "The Robbers." From the astonished glances that

the man cast on the poet, it was easy to perceive how incredible it appeared to him, that the mild and gentle-looking youth now before him could have written such a drama; but he concealed his doubts, repeating, in various forms, the account he had already given of the admiration his piece had met with from the public, and indeed this feeling might be pronounced unanimous. This occurrence was truly cheering to Schiller, for in such a state of mind as his, nothing could make so pleasing an impression on his vexed spirit, as the recognition of his talents, and the conviction of the effect that he produced on all his readers. Returned home, Schiller yielded himself again to his poetical inspiration, and passed the afternoon and evening in pacing his small apartment, occasionally writing down some lines. He never uttered a word till after supper, when he explained to his companion the subject that occupied his thoughts.

As it is universally admitted that at the birth of children of the mind, good and evil circumstances have as much influence as on those of the body, we must confide to the reader that, since leaving Mannheim, Schiller had been entirely engrossed by the idea of writing a domestic tragedy, and he had proceeded so far with his scheme, that the chief situations stood bright and clear in his mind. This drama, that we now know under the name of "Cabal and Love," (originally named "Luise Millerin,") he had commenced more as an attempt to see whether he could bring down his Muse to the domestic sphere, than from any idea of eventually devoting himself to this style. He reflected so deeply on the subject, that in the course of fourteen days a great many of the scenes were written down.

On the ensuing morning the travellers inquired at the post if any letters had arrived for them; but their walk was vain, and as the weather was dull and rainy, they were again obliged to take refuge in their room. In the afternoon, fresh inquiries

at the post-office, but as fruitless as before. This delay Streicher (always Pylades) interpreted as rather a good sign, for the money required must be forwarded either in a bill, or by the post-carriage, which would take some days longer on the road than a mere letter. He felt so sure of the result, that he begged Schiller to forward to him, on his return, the luggage he had left at Mannheim; because as soon as Baron Dalberg's contribution arrived, he intended to apply to his mother for a fresh supply of money, that he might proceed straight to Hamburg. Schiller gladly agreed to this, and promised, further, to procure letters of recommendation for him from Herr Meyer and other friends, inasmuch as a young musician cannot have too many acquaintances. These hopes were brightened on both sides by many kind expressions, and the weather having cleared up, they enjoyed an agreeable walk; and so little was the poet disturbed by anxiety or apprehension, that in the evening he again paced the room for several hours, engaged in composition.

The next morning the travellers went at nine o'clock, to inquire whether any letters had come for them during the night. There were letters, and they hurried home as quickly as possible, to examine their contents without interruption. Scarcely had they arrived at their own door, when Schiller tore open the packet addressed to Dr. Ritter. He found several letters from his friends in Stuttgart, who wrote much about the extraordinary sensation which his flight had caused, recommending him to observe the greatest precautions as to his residence; but they did not say a word indicative of hostile intentions on the part of the Duke. All these letters were read together by the friends, as their contents concerned both, and were rather calculated to intimidate them; but being so safely hidden in Sachsenhausen they were quickly reassured, especially as they anticipated the most agreeable intelligence from Herr Meyer's letter.

Schiller read it to himself, and then looked thoughtfully through the window which overlooked the Mayence bridge. For a long time he did not say a word, and it was only the gloom of his eyes and his fluctuating colour, which betrayed that Herr Meyer's letter contained no good news. By degrees it came out that Baron Dalberg refused to make any advances, as "Fiesko," in its present form, was not fit for the stage, and that its adaptation for this purpose must be completed, before he could make any agreement on the subject.

My readers doubtless expect to hear that Schiller gave utterance to his chagrin as unreservedly as he did at the reading of "Fiesko;" but the offended artist who spoke on that occasion, was in this instance silenced by the despair of a sensitive and ruined man. Streicher relates that he did not utter a single word of complaint; no bitter or passionate reproach escaped his lips, though always so frank and candid to his young friend. His forbearance, however, does not require to be imitated by our readers, who are entitled to express their indignation in as strong terms as they see fit. Independent of the fact that Dalberg was rich, "The Robbers" had been such a source of profit to his theatre, that, according to the idea of an author's rights which managers of the present day entertain, Schiller only demanded his own property. Dalberg wished to attain the height of progress, and to stand on the pinnacle of a National Theatre; thus, even in accordance with the narrow-minded arrangements of his day, he ought to have felt the propriety of a fair equivalent, in his mind, if not in his conscience.

If this opinion seem to be strongly expressed, posterity will, in all probability, use still harsher terms; and it is really quite a consolatory idea, that with the increasing renown of our genius, the ignominy of his oppressors will also increase. The most cruel part of the affair was, that the poor youth, who with scalding tears and feelings of acute shame, surmounted his

pride so far as to send such an application, was wounded to the death in this very pride, and still fettered to his persecutor; for Streicher mentions that he was forced even at this moment of despair, to consider how to negotiate with Dalberg. "As the one hope survived, that when 'Fiesko' was prepared for the stage it would be accepted and paid for, he resolved to go to the vicinity of Mannheim, because living was cheaper there than at Frankfort, and also that he might be near Herr Schwan and Meyer, so that when he actually sank into the lowest depths of poverty, some assistance might be hoped for from them. He would have set off instantly, but they were unable to leave Frankfort, for their purse was pretty nearly empty, and Streicher had not yet got the sum that he had begged his mother to send him. Till this arrived, here they must remain; and to be in some measure secured against the possibility of succour being delayed, or perhaps refused, Schiller resolved to offer for sale to a bookseller a long poem entitled "Demon Love!"

This poem, of which Streicher only remembers the beginning,—"Oh! tarry, sweet Love, in melodious flight,"—was, in his opinion, one of the most perfect that Schiller had hitherto composed; and so fascinating was it, from its beautiful imagery, expression, and harmony of language, that our poet (which did not often occur with his other works) seemed perfectly satisfied with it, and delighted his young friend by reading it over to him several times.

Schiller, however, returned from the bookseller much disheartened.* He had asked twenty-five gulden for the poem, and the bookseller would only offer eighteen. Indispensable as even this small sum was to him at the moment, he could not prevail on himself to part with the verses, for a less sum than he had originally asked. He was actuated to this refusal as

* Karoline von Wolzogen says that Schiller passed many sorrowful moments on the Sachsenhausen bridge. She probably alludes to this period.

much by his aversion to all niggardly dealings, as by the value he placed on the poem, which nevertheless was not slight.

At last, when the store of the two perplexed friends was reduced to a few small coins, thirty gulden arrived on the ensuing day with the post-carriage, for Streicher, who, without the smallest hesitation, at once gave up his Hamburg plan, and remained with his friend Schiller, wishing to accompany him to his new place of abode. The latter wrote the same evening to Meyer, that the next day he meant to set off early for Mayence, hoping to arrive the following evening at Worms, where he expected to find a letter from him at the post-office, to say where they were to meet, as he wished to converse with him, and to fix some place where he might work at his tragedy undisturbed. Early on the ensuing morning, the travellers went on board the market-boat which plied between Frankfort and Mayence, and brought them in good time to the latter city. After locking up the little money they still had in their room at the inn, they went out to look at the cathedral and the town.

Next morning they quitted Mayence at an early hour, enjoying, as they passed the "Favourite," the singular sight of the confluence of the Rhine and the Maine, lit up by the bright morning sun, and admiring the German steadfastness with which both streams clearly indicate their aversion to all union, by the sharp contrast of their blue and yellow waters.

As they wished to arrive in Worms before the evening, the wanderers, being rather unpractised pedestrians, were obliged to strain their strength to the uttermost, in order to complete the twenty-two miles in time. When they reached Nierenstein in the forenoon, they could not resist the temptation to refresh themselves by the vintage of the country, so celebrated by poets, and which seemed necessary for Schiller, as, since leaving Mayence, he was so fatigued that he had scarcely uttered a word. They entered an inn close to the Rhine, and

by dint of coaxing and entreaties, they succeeded in getting a quart of the finest old wine in the cellar, for which they were to pay a dollar. Being no great connoisseurs of good wine, it appeared to them that this beverage, like many other renowned objects, was by no means equal to its reputation; but when they resumed their journey their feet moved more nimbly, and they felt their spirits gayer; a corner of the dusky veil which hid the future seemed lifted up, and they looked forward with more courage to the chances of life. They then thankfully did justice to the merits of the noble wine, and pronounced it to be a true comforter. This agreeable sensation, unluckily, did not last beyond three hours, for however determined they were, and though every consideration urged them to hurry on, Schiller could not stand the hard walking beyond the middle of the afternoon, which principally proceeded from his being so constantly absorbed in thought, — nothing causing greater fatigue than profound meditation when the body is in motion. They resolved, therefore, to take a carriage for one stage, by which means alone they could reach Worms by nine o'clock at night.

CHAP. III.

DR. SCHMIDT IN OGGERSHEIM.

Arrival. — Meeting with Meyer. — Residence at Viehof. — Rewriting of "Fiesko." — Streicher and Schiller. — False Alarm. — Dalberg's Decision about "Fiesko." — Journey to Bauerbach.

I HAVE interrupted as little as possible Streicher's narrative, which reflects, like a calm, transparent mirror, the image of the suffering poet in all its purity and reality. I am sure my readers are obliged to me for this. According to my feelings, at least, there is a light of love in his words, which I would not for worlds exchange with the light of any mere biographer. All the details which from the pen of an eye-witness acquire such touching interest, would lose their charm by any other description. As the plan of this work, however, is to depict the poet's life on a larger scale, an abridgment of Streicher's narrative is indispensable, and all I shall attempt is to extract the principal facts, as from a daily journal. I shall now employ this mode.

On the following day, Schiller found a letter from Meyer at the post-office. The latter named the Viehof, an inn at Oggersheim, a little town near Mannheim, as a convenient place for the desired interview. The travellers arrived there in good time. Meyer and his wife, and two admirers of the poet, received them. Meyer endeavoured to place Dalberg's views with regard to "Fiesko" in a milder light, and to soften his refusal to make any advances, assuring Schiller that the piece would certainly be accepted, but that it must first be both abridged and completed.

Schiller by no single expression betrayed his wounded feelings. In the courteous and manly way, so peculiarly his own, he turned the conversation on the place where he could with least risk finish his "Fiesko" undisturbed. The Viehof in Oggersheim was selected, and the terms for board and lodging agreed on. As Stuttgart letters still hinted at danger, the name of Ritter was exchanged for that of Dr. Schmidt. Madame Meyer promised to forward all their property, including Streicher's small piano, from Mannheim. The society separated the same evening. The friends retired to their room, but Schiller, instead of going to bed, began eagerly to write the plot of "Luise Millerin."

Thus, instead of abridging his "Fiesko," he commenced working busily at his "Burgher Drama." When first sketching this piece, he adapted the characters to the powers of the various actors he had seen in Mannheim, looking forward with especial delight to Beil's performance of the "Musician Miller." From some remarks of Streicher's, we have reason to believe that the mixture of the comic with the tragic, was much stronger in the original design, than in its present shape. Our narrator says, "As he had only read Shakspeare's plays, and never seen one acted, he could not tell from experience how much power lies in the talent of the actor to soften sharp and glaring contrasts, and how few there are among the public, who can thoroughly understand the lofty purpose of the poet, or the subtle skill of the actor." How closely had Streicher studied his friend's works, and how much his own talent must have contributed to renovate the mood, and to animate the sadly obstructed powers of the poet.

"The long autumn evenings were passed by him in a way which not only assisted his meditations, but was most agreeable to him. Even in Stuttgart it was apparent that he was quite transported by listening to melancholy, or even to more lively music, and that it required no great skill in playing on

the piano to excite different passions in his soul. Occupied at this time with a work which moved the feelings to the most painful extent, nothing could be more advantageous to him than possessing in his own apartment the means of cherishing his inspiration, and facilitating the flow of his thoughts. He therefore frequently at dinner asked Streicher, 'You will play to me this evening?' When twilight approached, his wish was fulfilled, while he continued to pace the room, often only lighted by the moon, for several hours, not unfrequently breaking out into indistinct and inspired ejaculations."

Thus passed away some weeks, but Schiller found it almost impossible to work at his "Fiesko;" indeed, the constraint of a fixed time by which it must be completed, rendered it actually hateful to him. Moreover, he could not contrive to make the catastrophe agree with the truth of history, and the new subject for his "Domestic Tragedy" ruled him with irresistible power. The damp, gloomy October days, the constant loud scolding of the landlord, from whose harshness his wife and daughter had much to suffer, soon rendered his stay in the miserable room of the little inn thoroughly distasteful to him, and the bleak, flat, sandy country, made him pine sadly for the beautiful scenery and mountain breath of his own home.

He could not venture to enter Mannheim till after dusk, and the early closing of the gates of the fortress, compelled him always to pass the night there after such a visit. Schiller invariably met with the kindest reception from Meyer and Schwan, at whose house he frequently met the bass-player, Gern the elder, and Kranz a violinist. He also became acquainted with a most singular character, a Herr Derain, quite an original.

"In such a small place as Oggersheim," says Streicher, "Herr Derain was the only merchant who occupied himself infinitely more with politics and literature, (especially with what

tended to the enlightenment of the people) than with the sale of his goods.

"He carried his zeal for the benefit of the country people to such an extent that, when they came to him to buy sugar, coffee, spices, and other luxuries, he often strongly represented to them how injurious such purchases were both to them and to their children, saying that they would act far more wisely in using only the produce of their fields, garden, and dairy. Of course such admonitions rather scared away than attracted customers; but Herr Derain, a bachelor about fifty, and possessing a small independence, cared little for his lack of customers, and was indeed only too thankful not to be disturbed in his studies by the constant ringing of the bell of his shop door. He was, however, a man of superior mind, and his total want of pretension made his society very agreeable. He learned in a singular way the real names of his neighbours, Herr Schmidt and Herr Wolff, whose acquaintance he had been long anxious to make. At the time of the entire alteration of 'Fiesko,' the earlier written scenes were cast aside as waste paper. Many of these pages lay scattered about in confusion, containing also various rough copies of scenes in 'Luise Millerin.' The landlady, who was particularly curious about written papers, collected these fragments, and brought them to Herr Derain, whom she was in the habit of visiting, for the purpose of borrowing books or complaining of her domestic sorrows. Herr Derain showed the prize to another merchant, Herr Stein, in Mannheim, who had a very charming daughter, well versed in all modern works, especially in poetry.

"Streicher had brought letters of introduction to Herr Stein from friends at Stuttgart. The fragments of his companion's labours were shown to him. The fact, denied by him with the greatest obstinacy to the father, was gradually extracted from him by the charming daughter. Herr Derain, to whom, under the seal of strict secrecy, the mystery was also en-

trusted, seized this opportunity to testify, in the most cordial manner, his profound reverence for the distinguished writer. He eagerly entreated permission to make the acquaintance of a man so young, and yet so celebrated, and received it the more readily, that both for Schiller and his friend agreeable conversation would prove a great resource in the long, dull, foggy evenings of November. Their friendship and esteem for Herr Derain continued for many years." Instead of the pages now in Herr Derain's hands, new ones were interpolated into Schiller's work, now approaching completion. Streicher's gulden had all melted away. He wrote again to his mother to send him the surplus of the money intended for his Hamburg journey, for he was resolved to remain with Schiller till his fate brightened.

At last, in the first week of November, the work was finished, and the catastrophe settled. "I feel assured," says Streicher, "that these last scenes cost the poet more thought and labour than the whole of the rest of the piece, in consequence of the fault he had committed, in not having decided from the beginning on the nature of the catastrophe."

In this form the manuscript was placed in Meyer's hands.

We must endeavour fully to realize the extremity in which Schiller now found himself to feel its actual extent. Streicher could not communicate the letters that now lie before us. Schiller was not only obliged to keep up his own spirits, but also those of his relations. He wrote on the 6th of November to Christophine: "I received your kind letter yesterday, and I hasten to relieve you and my excellent parents from your anxieties about my fate. Now that my entire separation from my family and my fatherland is irrevocably decided, I should feel deep regret were it not that I myself expected and promoted it, and look upon it as a necessary decree of Providence. Torn from your arms, my dearest treasures, I know of no ark of refuge so sure as God. From

His hands I hope to receive you again. Let this be the last tear that I shed for our severance. Your wish, dear sister, to see me established in Mannheim cannot be realized. However little my settling there would be likely to promote my future fortune, still I should have preferred it on account of its vicinity to all my dear ones, and endeavoured to obtain employment there, but a more intimate knowledge of my Mannheim friends has made me too proud to stoop to receive any obligations from them."

He alludes to a plan of going to Berlin and to Petersburg, and says (though we, alas! know the melancholy reverse) that as yet he has not known a single privation, or the loss of any of the comforts to which he was accustomed in Stuttgart. He writes that his works are well remunerated, and mentions Nicolai in Berlin as an unfailing friend in need. He talks of medicine, and says it is not improbable that he may be a doctor in six months. In this letter he makes learned men and Princes pass before his sister's eyes, like the puppets of her childhood. He takes a view of his pecuniary difficulties, which coincides in a remarkable manner with that of every debtor: "I would already have paid one half of what I owe, were it not my duty first to establish my own position; and what profit have I from being so long known as a man of integrity, if I cannot obtain half a year's credit? Say this to the people, and no doubt they will all be perfectly satisfied." It is hard to bear a miserable position, but harder still to be obliged to boast in such an extremity. Schiller was forced to do this to tranquillize his Stuttgart friends. A letter to his acquaintance Jacobi forms a distressing contrast to his real mood. He represents his letter to the Duke, and to the Intendant Seeger, as merely written with the object of ensuring his family remaining unmolested, and softening in some degree the decisive step he had taken. "This object," he writes, "I seem to have fully attained, so now the whole machinery may

come to a stand still. If I had received an implicit compliance with my demands from the Duke, I must not only have gone back, but I could have done so both with honour and advantage, nay, my whole prospects in life would have assumed a new aspect." And again: "Till now I have been simply a fugitive. In the course of three or four weeks I hope to be a free citizen of the world."

He seems especially anxious not to excite pity, and rather talks boastingly about his pedestrian feats like a travelling student, and about his celebrity like a wandering minstrel. "Lately at Mayence, in a room adjoining mine, some ladies commenced a conversation about the author of 'The Robbers,' and declared that they were most anxious to see me, if only once, and I took coffee with them. I was in six booksellers' shops in Frankfort, in every one of which I asked for 'The Robbers,' and invariably received the same answer, that not a single copy was to be had, and that it was constantly asked for."

A week elapsed without bringing Dalberg's answer, which had been promised in a few days. To terminate this state of anxiety and suspense, Schiller resolved to write to Dalberg. He requested that if no final conclusion had yet been arrived at as to the fitness of the piece for the stage, that he might at least be informed of Dalberg's opinion of "Fiesko" as a drama.

With this letter, dated the 16th of November, Schiller and Streicher proceeded on the evening of the same day to Mannheim. When they arrived at Meyer's they found him and his wife in considerable uneasiness. They were told that a Würtemberg officer had been there, making very minute inquiries with regard to Schiller. Of course the stranger had been dismissed with the reply that he knew nothing of the poet's abode. The Meyers are alarmed lest Schiller's arrest should be intended. At the same moment the door bell rings. Schiller and Streicher are hurried into a closet. This time it is a false alarm. The visitor is a friend of the family, who,

also in considerable tribulation, relates that the mysterious officer had made a great many inquiries with regard to Schiller. The two prisoners come out of their hiding place, and inquire about the uniform and personal appearance of the officer, in the hope of recognizing an acquaintance. New arrivals continue the same scene, and the descriptions of the mysterious stranger vary more and more. The general anxiety about the safety of the friends increases, as they can neither with safety pass the night at Mannheim, nor return to Oggersheim.

"As, however," remarks the gallant Streicher, "the quick and intelligent mind of the tender sex invariably finds a resource to escape from embarrassment, while men, always disposed to have recourse to strong measures, remain quite perplexed what to advise, there was a proposal made in this dilemma quite unexpectedly by a fair lady, which promised entire safety."

Madame Curioni (I name her still with gratitude) offered to conceal Schiller and Streicher in the Prince of Baden's palace (the sole care and superintendence of which was entrusted to her), not only for this night, but for as long a period as any persecution was to be feared. This offer, made with the most engaging kindness, was accepted with the most lively gratitude, for the poet would undoubtedly be thoroughly concealed there, as no one would dare to force his way into the Prince of Baden's palace for the purpose of arrest.

The necessary preparations were immediately made for the reception of the supposed persecuted bard, and his friend, in the palace, who repaired thither without loss of time. Schiller for the first time inhabited a splendidly decorated room, and forgetting all danger and distress, he was quite enchanted with this sudden grandeur, which seemed to him like a fairy tale. The walls were hung with the most rare engravings. The battles of Alexander, by Le Brun, occupied the attention of the friends till late at night, and with the images of immortal

fame hovering round them, they reposed for a few hours in the lap of luxury.

Next morning Streicher ventured to leave the palace, and was told by Meyer that the dreaded officer had quitted Mannheim on the previous evening. Having brought no order for the Commandant, he certainly could have had no warrant to arrest Schiller. Subsequently it appeared that the officer was merely an old acquaintance of our poet's, and that all this trouble had been taken effectually to prevent two friends meeting.

Schiller was liberated from his agreeable captivity. At Herr Meyer's the insecure position of the poet was minutely discussed, and they all agreed that as soon as the acceptance of "Fiesko" was settled, he must leave Mannheim. Schiller immediately wrote to Frau von Wolzogen, in Stuttgart, begging her to grant him the promised refuge at Bauerbach. He said he would fain converse with his benefactress, and asked her to embrace his parents for him. In a letter of the 19th of November, which has been preserved, he entreats his parents to grant him a last meeting at Bretten, on the 22nd. He writes that he hopes, at all events, to see his mother and Christophine, and wishes they could bring Frau Vischer and Frau von Wolzogen with them, as probably it may be the last time he shall ever again see the former. He also promises to furnish a karolin towards the expense of the journey.

Streicher does not allude to this expedition, nor to any meeting between Schiller and his family; but no doubt our poet did go to Bretten. Perhaps he made the journey in vain: another reason why Streicher does not allude to the circumstance. The friends were now at last obliged to part. Streicher's means were finally exhausted; the expense of the inn was considerable, and their extremity had become so great, that Schiller had been obliged to sell his watch, to pay some of his most pressing debts, and yet they had lived four-

teen days at Borg, "where, on the landlord's black slate, might be seen, neatly written out in chalk, the items of what Herr Schmidt and Herr Wolff had consumed." So Streicher, though with a heavy heart, was forced to leave his friend, and return to the city, to endeavour to gain a livelihood there.

Towards the end of November, Dalberg's decision about "Fiesko" was given. It consisted of a few short words: "That this tragedy, in its present form, was not calculated for the stage; consequently it neither could be accepted, nor any remuneration offered for it."

This verdict crushed every hope of Schiller's for an indefinite period. The eager hope of being able to get rid of a debt, which indeed seems too trifling almost to name, and yet the remembrance of which poisoned every moment of his life, was at an end, for the present at least. He now bitterly repented having been induced to fly from Stuttgart by delusive promises, and by empty, flattering, hollow words. He could not but feel how cruel it was, to have allowed him to spend two months of his valuable time in adapting his drama for the stage, consuming his small stock of money, and causing him to incur fresh debts; and so far from bestowing on him the slightest compensation for his labours, Dalberg did not even particularise the faults which unfitted the piece for representation. All these painful thoughts harassed Schiller's noble heart; yet he was much too proud to show how deeply he felt such hard and unfeeling treatment. He only said to Meyer, who was forced to convey this unfavourable decision to him, that he regretted much he had not gone straight from Frankfort to Saxony.

The minutes of the proceedings of the Mannheim theatre prove that the actors were not quite of the same opinion with their Intendant. An analysis by Iffland in 1782, signed with his name, is still extant, in which "Fiesko" is minutely criti-

cised, and at the conclusion he says: "So much genius and industry deserved remuneration, especially taking into consideration the forlorn state of the poet." Streicher names eight louis d'or as the sum that Iffland proposed. Perhaps this offer was made verbally. "But his Excellency the Baron von Dalberg," adds the indignant friend of the poet, bitter as ever even after the lapse of so many years, "did not approve of this suggestion, but dismissed the poet as empty in purse and in hope as when he arrived two months previously."

The lowest depths of want had come at last, and the same poet who was too proud to part with "Demon Love" for eighteen gulden, was now thankful to give Schwan his drama for publication at a louis d'or a sheet. Schwan regretted not being able to increase the payment of this admirable composition, from the fact of so many being on the watch to pirate the work; his sole profits must therefore arise from the sale of the first edition.*

This sum only sufficed to efface the chalk strokes in the "Vichof," to procure also a few indispensable articles of winter clothing, and to defray the expense of the journey to Bauerbach.

But Streicher—this was the most painful thought of all to Schiller—Streicher could not now be indemnified for his many sacrifices; indeed it was only too sadly evident that the future career of a noble-minded man had been wrecked by Schiller's flight, and his whole path in life obstructed. In August, Streicher might have gone to Vienna under the most favourable auspices, though certainly without any particular advantage to his profession; but being of an assiduous and persevering nature, he preferred going to Hamburg, where,

* This fear was groundless. In 1784, a new edition appeared by the same publisher. Schiller writes to Körner, "Götz (Schwan's partner) made me pay for some copies which I required for my own use, and got at his shop. This shabby proceeding very much lowers these publishers in my opinion."

under the auspices of such a master as Bach, although it would cost him many privations, he could make decided progress in the art to which he was devoted.

Schiller himself had fortified him in his resolution to go to Hamburg, but Streicher no longer possessed the means of repairing to either place. The sum which was to enable him to do so, he had applied to the assistance of his beloved friend, and now he saw that the sacrifice had been all in vain. His mother was not sufficiently opulent to send him immediately a further supply of money. He must, for the moment, remain at Mannheim. However insignificant the few gulden in question may appear, this was indeed a severe lesson to the tragic poet, proclaiming to him for the rest of his life, that the struggle of great men is a consuming one, and that to a man of integrity, there can be no sorrow more acute, than the consciousness of having involved a loving heart in the strife.

What the poet could never compensate to his young friend, posterity will amply supply. That Schiller's noble character and genius should call forth such acts of friendship, is a most precious testimony to his merits; but that very quality which he has so often celebrated in his verse;—Truth, steps forward in all her brilliant beauty, declaring that the simple quality of Love, even when brought into contact with the highest endowments of Genius, tempts the heart to share the prize between them.

Schiller's journey was fixed for the last day of November.* He intended to drive with the post carriage to Meiningen, whence he could most conveniently reach Bauerbach. He dared not show himself in the Post house at Mannheim; so it was arranged, that Meyer, Streicher, and some other friends,

* This date of Streicher's ought to be adhered to, in spite of Schiller's letter to his parents on the 19th, where he names the 25th as the time when he proposes to arrive at Bauerbach. "Fiesko" detained him.

were to meet him at Oggersheim, and accompany him as far as Worms. I now resume Streicher's narrative.

"On the appointed day, the party of friends drove to Oggersheim, where they found Schiller busy packing linen, clothes, and some books and writings, in a large portmanteau. Everything was discussed, over a bottle of wine, which was ordered, and every effort made to tranquillize and cheer him about the future, and to sustain his courage. This was not however so requisite in his case, as in that of most men who have seen their hopes finally crushed. It was only anxious expectation and uncertainty which disturbed and distressed Schiller's mind; as soon as the decision was final, he showed all the noble courage, that a brave man requires to master himself. He honestly practised his own maxims, which few poets do, and followed the axiom of Karl Moor: 'to vanquish misery by pride,' in circumstances when the energy of most men would have deserted them.

"The snow was deep, and the cold severe, when the party set off from Oggersheim to Worms, where they arrived at the Post house, just in time to see 'Ariadne of Naxos' performed by a company of strolling players. We may form some idea of the miserable and ludicrous manner in which it was acted, from the fact, that two cannons were painted on the ship which appeared to convey away Theseus, and that the thunder by which Ariadne is hurled from the rock, was produced by pouring a sack full of potatoes into a tub. Meyer and his friends found in this a rich harvest for laughter and ridicule, but Schiller looked on in grave and profound thought, as wholly absorbed in the play, as if he had never seen one before, or might never see another. After the melodrama was over, the remarks of the others could scarcely win a smile from him, and it was obvious that he was reluctant to pass out of the mood which had fallen on him. The supper however, and the excellent Liebfrauenmilch wine,

which accompanied it, made him rather more cheerful, so that at last the party separated in good spirits to return to Mannheim, after taking a kind farewell of the poet, who had become so dear to them all. Meyer and the others took leave of him in a careless and loquacious mood.

"But what did Schiller and his friend say to each other at such a trying moment? Not a word passed their lips, no embrace was exchanged, but an emphatic, lingering pressure of the hand, was more significant than all they could have uttered. The many long years that have since passed away, have not sufficed to efface the mournful remembrance of this farewell from the memory of his friend, and to this day it fills his heart with grief, when he recalls the moment in which he was forced to leave a truly *noble heart*, Germany's *greatest poet*, alone, unhappy, and forsaken.

"The unusually severe cold which prevailed in these early days of December, portended a disagreeable journey for the poet, as he had no thick, warm clothing to protect him; and only provided with a light great coat, he was obliged to pass several days and nights in the diligence, and its snail's pace at that period would, even at a more favourable season of the year, have seemed to lengthen the weary hours to days. His friends all pitied him exceedingly; but their good nature came too late, though it reminded them of many things, absolutely indispensable, which they could easily have given him, to prevent his feeling the severe cold so keenly. The more they thought of what they might have done, the more they lamented not having done it; but it was equally true to nature, that those very men who were well acquainted with the promises that had been made to Schiller, and who had strengthened his hopes by unhesitating assurances of their certain fulfilment, now severely censured his flight, pronouncing it both rash and incomprehensible. They carefully calculated the income of celebrated physicians, comparing it with that of a German

poet, who, even when he had acquired the greatest renown, was still in a position that might be considered needy. They also feared that the high expectations Schiller had raised in the public mind from his first drama were so great, that he was not likely to satisfy them by any of his subsequent works, or to sustain his powers at such a lofty height." Is not this chorus of Job's friends quite classical?

"The only one who warmly defended our poet was Iffland, who, feeling the vocation of an actor within him, in the days of his youth ran away from the house of his opulent father, and, with only a few dollars in his pocket and the clothes he wore, went to Ekhof, to study under him. Iffland alone could understand and do justice to Schiller's true position; because he could judge from his own experience, how intolerable it is to be obliged to suppress a distinguished nativeborn talent, to allow the most splendid gifts of nature to moulder away, to encounter every day the commonplace realities of life, or rather to be forced to adhere to them. Iffland, therefore, not only gave his entire approval to Schiller's spirited resolution, but, by all those powers of wit and sarcasm which he had so richly at his command, he turned into ridicule the pusillanimity of those, who considered it a misfortune to walk a few miles on a journey, or not to find a well appointed table at the usual hour."

While these gentlemen were returning to Mannheim, occupied by such a warm discussion, our wandering *Ritter* (knight), for such was the name he had assumed, was seated in the diligence, in a thin coat, and with the prospect of a journey which could not last less than sixty hours,—a sufficient space of time for him to be actually frozen in this frightful winter's cold, and also to meditate on the perfections of the world and the "open arms" of Dalberg. We hurry on before him to the Franconian mountains, to examine more closely his future abode.

CHAP. IV.

BAUERBACH.

Knightly and Noble Ground. — Henriette von Wolzogen. — Schiller's Arrival in Bauerbach. — Seclusion. — Arrival of Frau von Wolzogen. — Schiller's Connection with her and her Daughter. — A Bridal Poem. — Disagreement and Reconciliation. — Departure of Frau von Wolzogen and her Daughter. — Reinwald. — Satirical Poem. — Conflict between Duty and Love. — Dalberg's Proposals. — Historical Studies for "Don Carlos." — Reinwald's Warning. — Spring Days. — Return of his Friends. — Festive Reception. — Journal. — Joys and Sorrows of Love. — New Hopes. — Separation from Lotte. — Schiller's Melancholy. — His Farewell.

Two leagues to the south of Meiningen, in a hilly country, bounded by the Werra and the Maine, lies the village of Bauerbach, nestling in a solitary valley through which a small stream meanders along pasture-land fringed with willows. The property and freehold of the same name must not be confounded with the village. When the inheritance of the two brothers Von Wolzogen was divided, this estate was apportioned to the younger brother by the second marriage, Ludwig von Wolzogen, a Privy Councillor.* When he died, his widow (Schiller's benefactress) found herself obliged, owing to the dilapidated state of the manor-house, to purchase a house in the village of Bauerbach, in which she resided, when the management of the property, which devolved on her as guardian of her children, required her presence, and it was in this house that Schiller was to live.

We are now on knightly ground. This race of nobles,

* G. Brückner. Schiller in Bauerbach. Memoirs of Karoline v. Wolzogen.

though sprang from a thoroughbred lineage, were many of them so licentious, and their actions so unbridled, that the wretched, exhausted villages, and the poverty and misery of the people, told a sad tale of suffering. But along with much that was but too reprehensible, there were exceptions among the nobility, to the degeneracy and profligacy of the rest; indeed, some truly good and admirable characters. It was in fact to one of this race that Schiller was indebted for his tale, "A Magnanimous Action of Modern Days."

At this period there seemed to be a general decay of all German individuality. The strongest contrasts often came in collision. For instance, on the property of Hochheim belonging to the Bibra family, nothing was worn that was not prepared at home. We can here appeal to Schiller's own description: "Shoes, furniture," he writes, "all the necessaries of life and most of its luxuries, are fabricated on this property; a great proportion by female hands, like Princesses in the Bible, and ladies in the days of chivalry. The most scrupulous cleanliness and order delight the eye, and there is no deficiency either of brilliancy or beauty. Some of the young ladies are handsome, and all are natural and simple in manner, and genuine as the nature in which they live. The father is a worthy country gentleman, a capital sportsman, a good-hearted man, and also a sociable smoking companion. Two leagues from this we find the exact opposite, in another village, where Kammer Herr von Stein resides; he has a wife and nine children, and lives in a pompous, princely style. Instead of a house we have here a castle, a court instead of society, a banquet instead of a dinner. Herr von Stein is a very imposing personage, possessing many good and brilliant qualities, and a considerable talent for conversation, and also dignity of manner, but he is a man of dissolute character."

This same Herr von Stein liked to be called the Prince of the Rhön, and returned a count's diploma which the Emperor

had sent to him, declaring that he would rather be a Baron of ancient degree than a modern Count. He spent at the Emperor's coronation at Frankfort 50,000 gulden. Herr von Stein was the guardian and uncle of Charlotte von Marschalk Ostheim, who subsequently, as Charlotte von Kalb, played so important a part in Schiller's life.

To complete the picture of these times, we have field sports in which elderly gentlemen risked their necks, sanguinary duels, love affairs, the more strictly prohibited the more welcome; balls, banquets, costly journeys from one castle to another; but also refined courtesy of demeanour, enlightenment, love of art, sensitive feeling, and sometimes genuine piety.

A dramatist could here cull materials for many a scene from real life. We mention one. Fritz von Ostheim, brother of Charlotte von Kalb, a Göttingen student, is invited to a ball at Gräfin Hardenberg's. This young baron is a model of every chivalrous virtue. The Gräfin particularly distinguishes him, and thus excites the jealousy of a young Englishman, hitherto her favourite, to such a pitch, that the latter resolves to have his revenge. He makes a sign to the Freiherr von Ostheim to accompany him into an adjoining room, and gives him a note, requesting him to read it. Von Ostheim reads the superscription, and gives it back, saying, "You are mistaken, this is addressed to yourself." It was a billet doux from the Gräfin. The Englishman threatens to throw it into the middle of the ball room. The young Baron snatches the note, tears it into a hundred pieces, and scatters them out of the window. A challenge and a duel ensue, in which Friedrich von Ostheim falls, the last male representative of his family.

The female world soon found that proceedings so violent, and often so immoral, recoiled with severity on themselves. Their sufferings were not slight, from tender relations being ruthlessly severed, and from forced marriages; and thus the better class of feminine spirits resolved firmly to resist

such cruel encroachments, and they were supported in this resolution by the aspirations of the middle classes to literature, and the impulse Lessing's "Nathan" had communicated to the piety and intellectuality of the day. To this class Schiller became a champion and a knight in the best sense of the word; and the poet received from associating with them, his noblest mission,—that of equalising differences of condition.

Schiller's estimable benefactress, Frau Henriette von Wolzogen, was one of these noble minded women. She sprang from the race of Marschalk von Ostheim, of Walldorf, where she was born in 1744 *, and where her brother still resided. Left a widow at an early age, reduced to live on the small income of the family property, and the mother of five children, she was far from being in a brilliant position. This did not, however, prevent her educating an adopted daughter, and assisting in promoting the happiness of every one, when it was in her power to do so. She lived alternately at Bauerbach and at Stuttgart, where, as we have already mentioned, she had gained the special interest of Gräfin Franziska.

It was therefore peculiarly magnanimous in her, to grant an asylum in her own house, to a person in disgrace with the Duke. The misfortunes of the noble poet, whose "Robbers" had enchanted her, and in which she considered herself in some degree as an accomplice, the confidence she felt that his residence would remain concealed, and, most of all, her devoted friendship for Schiller, made her resolve to shut her eyes to the possible consequences of such a step. She was at this time at Stuttgart, but had caused every preparation to be made for the reception of Dr. Ritter.

Our poet arrived at Meiningen, after a journey of several

* She was thus only eight and thirty, when Schiller became acquainted with her, and consequently by no means "the old woman" G. Schwab declares her to have been at that time.

days, and became acquainted there with the bookseller Reinwald, whom Frau von Wolzogen had commended to him, as a trustworthy friend. With the consolatory feeling of possessing at least one kind acquaintance in the solitary desert which awaited him, he set off for Bauerbach. It was late in the evening when he arrived there, deep snow covered the ground, and night had already sunk down on the valley. Lights glimmered in the few scattered houses as he drove past, promising a refuge to the weary wanderer.

After delivering his credentials to the steward, he was immediately conducted to his new dwelling. Here a low roofed, but warm comfortable room, received him; a ponderous stove, with its Dutch tiles, offered ample compensation for all the cold from which he had suffered so much during his freezing journey; a table with twisted legs, two ancient engravings of royalty, and an armchair, were the objects that adorned Dr. Ritter's room at that time. The building consisted of two stories, and was long and narrow. Schiller's apartments were situated at the back of the house. Every thing seemed delightful in the eyes of the half frozen traveller. Here he was safely hidden from the cruelty of hard hearted men; here he would only associate with that class which Goethe pronounces the best, and who were disposed to receive him hospitably; here, there was no chalk score staring him in the face on a landlord's slate, and no rough coarse squabbling, as at Oggersheim, to disturb his quiet; here, food, firing, washing, servants were all provided in the kindest manner by the people of the village. What marvel then that Schiller felt like the shipwrecked mariner, just escaped from the cold waves?

His first impulse was to write to his benefactress, to his parents, to all who had shown him affection. To Streicher, above all! To Schwan, Meyer, and to Luise Vischer. His second impulse was to work as hard as possible. He writes

to Schwan, that this winter, he intends to be entirely a poet, to enable him to arrange his affairs more speedily, in short, to bury himself completely in his poetical labours; but though he wrote in such cheerful and hopeful terms to Streicher, still a dissatisfied tone breathes in the words, "Whatever you do, my dear friend, never lose sight of this practical truth, which has cost your inexperienced friend dear enough; if you wish to make use of men, you must either become their slave, or make them yours. One of the two, or you must inevitably sink." At length he set to work in good earnest, and laboured hard. Reinwald supplied him with books. His "Luise Millerin" kept him closely confined to his room. The deathlike silence of this secluded rural life, only interrupted by the cawing of rooks, and the raging of winter storms, contributed to forward the work. Nothing met the eye, but wretched huts, a dilapidated church, peasants in linen blouses, and poor Jews who lived in the village. The valley was encircled by woods, a chain of undulating hills stretching away into the distance, on one of which the lofty ruins of the castle of Graf von Henneberg were visible from every point, holding out the prospect of an attractive expedition in spring, if the dreadful roads did not render it impracticable!

The orchards that encompassed the house, lay in all the dreary desolation of winter, and thus imprisoned, our poet had ample leisure to survey, with an aching heart, the treasures of ease and repose which he could now uninterruptedly indulge in. But he was ere long to learn, that within the human heart there lies an endless source of disquietude and sorrow, even when the storms without no longer rage.

Frau von Wolzogen announced to him that she was soon to arrive at Bauerbach. This news threw him into a state of the most feverish excitement, not merely from the joy of again seeing his benefactress; another feeling was at work in

his heart. Some time ago, her pretty blooming daughter Charlotte, who had been educated in a school at Gotha, had made a deep impression on him, when he met her, during one of her visits to her mother at Stuttgard. He thought from some indications he had observed, that he might flatter himself the young lady's feelings towards him, were of a warmer nature than those of mere friendship. Having gone one day to her mother's house, accompanied by a young companion, Charlotte could scarcely conceal her blushes, or her tears at their departure. Schiller attributed this emotion only too gladly to himself. How natural, therefore, that he should anticipate the arrival of Frau von Wolzogen, with all the impatience of tender friendship, and the apprehensive timidity of a dawning passion. During the stay of his benefactress, he had the prospect of frequently seeing Charlotte. After such weary privation of the society of those by whom he was valued as the author of "The Robbers," after such long gloomy days of solitude, he is once more to enjoy the precious breath of sympathy, home, and happiness! He imbibes this felicity in ample draughts. He cannot separate himself from his kind friend. On the 3rd of January she goes to her adjacent property of Walldorf. He accompanies her thither, and returns on the 4th only to write, that he will probably arrive again even before his letter at Walldorf. "Since your absence," he writes, "I feel utterly lost. In moments of great and vivid joy, we experience the sensation of those who have been looking long and fixedly at the sun; it still seems to stand before us, even after the eye has been for some time turned from it. It blinds us for all lesser rays." Frau von Wolzogen promised to make him acquainted with a friend of hers. "You do not know," he writes in allusion to this, "how essential it is to me to associate with noble-minded men. They reconcile me to the whole race, with whom I had nearly quarrelled for ever. It is unfortunate, my kind friend, that

good hearted men should rush so impetuously into the opposite extreme of misanthropy, when unworthy beings deceive their warmest hopes. Just so has it been with me. I was ready to embrace half the world, with the most glowing feelings, and at last I discovered that I held a lump of ice in my arms."

On his way to Walldorf, he had passed through Meiningen, which seemed imprudent to Frau von Wolzogen, as this small Capital had already cast a searching eye on the singular stranger. "I do not, therefore, intend to go by Meiningen," he writes in the same letter, "but direct from Bauerbach to Walldorf. I care not what the weather may be. It is quite trying enough to have so many plans destroyed by the spiritual world, the sublunary one shall not deprive me of one single joy of life." Every pulsation of his heart beats for his benefactress and her daughter, now at Walldorf. We know not whether Schiller arrived before or after his letter, but certainly he made no delay. The happy days of reunion fled only too quickly — again he left his friends, and again he hopes for another meeting; this time at Meiningen. "It is too dreadful," he complains at Bauerbach, "to live without a sympathetic soul, but it is equally sad devotedly to cling to a heart, from which we must inevitably, in this world of change, be one day severed in sorrow and anguish." We need not suppose that Charlotte alone is here referred to. Schiller's inclinations always commenced in so ideal a form, that they admitted of no exclusiveness.

A peculiarity is indeed here typified, which has surprised and perplexed many readers, and which was subsequently developed in his love for the two sisters von Lengefeld. His enthusiasm for his benefactress does not require to be interpreted in an entirely filial light, nor to be considered improbable. At that particular period prudish propriety had striven strictly to class and assort all phases of feeling; and this was

precisely the cause of producing a degree of freedom in this connection, which Schiller's life realized more than his poetry. His benefactress was to him a Psyche — Charlotte one of the Graces — were he to decide on possessing one, he would choose the Grace, but his sentiments blend in love for both.

With such feelings of tender devotion, the poet on the appointed day passed through the gates of Meiningen, to return through them the same day with very opposite sensations, and resolved to leave Bauerbach for ever. The cause of this sudden change seems to have been the following circumstance. Schiller, whenever he heard an enthusiastic opinion given of "The Robbers," could not resist the very pardonable impulse to cast aside for the moment the tiresome Dr. Schmidt or Ritter (for his letters were addressed equally to both names). The reader may remember the scene in the bookseller's shop in Frankfort. There was one exactly similar in Meiningen. He confided his residence with equal imprudence to his friends in Stuttgart, among whom was Frau Vischer, who proved by no means very discreet.

Such thoughtless relinquishment of all secrecy must have appeared to the Duke of Würtemberg a wish to brave his displeasure. Frau von Wolzogen, whose hopes for the future welfare of her sons were centred in the favour of the Duke, thought it right when she saw Schiller in Meiningen, to remonstrate seriously with her young friend on his want of prudence and consideration, saying plainly, that the interest of her sons was naturally uppermost in her heart, and entreating him to preserve his *incognito* more carefully in future.

This was enough: to Schiller's sensitive feelings it seemed equivalent to saying, You had better go away. This was treatment similar to that of Dalberg. Since the unlucky transactions about his drama, he had been inspired with a natural distrust of all men, and thus he now considered Frau

von Wolzogen's kind and judicious warning as a mere pretext to get rid of him. The blow was the more severe, that it proceeded from a source whence he had least expected it. Certainly few with his passionate nature, his misfortunes, and his irritable imagination, could have written, in the first heat of the moment, in more calm and measured terms than he did in the following letter to Streicher:—"I am indeed the sport of fate! All my schemes are doomed to be shipwrecked! Some capricious demon assuredly finds his pastime in knocking me about like a ball, in this sublunary sphere. When you receive this letter, I shall have quitted Bauerbach. My dear friend, place faith in no human being; the friendship of man is a thing which of all others does not reward the trouble of seeking it. Alas! woe to him whose circumstances compel him to trust to others. God be praised! I do so no longer. Frau von Wolzogen assured me, indeed, how anxious she was to be instrumental in accomplishing my happiness, but—that I had myself sufficient good sense to be aware that duty to her children must be her paramount consideration, and that their prospects would be injured if the Duke of Würtemberg received any hint of my present residence. This was enough for me! However painful it is to feel that I have been again deceived in my estimate of a person, still I shall profit by this addition to my knowledge of the human heart. A friend, and a lucky chance, have come to the rescue. By the efforts of my very kind acquaintance, the bookseller Reinwald, I was introduced to a young Herr von Wurmb, who knows 'The Robbers' by heart, and intends perhaps to write a continuation of it. At first sight we were friends, our hearts instantly sympathised; moreover, he has a sister! Mark my words, my dear friend. If I do not figure as a poet of the highest order this year, I may become equally conspicuous in folly, and to me, at this moment, these two characters seem to be pretty nearly allied. I am to go with my friend Wurmb to his pro-

perty, a village in the Thüringian Forest, and there I shall devote myself exclusively to my own pursuits, and to friendship. I am also to learn to shoot, for my friend has very fine preserves. I hope this will effect a happy revolution in my head and in my heart."

Herr von Wurmb, whose acquaintance Schiller had made, was in fact one of those poetical dilettanti, who in the shape of minor planets, circled in great numbers round the poetical suns of the time. He was a friend of Göcking's, an admirer of Pfranger, and his "Monk of Lebanon," and a worthy good-hearted man. He lived at Walkramshausen, in the circle of Nordhausen.*

The pleasures of the chase, and other anticipated delights of our hot headed poet, were never realized. Frau von Wolzogen was too magnanimous not to show a good example to her sensitive friend, by meeting him half way; and she thus proved to him, that the most cordial affection can be combined with the most judicious precautions. Schiller was restored to his better self, and not only remained at Bauerbach, but the very consciousness of his unjust suspicions, redoubled, if possible, his gratitude and esteem towards his benefactress.† And in truth Frau von Wolzogen was quite the person to prove to him, that friendship *is* a thing that in every sphere richly rewards those who seek it. She well knew how to allay a hasty misapprehension, by turning his attention to the world of reality, to the strife between the good and evil powers of

* I. Beehstein proves how unjustly Herr von Wurmb has been treated by biographers.

† It would almost appear that the letter to Streicher was intended only to mislead his too enthusiastic friend, through whose letters to Schiller the abode of the latter might be betrayed; but so long as this interpretation bears no proof, I would rather believe in a sudden ebullition of passion on Schiller's part, than in any deception, however well intended, especially at the cost of his benefactress, and attended by so many misanthropical counsels.

the times, to struggles of heart with the pressure of outward circumstances. There had been a melancholy instance of such dire contention of feeling at that very period, in Nordheim, only a league from Bauerbach, where an unhappy victim was sacrificed.

The reader was made acquainted at the beginning of this chapter with Nordheim, and its proprietor, Herr von Stein, who strongly impressed with the corruption of the higher circles, and their ruined fortunes, was anxious to force his daughters, and the nieces under his guardianship, into marriages with rich old men, in order to secure their position in life. Thus, towards the end of the year 1782, Eleonore von Ostheim married the President of the Chamber, at Weimar, von Kalb, the same of whom Goethe wrote to Knebel, "as a landed proprietor he acted moderately, as a politician badly, and as a man detestably."

After the death of her brother, the Fritz von Ostheim to whose sad fate we already alluded, this connection appeared advantageous to the relations, in order that the property might be properly managed, under the guidance of an experienced man of business. The young blooming girl was sacrificed to these cold blooded calculations. Charlotte von Kalb has depicted to us this day of misery in her memoirs. The sisters and relatives were all still in the deepest mourning for the ill fated young Baron Fritz; "mourning and sympathizing relations," writes Charlotte, "came to visit us, and also Frau von Wolzogen and Schiller. The melancholy circumstances in which we were placed, formed the subject of our conversation with Ritter (as she then called Schiller), who felt the warmest sympathy for the melancholy fate of Eleonore von Ostheim." A personal interest in the Ostheim sisters was thus awakened in his heart, which was in after days to be passionately concentrated on Charlotte von Kalb.

On the 24th of January Frau von Wolzogen went with her

daughter to Stuttgart. To secure his benefactress against any evil consequences from his imprudence, in having betrayed his place of refuge, Schiller wrote letters, ostensibly from distant countries, representing himself as travelling in America and in England. He indeed entertained a project of visiting the latter country, as his relation, Johann Friedrich Schiller, at that time, resided in London. He writes, "I have heard something of Frau Vischer which has exceedingly annoyed me. I wrote a very unguarded hasty letter to her, some weeks ago, which should have been seen by no one but herself, but she thought fit to communicate it to a certain officer. She could have done nothing more odious to me. Such indiscretion (and this is a mild term) wounds my feelings, and I had a better opinion of her. How often are we deceived even in those we love best!" *

Absorbed in his work, the poet consoled himself by Frau von Wolzogen's promise to return within fourteen weeks, and also by correspondence and personal intercourse with Reinwald. This gentleman was born in Wasungen, in 1737, and was originally a jurist. His varied knowledge qualified him for the highest offices of state. He had, moreover, extensive scientific acquirements, and sufficient wit and talent to enable him to compose a good song, or an elegiac poem. With such qualifications he laboured hard for many long years, possessing only a very small salary, as a clerk of chancery. This caused him at length to become bitter and hypochondriacal, though a thoroughly worthy man, and devoted heart and soul to all that was true, honest, and good. He acted both as a spur and a bridle to Schiller. He recognized his soaring genius, and

* Though the date of this letter was imaginary, so far as it related to Stuttgart, this was not known, and it was supposed to be a true one. That Frau Vischer's indiscretion consisted only in disclosing Schiller's place of abode, seems doubtful from another passage in the same letter. A report had been circulated that he had gone to Bauerbach, but he may have entangled himself in this network of fiction.

soon felt that the poet deserved to tread a more spacious and elevated stage. His young friend always applied to him when he required books and references, or good advice and encouragement. In all respects he was a valuable ally for Schiller.

On the 1st of February the poet writes to Frau von Wolzogen, "I wish time would concentrate all his velocity till May, to move on more slowly afterwards." The blue sky of an early spring day tempts him into the open air. He intends making an expedition to the hills and woods, and thinks it possible, that, though unskilful, he may chance to shoot a bird of prey. Snow, however, again sets in heavily, so that he cannot fulfil the rendezvous which he usually had with Reinwald. His sole recreation is playing chess with the steward. The monotony of country life, where everything seems of importance, not because it is so in reality, but from being before our eyes, begins to press upon his spirits. "My dear friend," he writes to Reinwald, "often, often do I wish to see you here in my quiet cell, and gladly would I give my daily food in exchange for human society." He discovers by experience that genius, even when not oppressed, can sadly retrograde and wither, when the impulse from without is wanting. "I am often forced now to work out a fancy, or a poetical idea, slowly and thanklessly, which I could accomplish in ten minutes with ease, were I by the side of an intellectual friend. How vast must that original intellect be that is independent of encouragement, either of soil or climate, or the sympathy of a social circle, but springs forth of itself even in a state of barbarism."

These were complaints which touched a sympathetic chord in Reinwald's gloomy mind. The man and the youth became every day more indispensable to each other. The burden of a severe life's discipline weighed on both, and they felt it keenly. Schiller was, about that time, in trouble about many things. His mother was seriously ill; his debts must at last

be made known to his own family, and who could tell what effect this revelation might have on his distressed mother? He had brought nothing with him to Bauerbach, but good will to work. He was often in the most frightful straits for money, which made him the more anxious to see his "Luise Millerin" published. He was very unwilling to have recourse again to Schwan's complaisance. He therefore applied to the bookseller Weygand in Leipzig, and discussed ways and means with Reinwald, when suddenly the sky cleared up in a quarter, whither his eyes had long ceased to turn with hope. He received a courteous letter from Dalberg, who endeavoured to excuse his want of good faith, and sounded the poet on the subject of a performance of "Luise Millerin." Schiller was much surprised, and wrote to Meyer in Mannheim, that some dramatic misfortune must have occurred, when Dalberg could write such a conciliatory epistle.

At the beginning of 1783, "Fiesko" was published by Schwan. It is possible that Dalberg was now more capable of discovering the merits of the piece; perhaps he was assailed by an impulse of humane compassion and remorse, as it was entirely on the faith of his promises that Schiller had first plunged himself into misfortune. This amiability, however, on Dalberg's part was now free from all risk, as Schiller's father, in December 1782, wrote that the Duke of Würtemberg had filled up his son's situation, and seemed to have no intention whatever of claiming the fugitive. Moreover, at this time Dalberg had some of Shakspeare's plays under his pruning scissors, which he did not scruple to use in a most reckless patch-work style, not only adopting Lessing's advice to make a coat out of the giant's sleeve, but, to speak literally, and not figuratively, he transferred a brilliant passage from Volumnia, into the Portia of Julius Cæsar, and when Coriolanus was subsequently given, he restored the stolen lines to their original position. In such exigencies as these, talent

like that of Schiller, was of prodigious value; and lastly Streicher, by his lively representation of the merits of the new play, "Luise Millerin," had violently excited the curiosity of the actors and their chief; and it suddenly became obvious to the latter, that by recalling Schiller, he would impart new splendour, at a reasonable rate, to his theatre and to his own direction.

Schiller on this occasion proved that he was not wholly devoid of diplomacy; he did not close hastily with the proposal, but first consulted his friend Reinwald, whether he ought to enter into any negotiation with Dalberg. "I know him," said he, "pretty well now, and my 'Luise Millerin' has various attributes which are not well adapted to the stage. For example, the Gothic mixture of the tragic and the comic, and a perplexing multiplicity of details." But though Schiller avoided throwing himself at once into Dalberg's arms, still many strong motives weighed with him, not at least to reject the proffered hand. He knew also how to appreciate the value of the Mannheim stage, and if any unforeseen event were to compel him to leave Bauerbach, he had a near refuge in Mannheim. Such an event was at hand, and about to force itself on him. His sense of duty and his pride were doomed to be put to a severe test.

Frau von Wolzogen wrote to him, it appears, to say that a certain Herr von Winkelmann, a relation of her family, was resolved to accompany her, on her approaching journey to Meiningen. This gentleman was well known to Schiller, as a very dangerous rival in Charlotte's favour. Schiller had that instinctive dislike to Herr von Winkelmann, with which passion usually inspires its victims. "If he comes to Meiningen," writes Schiller to Frau von Wolzogen, "and hears the description of a Würtemberger in Bauerbach, a discovery is inevitable, and I do not choose that gentleman to be initiated into the secret." He continues: "I do not wish to depreciate

his merits, for no doubt he has many good qualities, but he can never become a friend of mine, unless two certain persons first become indifferent to my heart, who are now dearer to me than life itself." In accents in which tears tremble, he adds: "I must leave you; I have seen you for the last time; it costs me much to say this, and I will not conceal from you, that I thus give up many a fair and cherished hope, and cause an irreparable blank in my existence; but the satisfaction of my honour is my first consideration, and my pride has already done so much good service to my virtue, that I shall at last look upon it in the light of a virtue also." He is far from deeming her capable of sacrificing a friend. In the meantime he earnestly implores her not to be uneasy about his temporal welfare, representing his Mannheim prospects as excellent, with the view of tranquillising her, and declaring that he hopes soon to be in a position which will enable him to go to Berlin. He concludes by signing himself "your friend for ever."

This was on the 27th of March; on the 3rd of April he wrote to Dalberg. After some cool words of apology for not having sooner replied to his letter, he carelessly continues: "You wish to know how I live? if freedom from care, the enjoyment of every favourite pursuit, and the society of some friends of taste, can make a man happy, then I ought to be so. Your Excellency, in spite of the failure of my last attempt, appears still to have some confidence in my dramatic powers. I sincerely desire to merit this, but as I do not wish again to expose myself to the risk of deceiving your expectations, I take the liberty of detailing some of the faults which I at present discern in my work." He then states the same objections with which we are already acquainted from his letter to Reinwald. Dalberg, however, was determined not again to lose hold of the obstinate poet, but persuaded him to commence an adaptation of "Luise Millerin" for the

stage, to which we owe two or three softened versions of this drama.

In the same way that this new piece had interrupted the half-finished "Fiesko," fresh interest in a fresh subject soon usurped the worn out idea of his domestic drama. The same day on which he openly confessed to Frau von Wolzogen his jealousy of his rival, he wrote to Reinwald, that he had laid aside "Imhoff" and "Maria Stuart" for the present, and had decided on "Don Carlos."

It has been said that Schiller, in contradistinction to Goethe, invariably commenced from his idea. This is an error, and quite as palpable a one as that he meant to depict himself in his youthful heroes. In no drama of our poet, can the rise and progress of his creation be so closely traced as in "Don Carlos." In the letter to Reinwald, he speaks first of the fruitful nature of the subject. "I find," he says, "that this history has in reality more unity and interest than I had hitherto imagined. It will afford me opportunities for striking delineations, and heart-stirring and affecting situations. The character of a fiery, noble, and sensitive youth, heir to a throne; a Queen, who by the constraint placed on her feelings, is utterly miserable, notwithstanding all the privileges bestowed on her by Fate; a jealous father and husband; a ferocious and hypocritical inquisitor; and a barbarous Duke of Alva: all these combined ought not to result in failure. Moreover, there is a great lack of such German tragedies, treating of great personages of state, and the Mannheim theatre wishes me to undertake this subject." Is it possible to proceed more methodically, I might almost say mechanically, to work? He was again absorbed in that pensive, meditative, and fruitful mood which preceded "The Robbers," and is always symptomatic of the approaching birth of spiritual children. "Now, my dear friend," he writes, "we once more see the glad days when the swallows return to our skies, and

feeling to our breasts. How anxiously I long for you!" In his letters to Frau von Wolzogen, words such as the following are clear enough:—"Seclusion, discontent with my destiny, shipwrecked hopes, and perhaps my changed mode of life, have, if I may so speak, unstrung and falsified the pure instrument of my feelings." Reinwald furnished him with the necessary historical books of reference, among others Brantome's "Philip II." and St. Real's romance, "Histoire de Don Carlos, Fils de Philippe II., Roy d'Espagne."

In this romance, besides the Marquis von Posa, we find Graf Lerma, the Duke of Alva, and also the character of the Princess Eboli, the wife of Don Ruy Gomez de Silva. A sketch of the plot of Schiller's "Don Carlos" is still extant.* He entered with such zeal into the study of these various histories, that Reinwald was alarmed least he should be altogether turned away from dramatic poetry; he therefore addressed a poetical admonition to his young friend, in which are the following fine verses.†

"Steep mountains crown'd by forests hoary,
Joy-laden as the sun of Spring,—
'Twixt men and me their rampart fling;—
Thou strivest for the prize of glory.

"From thine Ideal, oh! my friend,—
Oh Art!—from thy creative throne,—
Apollo!—to this valley lone,
On my lyre's harmony descend.

"Spurn not,—all humble though it be,
The prayer of a devoted friend;—
Thou hast begun;—so may'st thou end
In Truth, to all Eternity.

"Pour down, like the Cherusker pines,—
Like cedars upon Lebanon,—
The blast from the Immortal Throne
On tyrants and their blood-stain'd shrines.

* Hoffmeister. Supplement. Vol. ii. p. 4.

† The finished poem was given by L. Köhler in his Idylls of Bauerbach, *Abend-Zeitung.* 1839.

"The human snakes, with all their train;—
The fiends that thirst for human tears:—
Are not thy words like pointed spears,—
Like fire that rends the rock in twain?"

The coming spring, with its warm breath, not only fructified the seeds in meadows and gardens, but also in the soul of our poet. The ancient spreading lime tree of the village, and the mulberry before the house, began to put forth tender green leaves, and our recluse to wander about in the vicinity of Bauerbach with his "Don Carlos." A very short distance from the village brought him into free, fresh, and breathing nature. The valley encircled by heights and woods, and the banks of the Werra, offered a rich variety both of frequented and secluded paths. His steps often turned to the residence of the clergyman of the parish, whose excellent understanding and patriarchal mode of life, renewed with magic power the impressions of his early youth. Here he once more regained the blessing of true, pure, and unsophisticated feelings. Sanerteig, the celebrated theologian, was at that time in Walldorf; besides Scharfenberg, in Ritschenhausen; Rasche, in Untermassfeld, who as a numismatist enjoyed quite a European reputation. There was also the Court Preacher, Pfranger, in Meiningen, well known as the author of "The Monk of Lebanon;" and the young scholar, Fleischmann, and Pastor Freisslich, at Bibra, to whose flock the inhabitants of Bauerbach belonged. These men all visited Schiller in his rural retreat, where he entertained them as hospitably as he could. He often remained in Bibra till very late at night. "Your pastors in Bibra," he writes to his benefactress, on the 23rd of April, "I am intimately acquainted with, and they both love me as cordially as I love them. I assist the younger one in cultivating his intellect, and he brings conviction to my mind on many points, which I know you consider of vast importance."

There were very opposite views here to be balanced, and Schiller's later letters, written from Mannheim to the pious Frau von Wolzogen, everywhere betray traces of this patriarchal intercourse. His views, also, of the middle classes of society, whom he had hitherto only seen through the highly coloured glasses of Rousseau's ideas, now assumed a more just form, by his deeper insight into the life of the people, aided by the judgment of experienced and tolerant men. All these pastors, except Pfranger, were disciples of Lessing, whose "Nathan," when it appeared in 1779, had given rise to warm discussions, and a variety of opinions, even in these quiet valleys, situated on the boundary line between Protestantism and Catholicism, and Pfranger in Meiningen, by his "Monk of Lebanon," attempted a refutation of "Nathan" in favour of Christianity. Schiller, who cherished Lessing's writings, and had them even under his pillow, certainly heard "Nathan" much lauded here, and though he impugned the dexterity of Lessing, declaring that he was rather the task-master of his heroes than their sympathising friend, still he was obliged to confess that this reproach did not apply to "Nathan," and that in this work the most harmonious unison subsisted between the poet and his ideal; and if the dialogue in particular scenes of "Don Carlos" be compared with that in "Nathan," we cannot but perceive that the disciple, though reluctantly, seems compelled to follow the imperious signal of the master. It is highly interesting to examine how Schiller (if we may be permitted to use such an expression) endeavours to employ the *mechanism* of Pity and Terror,—how he strives organically to produce these effects. One of the finest letters that we possess of Schiller's, the one to Reinwald, of the 14th April, 1783, comprises the Aristotelian conceptions of art, on the idea of the universe, as represented by Leibnitz, Shaftesbury, and their disciples, in a Deistical contemplation of the world.

What an earnest striving after unity, after the primitive source of the beautiful, the good, and the true, lies within the compass of this letter!—what a bold arch he spans from the critical demands of reason, to the living impulses of creation in the heart of the artist!

The letter is dated, "Bauerbach,—at early dawn, in the garden hut.

"In the fresh enchanting breath of morning I think of you, my friend, and of my 'Carlos.' My soul contemplates the reflection of nature in a cloudless polished mirror, and I believe that my ideas are just. Examine the following. I figure to myself that all poetry is simply enthusiastic friendship, or Platonic love for a creature of our imagination. I will explain what I mean. We create a character when we transfer *our* feelings and our historical knowledge into the individuality of *another*, blending these in various proportions, —causing to prevail in the good a larger ratio of light; in the bad, a lesser ratio of shadow. Just as thousands of colours start into life in a simple white ray of light, according to the surface on which it glances, so am I inclined to believe that within our souls all characters slumber in their original form, and only acquire a durable, or, it may be, a momentary and illusory existence, by reality and nature, or by artistic impulse. All the productions of our brain are therefore simply a reflex of *ourselves*." His ideas are the same with regard to the great Creator of the universe. "God sees His image reflected back in all its perfection as in a mirror, from the whole existing economy of creation." This is Schiller's theory of perfection, the Ideal as the essence of the human soul. "But as perfection cannot exist alone, but only deserves the name when in definite relation to a universal design, thus no *thinking soul* can withdraw within itself, or suffice to itself. A never-ceasing and imperative endeavour to find a curve for this angle, and to perfect the curve by carrying it out into a circle, is in fact merely to concentrate in one bodily shape all

the scattered features of beauty, the various attributes of perfection; or, in other words, the ever-living propensity to transfer our own soul into that of a fellow-creature, or to condense their soul within ourselves, to snatch it to our embrace,—this is love. Are not indeed all the tokens of love and friendship, from the most gentle pressure of the hand to the most ardent embrace, so many indications of a nature for ever striving to mingle with that of another?"

Schiller proceeds to prove that the same impulse which the Ideal seeks in a friend, attracts the poet to his own creations; that a great poet must necessarily possess the power of feeling the most devoted friendship; hence he deduces, "we poets touch, affect, and influence the feelings of others most when we have *ourselves* felt fear and pity for our heroes. The poet ought to be something more than the mere limner of the characters he depicts, more akin to their bosom friend, or the idol of their hearts. Hence 'Julius von Tarent' affected me more than Lessing's 'Emilia,' though Lessing's discernment was infinitely more acute than that of Leisewitz. Lessing was lord over his heroes, but Leisewitz was their friend." To carry out the application of these higher technical views in "Don Carlos," he does not hesitate to confess, that for the time his hero usurps the place in his heart of her he worships; and still more plainly to indicate in what degree "Carlos" resembles himself, he adds, "Carlos, if I may presume to measure by so lofty a scale, inherits the soul of Shakspeare's Hamlet, the blood and nerves of Leisewitz's Julius, and the pulsations of his heart from me."

After this oft-discussed statement is fairly concluded, which indeed contains the mystery of Schiller's dramatic technicality, and is applicable to all poetical creations of character, then, and not till then, he comes to the point whence the idea of "Don Carlos" in reality sprung. "Moreover," he says, "I intend to make it my earnest endeavour in this piece to avenge

persecuted humanity by a description of the Inquisition, and ruthlessly to expose on the pillory its deeds of shame and cruelty. Even should my 'Carlos' thus become unfitted for the stage, I am resolved to make a deadly thrust at the souls of a class of men whom the dagger of tragedy has hitherto only grazed. I will;—but you may well laugh at me." No one could manifest their intentions with greater modesty. He might have subjoined many another "I will," besides those we see here. He might have proceeded to say, I will represent the curse of a forced marriage, the misery of a solitary despot enthralled by his vices; the struggle between passion and the ideal, between love and duty, &c. &c. And does it not seem as if he were deploring his own tragic fate in that of the unhappy Prince,—a fate he so touchingly depicts in the end of his letter to his more mature friend? "You are the noble-minded being I have so long sought, who gladly accept me with all my weaknesses and defective virtues; the former you will patiently endure, and on the latter drop a tear. Dear friend, I am not what I might have been. I might *perhaps* have become truly great, had I not too early in life found destiny unpropitious."

These combined motives and impulses, the atmosphere of Bauerbach, and the struggle in his own mind between love and duty, along with the images of Hamlet and Julius, worked powerfully on "Don Carlos." Soon, however, the life drama in which the poet at this time was forced to play a part, superseded in his estimation even the poetical one.

Frau von Wolzogen was much shocked and startled by this last letter from her friend. Her tender attachment to him was excited as much by her esteem for his moral worth, as by her admiration of his talents, and he returned her affection enthusiastically. She had a foreboding of what he meant, and that her Charlotte was the object of his wishes: and yet she did not sacrifice the poor fugitive. She wrote to him that

Herr von Winkelmann was not to accompany her, but that she had her doubts whether it would not be wiser for Schiller to part from her, and seek his fortune in the great world.

On the 23rd of April, Schiller passionately excited by such a want of confidence, writes that it would be the most faithless and ungrateful action in the world, were he to seek his fortune elsewhere; and thus he not only remained at Bauerbach, but, undismayed, made all his arrangements for a prolonged residence there,—among other things, making a bowling-green in the middle of the garden.

Gradually he had become both a favourite, and an important personage, with all in the village, old and young. At one time making use of his knowledge of medicine in their behalf, and at another of his legal skill, to compose differences. He says in a letter, "I have been indisposed, but not ill; I was bled." In these days such a step would be considered as actually giving a fee to death.

Schiller had no time to be ill at present, for he had a vast deal to do before his friends arrived. He must be in every place himself; he must put the house and garden in order, and make some changes in the latter. We may conceive his assiduity and his pleasure. It always continued one of the chief wishes of his life to live far from the world, and yet near it, and to be able to enjoy all the beauties and advantages of nature. He saw no cause for serious alarm, when a report reached him that Charlotte was betrothed; indeed, he congratulated the mother in anticipation of the announcement, in a letter of the 6th of May, but the conclusion, "In the New Testament, the sacrifice of victims is abolished," does not look as if he intended quietly to yield Lotte to another.

He resolved to celebrate the return of his dear friends by a rural fête. There was an avenue of thorns, which extended from the furthest end of the village to his house, a triumphal arch of fir-branches was erected in the court-yard, and the

church tastefully decorated with hawthorn. At last, in the middle of May, the expected guests drove through the avenue, received with shouts of welcome by their zealous dependents. From the house they repaired, amid a *feu de joie*, to the church, where a band of wind instruments accompanied the singing, and the worthy pastor delivered an oration. A gay dance wound up the festivities of the day.

For Schiller however, the bloom of joyful excitement had been for some days withered, and he earnestly entreated Reinwald to pay him a visit: "I long for your presence, my kind friend, and have great need to imbibe fresh courage and hope in your society."

Frau von Wolzogen, shortly after her arrival, on seeing Schiller's growing passion, showed him her daughter's journal, in which the tears shed by Charlotte when he quitted Stuttgart, and attributed by Schiller to regret for his departure, were now explained in a way most mortifying and afflicting to our poet.

Her emotion had been caused by his companion, and not by himself. He read in Lotte's journal an avowal which wounded him to the heart. She already loved another,—loved Herr von Winkelmann. Moreover, Wilhelm von Wolzogen had given his mother a letter to deliver to Schiller, in which he expressly commended his sister to the guidance and protection of his friend; at the same time asking openly for his real opinion of Herr von Winkelmann. No one could behave more nobly than Schiller, in so delicate a matter. He wrote to the brother thus, — "You have confided your Lotte to me, who know her well, and I thank you for this gratifying proof of your esteem. Believe me, my dear friend, I envy you the possession of so charming a sister. Fresh as she came from the hand of her Creator, pure and innocent, her soul fair and lovely, and free from guile, as yet no breath of human corruption has dimmed the mirror of her youthful spirit. It is

thus I appreciate your Lotte, and woe to him who could ever cast a shadow on this innocence! Rely on my care for the cultivation of her mind, which, however, I almost dread to undertake, for the step from esteem and ardent sympathy to warmer feelings, is quickly made.

"Your mother has confided to me another affair, which must finally decide your Lotte's fate. She has also informed me of your opinion of the matter. It cannot be indifferent to so kind a brother, to hear the counsel of a friend on an event of so much importance.

"I know Herr von Winkelmann well. Some trifling circumstances, too diffuse, and yet too insignificant, to trouble you with, caused a coolness between us; yet you may believe my honest, incorruptible heart, when I say, that he is not unworthy of your sister. He is a good and high-principled man. He has indeed weaknesses, great weaknesses, but after all, these redound nearly as much to his honour as to his prejudice. I value him highly, though I cannot, at this moment, call myself a friend of his. He loves your Lotte, and I know that he loves her as a noble-hearted man ought, and your Lotte returns his attachment with all the enthusiasm of a girl who gives away her heart for the first time."

Schiller, in spite of his chivalrous candour to the brother, hoped that Charlotte's engagement would share the fate usual to first love. He would have been quite satisfied to be the second. He watched the young girl, who, according to the journal, was so love sick, with the vigilance inspired by such a hope. Charlotte showed no symptoms of the usual melancholy and sighs, "the results of love-sick passion." The delusive veil was quickly rent asunder. The vicinity of his idol, looking so charming in her light summer dress, the warm luxuriance of spring, confidential converse in garden bowers, in meadows and in lone forest paths, all this required but a breath of encouragement, or a short separation, to kindle

Schiller's passion into a bright flame, to call forth his wildest wishes, and to make him feel, to its fullest extent, the words he places in the mouth of his Carlos,

> "One moment's life in Paradise
> Were not by death too dearly won."

The encouragement and the severance both came at last. Schiller's Stuttgart rival, in reality more flattered by Lotte's preference than loving her with much ardour in return, had given her brother some not very delicate hints, to the effect, that on no account would he forsake Lotte, for he knew well the tears and sighs it would cost her. Wilhelm, who was not particularly favourable to the connection, wrote this to his mother in rather an angry mood. Schiller answers his friend, "We have had your charming sister with us here for nearly fourteen days, and I have observed, with the greatest satisfaction, that a very large portion of her heart does not belong so exclusively to the idol in question. Seriously, my dear friend, your Lotte is far from being so melancholy as the vanity of certain persons leads them to imagine." He enables the brother to give the scrupulous lover, "who did not wish to desert Lotte," a tranquillising and proper answer. He alludes to the arrogance of such language on the part of a man who ought rather to strive to deserve such a heart as Charlotte's. He wishes Wilhelm to send him an answer, such as he may show to Lotte.

In what fresh perplexity did Frau von Wolzogen now find herself involved! She knew Schiller's circumstances, the disorder of his affairs, his debts, and the insecure nature of his prospects. With unreserved confidence, she explained to him her own limited pecuniary position. She knew that even if Lotte were to love the young poet, any prospect of a union between them must lie in a far distant and troubled future; but she also knew that Lotte did not regard Schiller with

that devoted affection which could alone render them both durably happy. Schiller's removal she could not and would not prevail on herself to propose. After the agitation which the announcement of Winkelmann's visit had caused the poet, and the suspicions he had once so painfully felt, plainly expressing his mortification, it was impossible for her to make such a suggestion to him.

The departure of her daughter was indeed close at hand. Lotte was, as we know, at a boarding-school, which she exceedingly disliked, and did all in her power to be allowed to leave it. She therefore, in January, managed to obtain permission to accompany her mother to Stuttgart. It was not possible to emancipate her entirely from the Grüfin Franziska's kind arrangements, and Frau von Wolzogen, probably in the hope of effecting Lotte's removal from the pension, which Schiller enforced on her as a duty, set off with her daughter to arrange this in a personal interview with the Duchess. Schiller's passion now broke through all bounds; he wrote to his maternal friend, inculcating on her the firmness of a rock, and the subtlety of the serpent in Paradise. If she were entirely to renounce the pension, he would joyfully write an additional tragedy every year, entitled "Tragedy for Lotte." "Seriously, my dear friend, take care that you manage properly, and release Lotte from her bondage." He sends Lotte flowers, and hopes to meet them both at seven o'clock at the pastor's in Massfeld, but this hope was vain. A letter arrived, instead of his beloved friends, in which nothing definite about Lotte's destiny was communicated. A new and more ardent letter flies to Memingen.

"Alas! my dear friend," he writes on the 30th of May, "when you quitted me, I was in a most depressed mood. Never was your kind encouragement more needed than at this moment, for, far or near, there is no one to pacify my excited and foreboding imagination. What shall I, what can I

do to alleviate my anxiety? I can do nothing but write to you, and I am alarmed at the tenour of my own letters. I either say too little in them, or more than you ought to hear, or than I can become responsible for."

It is very interesting to perceive the strain of overwhelming passion, so manifest in this letter,—that love which casts aside all prospects of fame, greatness, and splendour, to drink at the source of the most simple happiness of man. Pedants have suspected, and very much feared, that if Schiller had married Lotte, his laurels must inevitably have withered. "How insignificant," he exclaims, "is the highest renown of a poet when compared with the thought of being happy. How gladly would I ever remain with you, and be buried by your side. The question is, how to ensure enduring felicity with you; but this I must accomplish, or die. I have measured my heart and my strength with the tremendous obstacles in my path, and I feel that I shall overcome them all."

During these disquieting struggles of soul, neither the adaptation, of "Luise Millerin," nor the completion of "Don Carlos," was likely to make much progress, but the impediments he had to overcome did not all proceed from himself. I have already mentioned how sadly that anxiety gnawed at his heart, which ought not to be even named in the life of a poet. He was deficient in the means of procuring even what was almost indispensable, far less the smaller luxuries of life; thus he asked Frau von Wolzogen to bring him a pound of Morocco snuff from Stuttgart, "an indulgence which he has not known for six weeks." In such exigences as these, forcing him to borrow from those around him, he had recourse at last to Christophine. She succeeded in procuring various small sums from her father, for though that worthy man had no objection to his son tasting of the bitter fruits of his rash flight, yet he acted according to the words he wrote to Schwan on the 8th December, 1782: "I do not, however, intend that

he should suffer the want of what is really necessary; in such a case I would certainly not forsake him"—and he did not forsake him; but Christophine was each time desired to enjoin more strict economy on her brother. She represented to him the necessity of being more careful in his expenditure, as his father, having so many claims on him, could not continue long to assist him. She concluded by urgently inculcating on him the fundamental principles of order and economy. Schiller occasioned this excellent sister much anxiety. She was obliged to combat, with faithful earnestness, his hasty changes of mood, such as led him once to mistrust even his benefactress, and often caused him to declare that he must leave Bauerbach. His sister replied to these passionate outbreaks, with that candour and good sense which so eminently distinguished her. These letters Schiller constantly carried about with him, and often read them over. The very carelessness and disorder, however, which were blamed in these communications, led to the happiest results. They procured an orderly, economical, and worthy husband, for the admirable Christophine. She relates herself, "One day Schiller went to visit Reinwald, and not finding him at home, waited a long time in his room, and taking out his pocket-book, he occupied himself in reading some letters that it contained; among them was one from me. Evening set in,—no Reinwald. Schiller went away, leaving my letter lying on the table. When Reinwald came home, he was told that the gentleman from Bauerbach had been there, and waited some time for him. Reinwald saw the letter, and read it."

He was so pleased with Christophine's letter, that he not only read, but copied it, and was penetrated with such admiration for the writer, that he instantly wrote to her, entering into minute details with regard to her brother, praising the mature thought, and excellent advice contained in her letter, and endeavouring to tranquillise her anxiety. Reinwald was of

opinion that the solitude of Bauerbach had depressed his young friend's spirits. "The country," he writes, "where he at present resides, and which in summer alone is at all smiling, bears more resemblance to that region where Ixion's wheel is ever revolving on the selfsame spot, than to the retreat of a poet; a second winter passed there could not fail to render your brother quite hypochondriacal. It does not, however, appear to me, that he has any inclination to leave it; he seems entirely devoted to his benefactress, who has captivated him through his grateful and loving heart. I had some idea of taking him with me on Whit Sunday to Gotha and Weimar, where I have friends and relations, to whom I am myself going for change of air. I would then have a favourable opportunity of presenting him to some of the celebrated literary characters there. It is my wish to bring him once more into contact with the world at large, and general society, which he at present shuns, and invariably contemplates in an unfavourable light; but though at first he seemed quite disposed to comply with my proposal, he now seems no longer to wish it."

A strange contrast between the worthy Reinwald, who falls in love with the mature thought and intelligence of a young girl, and the vehement youthful soul of our young poet, soaring beyond all worldly obstacles, to lay his garland of fame at the feet of a fair-haired sylph of sixteen! It was she who, in tempting shape, hovered over his dream of domestic felicity. It was she who prevented his going to Weimar, to Vienna, or to Mannheim; making him neglect his most sacred duties towards his family, represented by the grave form of Christophine.

As Lotte did not return, her image was only received through her mother, and Schiller transferred to the latter the feelings which attracted him to the daughter, and though his devotion had seemed scarcely capable of increase, it now amounted to actual idolatry. He justified these feelings by

the relation of mother and son,—under the sacred name of mother, which he henceforth constantly made use of, all his feelings towards Lotte found refuge, and his tender attachment to his admirable benefactress, a fitting resting-place. To her he made many confessions, which the mother was wise enough to conceal. One event alone could dissipate the heavy cloud which rested more heavily, day by day, on Schiller's soul. But could he make this avowal? Already he had obstructed the path in life of one dear friend; could he deliberately link the young creature, whom he so fondly loved, to his restless and unsettled fate? He must first conquer fortune, and therefore at once take some decisive step in the world;—but he hated this step. He calculated how much it would require to enable him "to live in Bauerbach and to be buried in Bauerbach;" but how could he procure even sufficient for this purpose? How could he accomplish it?

Fretted by this endless circle of thought, his mind became depressed. These torments and longings followed him into lone forest paths, into fields and meadows. A mystic twilight obscured his soul, which is too prone, in the national Swabian and Westphalian character, to deepen into presages and visions.

It was probably on one of these occasions that, in the gloom and depths of a forest, that mysterious sensation assailed him, of the vicinity of the dead, which he subsequently detailed to Charlotte von Kalb, and also to his sister-in-law. A murder had been committed on that spot, often recalled and discussed by the people who lived near. According to Charlotte's account, it would appear that Schiller had previously heard of this event, and of the persons concerned in it. The murderer and the murdered had both been in the service of the Ostheim family, and Charlotte had known them well. Her version of the occurrence, being the most

natural, may probably be the most correct. She relates:— Schiller was once passing through the wood where the murder had been committed,—some beech-trees crossed the path. "I was quite alone," he says; "the branches waved violently, and their rustling sounded like groans and lamentations. On my way home to Bauerbach, a person followed me, stopped at these trees, and, seizing my arm, pointed to the ground, saying, 'Martin lies here.'" *

The poet was on the same dangerous path which shook the reason of his kindred spirit, Hölderlin, and precipitated him into an abyss. He was daily more and more absorbed in gazing at the night side of nature, and, like his "Carlos," he languidly waved aside the incensed spirits of his fame, and sank into that blissful but pernicious state of listlessness and dreaminess, which is at length best dissolved by tears. Any correspondence with Lotte was impossible, for all her letters were read by the lady who conducted the school, and letters of a nature to be read by strangers he did not choose to write to her. The 18th of June, Frau von Wolzogen's birthday, brought indeed a reunion with Lotte, but no explanation.

Frau von Wolzogen, in her maternal feelings towards Schiller, looking solely, like a true woman, to present, and immediate alleviation, and accustomed to the society of so attractive a youth, was satisfied by seeing that he was cheerful when with her, either in the house or in the garden, and made no attempt to change a mode of living which she found so agreeable. But as his condition became worse, his energies relaxed, and his aversion daily increased, not only to the relations of practical life, but even to the sight of all men. His benefactress at last became conscious that his stay in Bauerbach was an undoubted robbery of his nobler self, which must one day become a lasting source of reproach to

* Charlotte. 32. G. Brückner.

both. The fears which had rendered his seclusion necessary were now wholly extinguished. The Duke of Würtemberg, probably through the intervention of the Gräfin von Hohenheim, or probably from his own magnanimity, seemed resolved to pursue a line of conduct similar to that of Frederick the Great and other Princes, with regard to liberty of speech and intellectual progress, and showed no indications of any wish to persecute his former pupil.

We know not whether Schiller anticipated his benefactress in such thoughts, or whether a new proposal from Mannheim roused him from his torpid abstraction; the prospect of paying his debts by the performance of his dramas, inspiring him with a hope of avowing his feelings to Lotte, and eventually being united to her; but in a *tête-à-tête* walk with his benefactress in the forest, when discussing his future career, the thought seemed suddenly to occur to her that he should travel for a time. Neither could conceive the possibility of a lasting separation; and when Frau von Wolzogen, with certain misgivings, expressed her fears that it might be a long severance, Schiller repelled such an idea with the most tender and earnest protestations. He resolved to go at once to Mannheim. His connection with the theatre there might possibly, in the worst view of the case, detain him during the winter, but at the end of that period he must and assuredly would return. Frau von Wolzogen made him faithfully promise not to bind himself finally to Mannheim. He might, indeed, well say to his friend, that he knew she could not bear the idea of living without him.

The day of his departure arrived. Schiller only took with him what was indispensable, intending to return in the course of five or six weeks. He left the books lying in his room that Reinwald had lent him, and several of his manuscripts in Reinwald's hands. Frau von Wolzogen provided him with a carriage for the first day, and with a supply of money, in which

the return journey was well provided for.* She, however, clearly foresaw that Schiller could not remain buried in Bauerbach, and that the bright blossoms which had so long embellished her solitary life, so early inured to sorrow, were now for ever faded. The youth tore himself from her embrace, once more to steer out of the still, sure haven of refuge, into the unfriendly, stormy ocean of life.

* This is proved by the account he sent to his friend from Mannheim of his finances, K. v. Wolzogen. A letter from Schiller to W. v. Wolzogen shows that during some years Frau v. Wolzogen had advanced him several hundred gulden. Nothing justifies Hoffmeister's idea that Frau v. Wolzogen had urged Schiller's departure, owing to his having shown so little tact, and having importuned her.

BOOK V.

MANNHEIM.

JULY, 1786, TO APRIL, 1785.

CHAPTER I.

THEATRE POET.

New Knowledge. — New Wishes. — New Love. — Arrival of Schiller in Mannheim. — Longing for Bauerbach. — Dalberg's Propositions. — Employment. — Illness. — Third Version of "Fiesko." — Installation into Office. — New Acquaintances. — Margarethe Schwan. — News from Home.

SCHILLER quitted Bauerbach a confirmed recluse, and owing to the tender and watchful care he had lately enjoyed, less qualified than ever to encounter the rougher gales of life. Absorbed in sincere sorrow, all his thoughts still clung to the cherished spot of earth which he had just left. In the course of his journey on the ensuing day, he met a man returning to Bauerbach, and could not resist giving him a letter to take with him. —"My dearest and kindest of friends," he says; "the idea that I can ever forsake you would seem to me, in my present frame of mind, actual blasphemy!" and when he arrives at Frankfort, he consoles her by promising to write more in detail from Mannheim. "So long may you believe that I cherish you in my heart, as I myself wish to be under the protection of Providence. Ah, my kindest and best of friends! amid the distracting turmoil of men, how vividly does our garden-hut recur to my mind!" These, and similar passages, have been looked at with an eye of suspicion. There seemed to be no alternative but to pronounce Frau von Wolzogen a desperately sentimental person, or to say that Schiller's tender speeches were obtruded on her, and that the sentiments he expressed to the mother, were in reality intended for the daughter. But similar relations were by no means singular at that period. We must

endeavour to deduce such links of feeling from deeper sources. Mankind create idols for themselves, and, in order to impart sacred duration and stability to them, fortify the Ever-coming with forms. But even the fairest form is mortal. Knowing its finite being, it gladly takes advantage of the sovereignty conferred by enthusiasm, and becomes a Despot, delighting in tyrannizing over degraded humanity plunged into darkness. The Form continued to rule for centuries, while its substance had long ago returned to the home whence it sprang. In the human heart it awakens a feeling of Freedom, though, as yet, an obscure and aimless longing. It would wholly subside, if it did not come to light in the talent of a Heraclitus or of an Anaxagoras. The conviction of incessant change convulses ancient forms to their foundation. The idols are laid prostrate, and a fresh Universe arises from the convictions of Man. Inspirited by truth, rejoicing at this new light of recognition, the select few of the enlightened find themselves rescued from the prison house of Form: touched and moved, as if by a great event affecting all mankind, the liberated captive, dissolved in tears of joy, sinks on the fraternal breast. Such periods display enthusiastic inspiration. Embellished by the light of truth, the satyr features of a Socrates delight the eye of an Aspasia. But never were these connections so universally, so deeply felt as in the much traduced epoch of Sensibility. Whether these bonds proceeded from a renewed sense of Christianity, or from a more enlarged knowledge of the world, attained by philosophy and by a more profound insight into Nature,—at all events, they imparted to the men of the previous century such a glorified form, such a peculiar spiritual affinity, that, to use the poet's words, persons thus etherealized "could be at once recognized by their very garments as well as by their features." Thus the theory of Attraction was not merely a symbol to the youthful Schiller, but the pledge of an indestructible spiritual bond. He said himself, with regard to the advantages of virtue,

"It is love that fetters soul to soul; it is love that creates one family out of the boundless world of spirits, and makes so many myriads of spirits only so many sons of an all-loving Father."

A freemasonry of love vibrated through the world on the wings of silhouettes and albums. Man loved his fellow man truly and honestly; and it was not the mere type of character, not the difference of sexes, but love for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, that formed the most noble bonds.

Schiller has often been censured for his typical character. In this consist the truth and nature of a Posa and of a Joan of Arc. In the glorious transfiguration produced by a newly awakened love of mankind, a fresh sacrifice of personality is demanded. As Shakspeare's Brutus, who lives for the idea, is more typical than Cassius, so Schiller also, if he wished to represent the type of his century, must necessarily create more ethereal characters, not frozen by temperament into rigidity and formality, but melted by enthusiasm and the love of humanity, soaring into the clouds like gods, before the astonished eyes of the sons of men. Here the poet and the period are in unison, and Schiller only appears more subjective than Shakspeare, because the great import of the movement of that period which Schiller represents as objective, was first announced as subjective by the Sturm und Drang school, till this subtle essence assumed by degrees in the French Revolution an historical form, and consequently in the great poet, the prevailing impress of the time (in so far as it was possible for a poet at that time to reproduce it) became objective and artistic. I will not here trace either the aberrations of this epoch, or its more brilliant meteors, connecting in the links of intimate friendship Klopstock, Goethe, Jacobi, and a thousand others, both male and female, striving in the various societies of Illuminati and free masonry to accomplish objects of question-

able good, but this much I may recall, that they created the first German Public. From Riga to Zürich, this Æolian harp vibrated to every spiritual breath. The poet viewed the world in his friends, and believed in a national feeling, before the Germans were actually a nation, because the better class of her people felt so strongly, and so entirely in unison.

The more the female world encouraged these alliances of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, the more fascinating and passionate they became. Often severed by position, by age, and by matrimonial ties, their souls glowed the more vividly in spiritual friendship. The female sex brought a susceptibility without bounds to these new creations of men, which gradually led to moderation, precisely by at first giving way to exaggeration. Carried away by this new charm, friendship boldly broke love's bow, to listen only to the God of Song; but while the latter touched the golden strings, the God of Love purloined Apollo's far shooting bow, his arrows piercing deep into listening hearts. Reckless pleasures and wild laments ensued—unshackled passion, resignation, elective affinities, and heartrending separations. Many remained absorbed in these contending feelings, making them the essence both of art and life. The people at large too, in this strife of the upper classes, found, as ever, an excuse for their ruthless doings, until their follies constrain us to refer to the great promulgators of these ideas, in order to justify the more pure alliances of this nature: and I have endeavoured to do this.

Weary and exhausted, Schiller reached Mannheim on the 27th of July. Meyer had provided board and lodging for him, but the newly arrived poet showed no disposition to fetter himself to Mannheim by irrevocable bonds. The theatre received him with sleepy summer eyes. Dalberg and Iffland were absent. The repertoire was adapted entirely to the taste of the present Elector, and to that of the Duke of Zweibrücken, and offered a very commonplace selection. "I must confess,"

writes Schiller on the 28th, to his friend at Bauerbach, "that all I see here, or ever can see, is inferior indeed, when compared to our quiet happy life. But how do you pass your days, dearest friend? In sadness, I fear, and yet in some degree I wish it too, for there is something sweet and consolatory in the idea that two severed friends cannot be gay. Oh! how this will incite me soon, soon, again to be with you, and in the meantime you are ever in my thoughts, my valued friend, even amid my gayest recreations; I often retire from the circles of society, and in solitude sadly dream of you and weep. Remain, dear one! always remain to me, what you have hitherto been, my best and dearest friend, and let our's be a model to the world of genuine friendship. We shall make each other better and nobler, and by mutual sympathy, and the tender ties of refined feeling, exhaust the felicity of this life, and ever remain proud of so pure a bond."

Life only too gladly thrusts forward its claims and present tangible objects, between two closely linked hearts; thus we see our poet soon encircled by his friends, and touched to the greatest degree, in an expedition to Oggersheim, with the delight his former hosts testified in receiving him once more. We see him in Schwän's house reading his "Luise Millerin" with great applause, and gradually tempted to take a part in those gay recreations, in the midst of which, he had vowed not to forget his fair friend. His arrival was quite an unexpected happiness to Streicher. Nothing had been said to him of the fresh offers of Dalberg, because Schiller knew that he placed no faith whatever in the promises of the Freiherr. Perhaps Schiller also dreaded from the enthusiasm of his friend a revelation of his asylum at Bauerbach; so Streicher could scarcely believe his eyes, or that it was really the poet whom he saw, having imagined him to be far distant, and who now presented himself before him, with the most cheerful air, and in blooming health. Thus passed away fourteen days, during which

the insupportable heat prevented all possibility of Schiller's working.

Fortified with Schwan's practical proposals and advice, not to enter into any negotiations without considerable mistrust, he eagerly expected Dalberg's arrival. This occurred about the 10th of August. How differently did the Freiherr now receive him! He met him in the most cordial manner, promised to accept "Fiesko," urging the poet, however, to make some further alterations in it; proposing an immediate performance of "The Robbers," and other great pieces; and in order to set fire to his genius, was all fire himself, and on this occasion, not as Schiller suspected, a mere flash in the pan, for he immediately arranged a reading of "Luise Millerin" on the 13th, in a large society.

Schwan too inspirited Schiller by showing him letters from Wieland, which proved how highly this renowned man estimated our young poet. But none of these voices of praise moved his resolution to return to Bauerbach as soon as possible.

"My residence at Bauerbach," he writes, "will always remain the most profitable epoch of my life, and never be a source of regret or reproach, either to you or to me. How much, how very much, have you improved my principles, and this improvement, you will rejoice to hear, has already stood some severe tests. You may feel to the fullest extent, that you have disposed to better things the mind of a man, who, had he been inclined to evil, has had opportunities to be the ruin of thousands."

His friend also suffered severely from the separation, and, as she wrote to Schiller, passed her time in a very gloomy way. He speaks comfort to her, and commits her, the pious Christian, to the care of Providence, pledging himself to eternal friendship. He still lives with all his thoughts at Bauerbach, he salutes his beloved haunts, and his acquaintances; the pastor, Reinwald, and he does not even forget the postwoman Judith.

As Schiller had promised his friend not to make any offer of his services, Dalberg at last came forward with a proposal. The poet was still reflecting seriously whether he should accept it or not, when a letter from Bauerbach brought the intelligence that Herr von Winkelmann was to pass two months there. This circumstance decided him at once, and thus the Mannheim theatre owes its tragic poet entirely to his passionate jealousy. Dalberg, who now frequently invited him to dinner, settled the affair finally on one of these occasions, and Schiller was engaged for a year. During the course of this period (from August, 1783, to 1st of September, 1784) he was to contribute three pieces to the theatre.—"Fiesko," "Luise Millerin," and a third drama yet to be written. He was to receive in return a salary of three hundred gulden, of which two hundred were to be paid down immediately. Besides this, he was to be entitled to the receipts of one performance of each piece, the day to be fixed by himself, and the copyright of the work secured to him. He also was granted permission, during the very hot summer weather, to reside beyond the walls of the town.

Thus the Mannheim theatre, which for ten years had striven in vain to win Lessing, had acquired an equally celebrated poet, and Schiller a position entirely consonant with his innate inclinations. Dalberg gave "The Robbers," to greet the new theatrical poet, and the house was crowded to the door; but the very day after this performance, a new form of annoyance assailed the unlucky Schiller, which henceforth rendered his existence a distressing struggle between mind and matter. The summer of 1783 was unusually hot, and in consequence of the cleansing of all the ponds and the moat, an epidemic broke out in the already unhealthy town, which assumed so malignant a character, that nearly one half of the inhabitants were attacked by it, and many died.

Schiller, too, was seized with this fever, and was soon re-

duced to a condition peculiarly distressing to him at that time. "Nothing do I wish for more earnestly than ere long to be enabled to show my zeal and energy in the service of the theatre, to the same degree, in short, that I profess myself to be its admirer."* While he was himself contending with fever, the distressing intelligence of his friend Meyer's death was communicated to him. This kind friend had been attacked by the same disease, and died on the 2nd of September, at the age of four and thirty. In him the theatre lost a polished and assiduous actor, formed in Ekhof's school; and Schiller henceforth missed the restraining voice and prudent counsel of this excellent man, which would have been of such infinite service to him in his new vocation. In confirmation of Schiller's medical skill, Streicher mentions, that his friend had prophesied the bad effects of the remedies which the physician of the theatre had prescribed for Meyer.

Schiller himself was in good hands, and nursed like a child of the family; but his head was so violently affected, that a second physician was called in. The widow of his lamented friend Meyer prepared his invalid diet; and her visits cheered him in his melancholy state. He took such quantities of bark to free his head from oppression, that by these violent measures he injured his health for life. Not till the 11th of September was he sufficiently recovered to communicate to his dear friend at Bauerbach, the recent events with which we are already acquainted. "Thank God, as I do, my best of all friends, that by the improvement in my circumstances, I have now the prospect of rescuing myself from all my perplexities, and maintaining the character of an honourable man."

He commits her till they meet again to the protection of the Almighty. "Pray to Him," he exclaims, "to guard my heart

* The undated letter in the collection follows next to the letter of the 29th September. This is a mistake. It was written the end of August, or the beginning of September.

and my youth." He says that her friendship is an all-powerful antidote against every temptation. "You were the first person to whom my heart clung with pure and unsophisticated devotion, and such a friendship is elevated far beyond all change of circumstances."

When he wrote these words, he was possibly thinking of another friend, of whom Christophine reminded him, on the 9th of September,—Frau Vischer. "It is not right in you," writes his sister, "so entirely to break off with her. She is as kindly disposed towards us as ever, and always inquires about you with eager sympathy. I do think her a most kind-hearted person. She may have many faults; but she has shown you much friendship." The brother takes this to heart, and in a state of health, when even the best of men are apt to think chiefly of themselves, he sends the lady who "may have many faults" a fairing and his silhouette. He was now a rich man, for he had a property of 200 gulden! His chief anxiety was to get through the mass of business which awaited him; and he was resolved that the ensuing year should decide his destiny. In a letter to Dalberg, of the 29th of September, he asked his advice, whether to work first at "Fiesko" or "Luise Millerin." He yielded with too great facility to the objections the theatre brought forward, especially to the female characters in the former, and to the florid language. When he really commenced in earnest these alterations in "Fiesko," invincible repugnance seized his instinctive poetical feeling. According to Streicher's observation, he saw that, by the changes demanded, a fatal blow was aimed both at historical truth and common sense. Dalberg had made violent representations against the catastrophe, declaring that it was not of a nature to satisfy either the principal actor or the public, and must leave a feeling which could not fail to weaken the sympathy won by the acting that preceded it. We shall see, hereafter, how far the poet, more complaisant than he had been with regard

to "The Robbers," lowered himself by an incomprehensible corruption of his ideal; a fault only to be excused by his melancholy state, and the heavy fetters of an official situation. On the 12th of October an announcement appeared, that those managers of theatres who wished to obtain stage copies of Schiller's "Fiesko," could procure them only from himself.

On the 15th of October, Schiller was present, for the first time, on the committee of the theatre. He had been delighted with this prospect; for at these meetings, as we formerly mentioned, held under the presidency of Dalberg, verbal debates were carried on upon important subjects,—on the performance of actors, and the compositions of poets; theatrical questions were also raised as to various points of dramatic representation; for example,—What is genuine nature? What true dignity on the stage? These propositions were taken home, for the purpose of being answered in writing, and the best solution crowned with a prize. By these means a clear and reflective artistic knowledge was acquired. Dalberg advanced his reasons for praise or blame, gladly listening to counter arguments or refutations. Such discussions rendered the judgment more acute, and by the authority of these criticisms he thus balanced the often erring applause of the public. He communicated the results of these meetings in writing, to those members of the company who were not members of the committee.* The poet could here, therefore, contemplate an existing institution, quite a paragon in its regulations. How deeply is it to be regretted, that at his first entrance on his new calling, the fresh current of his powers was impeded! Even a criticism on A. Von Klein's "Sickingen," which Dalberg had requested him to write, he could not contrive to hammer out of his aching head. Yet he had now the best opportunity of bringing forward on the arena his poetical principles, in full development and energy. It is a great mistake to imagine that the un-

* Ed. Devrient. Vol. iii.

limited sympathies of the public were bestowed on the author of "The Robbers;" there are sufficient proofs to the contrary. Hofrath Mai, physician to the theatre, published (on the 1st of February, 1783,) a very singular treatise in the Berlin "Literary and Theatrical Journal;" in which, under the title of "Cure of an Actor's Malady," he accuses such plays as "The Robbers" of being destructive to health. In Sophie La Roche's "Letters from Mannheim," we read that this sentimental and influential authoress infinitely preferred all other productions to the "gigantic flights" of Schiller's muse; and from the exactions Dalberg made from the poet, it was evident that his ideas and those of the Intendant could not long harmonize.

A man, healthy in body and mind, prudent, calculating and pliant, might have made his way well at Mannheim; but Schiller was in all respects the reverse of this. When any subject connected with the pure interests of humanity occupied him, he forgot even the most common care of his own health.

Frau von la Roche, who was connected by ties of friendship with the most celebrated literary men of the day, was the first authoress who, by her admirable educational writings, and by the humanistic ideas she introduced into her novels, furnished a guide to the female world in Germany. This lady had expressed a wish to become acquainted with the author of "The Robbers," especially as she had frequent intercourse with Frau von Wolzogen. Her husband, three years previously a man high in authority, being Chancellor of State in the Kurtrier Government, had published some "Letters on Monachism." He fell into disgrace, and his congenial friend, the Minister Hohenfeld, from sympathy for him, also sent in his resignation. Hohenfeld made over his house in Speier to the La Roche family, retaining for himself a smaller residence in the same city. To this house our still suffering poet came, in company with Schwan, his daughter

Margarethe, and her friend, the daughter of Hofrath Lamey. In his hostess he found, even during their first interview, and still more during his many subsequent visits, the same gentleness, kindness, and talent which had so fascinated Wieland. Schiller writes, that though then between fifty and sixty, she had preserved the heart, and the animation, of a girl of nineteen. He still more quickly and justly estimated the noble minded Herr von Hohenfeld, whom he describes to his friend in Bauerbach, as a person capable of reconciling him to the whole race of man, notwithstanding the thousand worthless people he daily encountered! An appreciation of what was truly great, and admiration for noble actions, existed at that time in all generous souls.

Schiller felt an equally warm interest in a persecuted Catholic priest, of the name of Trunk, who often visited him during his illness.* He frequently quoted this man as an example of the evil that priests may effect; but he had a still more striking proof of this daily before his eyes, in the case of two persons who had become very dear to him: the actor Heinrich Beck, and his betrothed, Karoline Ziegler. The latter, a friend of Margarethe Schwan, and the daughter of Hof Kammer Rath Ziegler, in Mannheim, had gone on the stage, and met with considerable success. Her charming and attractive exterior, her every glance animated by fond love for her betrothed, and her mind adorned by every domestic virtue, insensibly hovered before the eyes of the poet of "Luise Millerin" as his heroine. He felt not only an artistic interest in her, but the warmest human sympathy, and profound was his indignation when he suddenly heard that the Roman Catholic priests refused to perform the marriage ceremony, Karoline being a Catholic, and Beck a Protestant.

Our poet thus saw the surging ideas of the period, every-

* Religious Lament, by P. Trunk. 2 volumes, Mannheim, 1786.

where working secretly under the surface. About that time, too, he received a visit from a freemason, who informed him that his name was already placed on many of their lists. He met a great variety of society at Dalberg's, with whom he frequently dined, and also at Schwan's, whose house was constantly frequented by officers, artists, and sçavans. Schwan himself acquired a certain degree of importance, by his extraordinary and eventful life. The son of a bookbinder in Prenzlau, he attained the rank of an officer in the Russian service. During the Seven Years' War, his sympathies for Prussia very nearly caused him to be sent to Siberia, but his sentence was commuted into banishment. He went to Holland, where he followed literary pursuits, became manager of a branch business, established in Mannheim by the rich bookseller Eslinger, and eventually married his wealthy patron's daughter, thus acquiring respectability and consideration. After the death of his wife, the management of his house devolved on his daughter, a girl of nineteen. Margarethe Schwan was very handsome, with large expressive eyes, and a lively spirit, which disposed her more to the gaieties of the world than to the tranquillity of domestic life. In her father's hospitable house, enjoying daily intercourse with the most able minds, she acquired even in early youth an unusual degree of cultivation, and also learned the art of making the most of her advantages; but she yielded too easily to every impulse of a susceptible heart, which proved the misfortune of her life. Schiller, who was in the habit of reading aloud to her, in the presence of her father, seemed to make an impression on her; but the full-blown flower could not succeed in effacing from his heart the image of the delicate bud. He continued to transmit to Lotte von Wolzogen a thousand greetings and remembrances, and once even went so far as to send her a kiss by her mother. He began letter after letter to herself, but always tore them up.

The poet had many temptations to withstand behind the scenes, which he faithfully confessed to his friend at Bauerbach. Gratitude also fettered him to this circle. He endeavoured by the most cordial friendship, to repay the kindness of his friend Meyer's widow, who, with a pretty sister, continued to live in Mannheim.

Such exciting society was by no means favourable to his health. Gruel one day, gruel the next, and never ending bark, a change of lodgings in addition, and yet he writes to his benefactress, "I am contented." A bright epoch in his illness arrives, in the shape of six bottles of burgundy, sent to him by a friend on his birthday, and soon he is joined by some other friends, who to his inexpressible pleasure drink all the wine. "Only figure to yourself, my dear friend," he says in a letter of the 14th of November, "how agreeably I was yesterday interrupted in my writing! A knock at my door. Come in! and who should come in? Imagine my start of joyful surprise. Professor Abel, and Bach, another friend of mine — how quickly and charmingly time past in the society of my countrymen: we had so much to ask, and to tell, that we were really quite out of breath. They both dined and supped with me (you see I am now a gentleman who entertains): and on such an occasion as this, my stock of burgundy was a grand windfall! To show them all that was worth seeing, I went out with them, both yesterday and to-day. Even if this retards my recovery, it is no matter, for I have enjoyed indescribable pleasure." And the man who could write thus, has been accused of egotism, and exclusive devotion to his laurels! Abel was a short squat professor, who, to the intense amusement of his former pupil, rode through the streets of Mannheim, with a round hat, a cutlass and spurs, like a Jena student. He related afterwards that he found Schiller animated with confidence in his future success, full of hope and courage.

The theatre poet had another "amusing occurrence" to impart to his friend at Bauerbach. Dalberg had commissioned him to compose a poetical address from the theatre to the Electress on her birthday. "I did so, but according to my confounded custom, the verses were sharp and satirical. I sent them to-day to Dalberg, who was delighted with them; but they cannot possibly be presented, as they do not contain one word of laudation of the royal personages; and as at this late hour, they have not the heart to suggest that I should commence another address, they have preferred putting a stop to the whole trumpery *fête*." A bad beginning, by the way, for a theatre poet!

In spite of these interruptions, Schiller completed in November the alterations in his "Fiesko." The piece was to be performed during the Carnival. Dalberg urged him forwards, for a fair copy was not yet prepared. A regimental master tailor was proposed to the invalid poet, as an amanuensis, who could write a good distinct hand. "During the first few hours," relates Streicher, "the author was quite at ease, as he could pace the room or sit down, as he pleased, while dictating; but when the man was gone, how horrified was Schiller, when he saw his much prized hero "Fiesko," transformed into "*Viesgo*," the lovely "Leonore" into "*Leohnore*," "Calcagna, into *Kalkahnia*," &c. Schiller was seized with a comical fit of passion, and a second attempt proving equally intolerable, he completely lost all patience, and formed the heroic resolution, to transcribe the whole play himself. With the aid of a quantity of quinine, gruel, and a vast stock of energy, he completed the work in a very few nights and days, in a fit state to be delivered to Dalberg.

It is easier to endure a singular and self-chosen position in life, with all its torments and annoyances, when we are finally severed from all former relations, than when we still adhere to

these by a thousand threads. Utterly to crush the expectations of our friends, with a view to gain ample space; in order one day perhaps to surpass these hopes, is much less irksome, than to be constantly worried by questions, and, by expressions of sympathy, inducing us constantly to excite anticipations only to be forced again to sweep them away.

To follow steadily your own path, however obstructed by the undeserved blame of the world, though painful, at least hardens and steels the mind; but to be obliged to pacify anxious friends on all sides, and never to be able to shake off their tender anxieties — this was Schiller's heavy lot; and it involves an extent of martyrdom, which would have caused many a less loving heart to break out into a cry of passionate wrath.

Schiller's parents were at first very much pleased with their son's situation, and the old Captain thanked Dalberg himself by letter for the "favour" conferred on his son; begging him, in conclusion, to procure for the inexperienced young man, some true friend, to be his Mentor in worldly matters. Gradually, however, the father became discontented with the uncertain prospects, and even with the bad health, of his son. The mother continued a sad invalid, and was frequently attacked by neuralgic pains in her limbs, and anxiety about her son had made her ten years older. The father, to console the invalid, by seeing her Friedrich once more, proposed that he should write to the Duke; indeed he offered to do so himself, to insure the return of the fugitive, without the fear of being arrested. Christophine reiterated these entreaties even more urgently, accompanied by lamentations which rent Schiller's heart. As his recent appointment and his residence were now known in Stuttgart, his creditors became daily more clamorous. It was certainly a dreary new year's day for Schiller when he wrote to Christophine a letter, still extant, assuring her that his neglect in not writing more frequently,

was undoubtedly not occasioned by his love for her being diminished.

He had been tossed to and fro by a thousand cares and anxieties, and distressed beyond measure, that his projects for the happiness of his family had been hitherto so fruitless. He at once decidedly refused to accede to the proposal for his return: were he to do so, it would be to the detriment of his honour; for until he could prove that he no longer required aid from the Duke of Würtemberg, the world would only suspect in his return, whether procured directly or indirectly, the desire again to be employed in Würtemberg.

"The bold and noble audacity," writes he, "which I displayed, by so suddenly withdrawing myself, would be characterized as mere headstrong obstinacy, were I not stedfastly to maintain my independence."

His cause, he felt, had become a public one, and people were interested in him, at the expense of the Duke. He could not of course prevent his father addressing the Prince; but he assured his sister, that whatever permission might be granted, he had a character to place in the opposite scale; and if a refusal were to ensue, he would feel it an additional affront, which he could not resist resenting by some public attack.

By this letter Schiller effectually prevented every attempt at mediation. His father entirely gave up his wish, and wrote that he only hoped their separation was not to last for ever, and that he should live long enough once more to embrace his only son, and to see him settled near him.

In such irritating mental struggles, the approaching performance of "Fiesko" was a positive good. Schiller conducted the rehearsals himself. The awkwardness of the subordinate actors, which he could not resist laughing at, much as it provoked him, explained why theatres in general resist so strenuously the performance of historical dramas.

CHAP. II.

"FIESKO."

Publication of "Fiesko."—Its Position in the Sphere of the Drama.—Rousseau's Approval.—The Historical Subject.—The Treatment.—"Fiesko" on the Stage.—Its Value.—Representation and Success of the Piece.

IT showed no little audacity in Schiller to undertake presenting to the public on the stage, a totally different "Fiesko" from the printed one, which for a year past had been in the hands of everyone. The last version had appeared under the title of "The Conspiracy of Fiesko in Genoa; a Republican Tragedy, by Friedrich Schiller. Mannheim: Schwan's, 1783."

It was dedicated in grateful remembrance to Professor Abel, and bore the motto, "*Nam id facinus imprimis ego memorabile existimo, sceleris atque periculi novitate.*"—Sallust's Catiline.

This play has been transferred, in its original form, to the collected works of Schiller. The subject, to use the current classification, is an historical political drama, but in treatment, an intrinsic character tragedy. The poet alludes to both points of view in his short preface. He excuses the liberties he has taken with historical facts, by the necessity imposed on the artist, of presenting a clear and distinctive portrait. The peculiar problem which dawned on him in "Fiesko," he plainly sets forth, saying, "I have depicted in my 'Robbers,' the victim to extravagance of feeling, as a subject for reproach. In this work I attempt to portray an opposite character; a victim to cunning and intrigue." Of course the poet can only here allude to that cunning, and those intrigues woven by the hero himself, and to which he eventually falls a victim. He wished to interest men through their political feelings; and therefore

he represents a politician, who is finally ruined, from the excess of his subtlety, and who, from an insatiable love of self-aggrandizement, sports with everything.

Let us ask, how the poet has solved this problem?

It has long been acknowledged, that there is no particular merit in an author creating a subject for himself. Existing subjects carry with them a certain degree of conviction, in so far sparing the artist much trouble; but they present themselves in all the tyranny of broad and positive reality, where it is the author's task gently to impel, boldly to efface, or, according to the extent of his powers, to create and to mould afresh.

If we wish duly to estimate Schiller's great skill and talent, it is quite indispensable to obtain exact information as to the given subject. Probably Schiller's attention was drawn to the history of Fiesko, by Rousseau. In the memorial to the public, which he issued before the performance of this drama, Schiller said that as a preliminary, the most laudatory thing he could say of his hero was, that J. J. Rousseau cherished him in his heart; and this is certainly the fact, for Rousseau alludes to Fiesko in various passages. "Plutarch," he says, "succeeded in writing such splendid biographies, because he selected none but the grandly virtuous, or the sublimely criminal. In modern history, there was a man who deserved to be immortalized by him, a certain Count Fiesko, whose object it was from early youth to liberate his fatherland from the tyranny of the Dorias. His aspirations were all directed to Genoa's princely throne, and to hurl the usurper from it was the ruling thought of his soul." In another passage likewise, where Rousseau inculcates the expediency of not exercising heroic virtues, at the expense of domestic ones, he names, along with Brutus, who confides his secret to Portia from love for his wife, Count Fiesko, as a brilliant but too little known example, of the existence of heroic pro-

jects, in a kind and feeling heart: "Although very cautious, he entrusted his great designs to his brothers, and to his wife, who was as young as himself; and after very extensive, lengthened, and intricate preparations, the secret was so well kept, the undertaking calculated with so much nicety, the result so successful, that the young Fiesko was Lord of Genoa at the very moment when, by an unlucky accident, he was killed."

We see here that the problem of the piece does not proceed from Rousseau, but solely from our poet, and it developed itself to him from the history of the transaction.

The Republic of Genoa, in 1547, the year in which this event occurred, was entirely independent of the power and machinations of European politics. Too wealthy and too powerful to be swallowed up as a lawful prize, but too small to remain entirely self-dependent, Genoa was a welcome prize, enriching and balancing by turns the scale of the Spanish or French crowns. Charles V. employed the naval power of Genoa against the Turks, and thus kept in check the French and Papal influence in Italy. France, on the contrary, sought to use the Republic as a counterpoise to Spanish politics. Such foreign alliances admirably suited the circumstances of Genoa.

Two opposite parties were struggling for the mastery. The popular party, capitalists of recent date, who by flourishing commerce, had elevated themselves from the class of citizens, to titles and honours, and even to the dignity of Doge,—and that of the ancient noble dynasty of the land, under whose sway, old Genoa had become the Ligurian Queen, the ruler of the Mediterranean. The illustrious families of the Dorias, Fieschis, Spinolas and others, jealous of every high office, treasuring up the memory of former distinctions, and former enmities, were always ready, with the aid of foreign powers, to rise against the noble race, which claimed the chief dignity of the Republic.

A better spirit seemed to revive, in the descendant of one of this race—Andreas Doria. Brought up in foreign countries, chiefly in the French service, and honoured as a valiant naval hero, he succeeded in freeing Genoa from the hands of the Spaniards; but unwisely neglected by the French, he suddenly threw himself into the arms of Charles V., drove the French out of Genoa, and founded a new order of things in his native city. Charles V. was anxious to retain him in his service as Duke of Genoa, and the Genoese themselves wished to elect him their Doge for life; but Andreas Doria, enthusiastically denominated the Saviour of his fatherland, declared in the Assembly, that as he remained in the Emperor's service, it was impossible for him to become Doge of the Republic: his sole ambition was to live a peaceable citizen in his native Venice, now restored to freedom. Under the impression of this noble and magnanimous renunciation, an edict was issued, devolving the periodical choice of the magistrates on a committee, to consist henceforth of nobles, or twenty-eight Alberghi. They wished to appoint Andreas Doria their Syndic for life. He accepted this distinction, but for four years only. Charles V. elevated him to the rank of Prince, and could thus rely in future on the assistance of the Genoese naval power, in his enterprises against the Turks.

As long as Doria lived, this new aspect of affairs might very well continue, but even the ennobled popular party could not fail to look with an anxious and foreboding eye to the future. Andreas was childless, and had transferred Gianettino, the son of his relation Tommaso Doria, from the silk weaving loom, to his admiral's ship, intending to educate him as his legitimate successor. Andreas legally adopted him, and with the consent of the Emperor, constituted him the heir of his wealth and rights.

But Gianettino, though a brave soldier, neither understood how to respect the foreign relations of this free state, nor the

necessity of sparing the feelings of the depressed race of nobility — a race superior to him, both in birth and talent. His licentious conduct, his arrogant commands, caused general dissatisfaction, and encouraged Graf Luigi de Fieschi, who personally experienced this offensive demeanour, to the execution of a plan, for which he seemed peculiarly calculated by nature, as well as by circumstances. Young, handsome, with an income of 200,000 dollars, the idolised husband of a beautiful wife, the cherished benefactor of the poor, the head, moreover, of one of the most ancient families, ranking Popes and Princes among his ancestors, and having inherited the jealousy of the Dorias, he saw himself, with all his glowing ambition, condemned to insignificance, and that through a Gianettino—a silk weaver!

He felt within himself the energy to occupy Andreas' position, and he resolved to win it for himself. This was possible only by political intrigues.

Andreas Doria being supported by the Emperor, Fiesko was obliged to weave his plots in concert with that Emperor's adversaries. France was eagerly seeking such a man, and made the Count a promise, that if he would deliver up Genoa into her hands, she would acknowledge him as independent Duke, and support his authority by troops and by men-of-war. The Count formed another covenant of no less importance, with a bitter opponent of the Emperor, Pope Paul III., who contrived that Fiesko should purchase four galleys, and place them under the command of his brother Girolamo, apparently in the service of the Papal See. Mercenary troops, recently disbanded, owing to Fiesko's arbitration having pacified a quarrel between some neighbouring princes, were easily levied in secret. These preparations he concealed under the mask of an Epicurean life, which had also the advantage of furnishing opportunities for the most unsuspected bribery of the populace, and lulling to sleep the vigilant eyes of the Dorias.

The popular party he cajoled by high sounding phrases, and probably his hand was invisibly at work, when just previous to the outbreak, the brother of his wife married Peretta, Gianettino's sister.

He, however, required tools in Genoa itself, to carry out his well digested plans. He possessed faithful assistants in his servants, Vincenzo Calcagno, in Rafaelo Sacco, a lawyer, in Scipio Bourgognino, and also in his three brothers, one of whom was illegitimate, nay even in an attendant of Gianettino's, Tommaso Assereto; and in order to secure a support among the popular party, he initiated Battista Verrina into the mystery, knowing that he was overwhelmed with debt, and a bold determined man. The blow was destined to be struck surely and speedily, to prevent the imperial garrisons in the vicinity, having time to advance to the rescue.

Fiesko therefore causes one of his galleys to come to Genoa, under the pretext of his wish to make a cruise against the corsairs. This was by no means an unusual exploit. Under the same pretence, he piles up a quantity of arms in his palace, and enlists mercenaries, who are smuggled into the city under various disguises. Calcagno regulates their billets, Sacco provides for their nourishment, Verrina in the meantime tries to seduce some of the city guard, which consists of only 250 men. Doria's admiral's ship lies unarmed in the harbour. When all is prepared, Fiesko makes a confidential communication to Gianettino, that on the night of the 2nd of January, 1547, he intends to put to sea against the corsairs; he does not wish Andreas Doria to be informed of his purpose, as Charles V. had recently concluded a peace with the Sultan. Gianettino, flattered by the idea of protecting a Fiesko, promises secrecy.

The day before the outbreak, Fiesko pays visits, goes also to see Gianettino; with whose children he plays, and reminds him, that he must not be surprised, if he hears a considerable noise at the time of setting sail. Gianettino seems perfectly

satisfied, and so entirely is he without any forebodings of the truth, that when the captain of the city guard comes to him late in the evening, detailing symptoms of a considerable tumult in the town, Gianettino dismisses him with a sharp reprimand.

In the meantime Fiesko has assembled thirty-three noblemen at Assereto's. He invites them to a *fête* the same evening, and they all accept the invitation. The guards in his palace have received strict orders, to allow every one to go in, but none to pass out except the initiated.

When the noblemen arrive, they find themselves suddenly enclosed in a vast hall filled with weapons. Soon after Fiesko appears among them, fully armed. In a spirited oration he depicts the degradation of the republic under Doria's rule, and the still deeper disgrace which inevitably awaits it under that of Gianettino. He places documents before them, which expose murderous proposals of Gianettino's against his life. He represents the fall of the Dorias as indispensable, and asks if they will support him in this good work. Loud acclamations ensue. Two only refuse to join him, and they are retained as a measure of precaution in the palace. The conspirators arm, and Fiesko goes to bid farewell to his wife— she sinks at his feet, and implores him with tears to desist from his project. He answers that this is no longer in his power. She will either never see him more, or on the ensuing morning, with Genoa at his feet. They now proceed to action. First of all Verrina enters the Darsena with Fiesko's galley, and takes possession of the mouth of the harbour. The Count hastens into the city with his troops. While his natural brother Cornelio, seizes the Arco Gate, his own brothers, Girolamo and Ottobuono, repair to the Thomas Gate, where the Doria Palace is situated. Bourgognino makes himself master of the Darsena Gate from without, while Assereto guards it from within. Fiesko himself passes through

it to proceed to the harbour. A cannon shot announces that Verrina has completed the occupation of the harbour. The tumult in the city becomes universal.

Gianettino, roused at last, hurries to the Thomas Gate to alarm the guard. The conspirators allow him to come close to them, and suddenly, pierced by many weapons, he sinks to the ground dead.

The murder of Andreas, an old man of seventy-eight, is next to be accomplished; but he escapes, and the whole movement is unexpectedly paralyzed by the inexplicable disappearance of its leader. Fiesko is nowhere to be found. Arrived at the harbour at the very moment when the cannon shot from his galley is fired, he hears a tumult in Doria's admiral's vessel, which has just been seized by his adherents. He hurries thither without any escort,—tries to step on board by a plank,—the vessel swings round, the plank slips, and, unobserved in the darkness, Fiesko sinks into the waters of the harbour, and, weighed down into the mud by his heavy armour, he is drowned at the same moment that Gianettino lies bathed in blood at the Thomas Gate.

The rumour of his disappearance quickly flies through the city. The senate, who assemble with all speed in the Government Palace, recover their courage. The conspirators lose all presence of mind. The senate offer Girolamo an amnesty for all engaged in the plot. Ottobuono, Verrina, Calcagno, and Sacco, set sail instantly for Marseilles. On the very morning after this nocturnal enterprise, Andreas Doria returns to the city; and on the fourth day, Fiesko's corpse is found in the harbour.*

This conspiracy was the subject selected by Schiller. In an historical point of view, it had not the importance of a Luther or a Hutten,—those heroes of modern stirring thought. For

* See the admirable exposition of A. Schöll in the *Weimar Jahr Buch*, vol. i. p. 134.

what is Fiesko to us? this storm in a glass of water. But the subject offered two palpable ideas,—one in the "sublime criminal," Fiesko, a dramatic hero developed in existing action; and, secondly, a political mirror of the state of Germany at that period, sufficiently clear to awaken sympathy. The course might here be pursued which Shakspeare adopted in "Coriolanus;" similar liberties risked in the conceptions of the parts —in short, the historical substance sacrificed to its political and dramatic bearing.

Let us first speak of the political mirror,—of the stamp of the period and of the century. The ruling powers in Germany bore considerable resemblance to the twofold sway in Genoa. That of Andreas Doria, with a liberal tendency, was seated on the throne in Frederick II., and Joseph II., serving to retard measures of anarchy; while the parallel of Gianettino, justifying a revolution in Germany, was more notorious for deeds of infamy than even his Italian counterpart. The poet might have adduced the actions of a lineage, oppressing by arbitrary despotism their petty realms, insulting sacred domestic hearths, and invading their most holy rights. Much might have been said on this subject, and of Schiller's reasons for selecting for his model, Emilia Galotti—that genuine domestic tragedy—as the type of political elevation in his political drama. The reader can develop for himself the necessity and the grandeur of such progress; at all events, the governing power in "Fiesko" is a faithful picture of the rule and misrule of too many German princes. The German body guard, determined to fight to the death for their Sovereign, is not a chance sketch, though introduced into the piece without historical truth.

In antagonism to existing tyranny, an ideal republicanism was fermenting in Germany, which opposed to the prevailing politics of the Cabinet, the rights of man, the guardianship of freedom, and the sovereignty of the people. But this re-

publicanism, for many valid reasons, remained only in the heads and in the poetry of the Sturm und Drang school; and probably Forster was the only man in all Germany in whom, unalloyed by other motives, these principles existed and were developed into action, undeterred by any respect for the existing state of affairs. Schiller, devoted to his principles in every nerve, portrayed such a form, hard as steel, in Verrina, working out with subtle skill the character of the man representing the Genoese popular party. The historical probability of such a conception, when by action it comes into collision with historical fact, admits of proof by the noble renunciation displayed by a Doria, who evidently, in simple adherence to his principles, preferred remaining a citizen of Genoa to becoming Doge of his native city.

Thus are the limits defined within which the poet constructed his tragedy.

He found in Fiesko a master spirit, with a thirst for power like that of Cæsar; not of the straightforward, undisguised nature of great heroes, but an adept in dissimulation, adroit in artifice, forced to have recourse to intrigue by the position of Genoa, idolised by his wife, and possessing the most brilliant personal qualities. From these sources the poet created his dramatic forms. In Fiesko he displayed a character capable of appreciating greatness of soul in others, and of feeling the moral beauty of freedom; he also endowed him with the most reckless audacity. The craving to obtain a field for these energies, tempts his hero to enter the path of political cabal, where the end sanctifies the means, even to the length of assassination. Fiesko, like Macbeth, has his hours of weakness, for he is young and excitable; but in the struggles of conscience during one night, he casts aside the only motive capable of justifying his resolution; he determines to bestow on the Genoese, not freedom, but a new ruler in himself. He thus belies the pure nature of the conspiracy, employing it,

with double satisfaction in his own wily artifices, for his own egotistical purposes. Arrogance makes him rash; with reckless folly he dismisses his most dangerous subordinate confederates, affects magnanimity—for he can play any part,—and betrays his designs to Doria; still feeling sure of winning his specious game, and neither profiting by the warning nor by the touching entreaties of his wife,—not even staggered by her death, deeply as it moves him, he perseveres in seizing the purple. But the genuine and betrayed principle of revolution, is already on the watch for the bold virtuoso of intrigue, in the noble shape of Verrina. Vain is his resolution to do every thing, if not through the people, at least for the people. The false traitor, unmasked, must fall,—fall, too, through the man of principle, who would rather continue to suffer from the corruption of the existing rule, than receive his liberty and his rights from the hand of a wily despot. This last trait is thoroughly German. The poet was well entitled to call this tragedy a republican one; for the republicanism of Verrina was the standard by which the drama was measured, constituting the claim which, after its failure on earth, raised it again to the skies, there to live on as the ideal of the future. In the mere *existence* of such an idea, authorised by the actions and the character of one individual, lies the thorough essence of all modern tragedy — Truth can never be finally lost.

It is clear that such a theme as we have just described, offered vast difficulties. "If it be true," says the poet, in his preface, "that feeling alone can awaken feeling, then it appears to me that the political hero can be no sympathetic subject for the stage, from the extent to which he must undervalue mankind in order to constitute him a political hero. It was, therefore, not in my power to breathe into my plot that living glow which pervades the production of pure inspiration," &c. Dalberg's rejection had so depressed our poet, during those dreary days at Oggersheim, that he might well feel unconscious

of that vital ardour, which we, however, admire in this piece, more than in any other of Schiller's.

Has he not knit the great criminal to our hearts, like Karl Moor, by a thousand cords? by the love of Leonora, that most refined of all female creations, the devoted worshipper of her husband, the flattering fosterer of his ambition, so admirably suited to the vain Fiesko? What skill and dexterity, or shall we rather say unconscious genius, in the production and mutual completion of both these characters! How cleverly he curtailed the diffuse and tiresome threads of the political web, and what special perspicuity he imparted to them by the single figure of the Moor,—a conception well worthy of Shakspeare himself! It is needless here to repeat the well known criticisms on the part of Julia; they are indeed immaterial, compared with a fault which lies in the substance of the composition,—a fault which Shakspeare invariably avoids, by admitting the spectator at once into the real intentions of his hero. With the exception of two hints, Schiller leaves the spectator, through a whole act, as much in doubt as to the true aim of his Fiesko as those who surround him. Hence the misapprehension has arisen, that Fiesko only truly loved Julia for a passing moment.

If I were to cast into the scale the great beauties of the piece, in opposition to this one technical fault, these pages would not nearly suffice for my purpose. We find here in all their luxuriance, those genuine dramatic scenes, which Vischer so highly praises in Schiller, during which every nerve in the theatre is excited in breathless expectation and excitement. Here we have the grand scale of grouping, dividing the massive subject, into distinct divisions. We also have the definite characteristic — a point which made so deep an impression on the fastidious English realist, inspiring Carlyle with the most eloquent admiration; and yet it has been said, that the poet intended to delineate himself in the

character of Fiesko, and that the artistic value of the piece is lessened by Schiller's design to represent polemical circumstances, in contrast to worldly ones, or in his own way to depict himself. A polemic against the world? As if Timon, Lear, Hamlet, Romeo, and every other tragic mirror, were not a polemic against the world! A semblance of himself? As if all Shakspeare's plays were not one great transcript of himself, and the dramatic action, which I have only undertaken to sketch in its most superficial aspect, were not amply sufficient to inspire us with such respect for Schiller's creative power, for his personating and symbolizing vigour, that we gladly accept the unbiassed conceptions of his artistic creations. But the style (some object)—this highflown pathos, this exaggerated phraseology! How superior to Schiller is Goethe in his youthful productions! Permit me here to give an answer, which includes all Schiller's youthful dramas. The born dramatic poet is, so to speak, a manifold actor, and writing, as Schiller did when a boy, for a row of chairs, even then he wrote for spectators also. Observe all actors at the outset of their career, even amateurs, when they act tragedy. The beginner is highly pathetic, because the sublimity which fills his soul, casts itself, without artistic distinction, into every breath, every tone, and every gesture. He wishes to captivate the sympathies of the spectator at each individual point, and thus becomes exaggerated. The beginner is stiff, though his movements may be thoroughly flexible elsewhere, and even when he knows his part thoroughly, he becomes constrained from the consciousness of being closely observed, and because he is anxious every moment to please, or fears to displease. Thus the tragic actor acquires nature and simplicity, much more slowly than other artists.

The histrionic art is in its very essence a renunciation of ingenuousness, for it entails the wish, both to shine and to please. In the same manner tragedy shares this attribute, and

its commencement is therefore too often overlaid by unnecessary sublimity of expression, which produces bombast, high flown pomposity, and false pathos. Proofs of this are to be found in Æschylus, in the old English dramatists, and above all, in Shakspeare's early plays: Titus Andronicus, and Henry the VI.; and even in Romeo and Juliet. To elucidate the causes of the dramatic style of young Schiller, it is by no means necessary to adduce the Academy, and his Swabianism, as A. Schott has cleverly done, for many of the Sturm und Drang school who were possessed of dramatic talent, such as Klinger, and Leisewitz, went through the same training, but without a similar result. But in this very bombast of Schiller's, instead of depreciating his style, and comparing it with Goethe's simple epic power, those same critics might, long ago, have discerned the bard of the sublime, the true tragic poet, the actual renovator of the modern drama. It is only by acute perception, by a search for the grand and elevated, which this inflated style itself indicates, it is only with this overplus,—for the faults of the genius are only the husk of its power—that boldness of conception, ardent passion, and the intellectual language of the ideal, are to be attained, without which no true tragic power can exist.

The juvenility of the muse displayed by this defect in "Fiesko" has, at the same time a charm, which is scarcely to be found in the later and more classical dramas of Schiller. None of these can be compared to "Fiesko," in nerves and sinews, in athletic vigour, in decision of expression, or in rich circumference of action, during the space of five acts of moderate length. The scenes do not break off unsatisfactorily, and they all tend, with truly marvellous skill, to a quick and conclusive catastrophe.

The school of Shakspeare and his pupil Lessing, was here adopted by Schiller, but with a very different result, than by Goethe in Götz. Those who cannot trace the progress of the

artist, save by lowering the standard of his early works, compared with his later ones, the bud to the full blown flower, must in vain endeavour to discover in a "Wallenstein" "picturesqueness in the planning of the scenes, or animated rhythmus in the course of the action;" or in "Maria Stuart," "that subtle irony, which causes the comic to border so closely on the pathetic," and all the means and appliances of a bold and powerful intelligence, which Schott, in his analysis of "Fiesko," praises so highly, with a genuine sense of dramatic technicalities.*

If, in historical facts, a regret were admissible, we might be tempted to lament that this great venture was cast on a stage, which had an Iffland and a Dalberg as critics; for the new version of this grand work, which the poet, according to their injunctions, completed, is only a melancholy deterioration of his original ideal, transforming his political character tragedy into a heroic pageant.

Hoffmeister, indeed, discerned in this, in accordance with his favourite method of referring the merits of all productions to an artificial development in the poet, a step in advance, on Schiller's part. "Formerly," he says, "his drift was destructive and revolutionary, here it is constructive and constitutional." To him the "Fiesko" of the stage is a forerunner of the Marquis Posa. How much more acutely does the simple Streicher judge, in saying that these alterations caused the most severe shock, both to common sense and to truth. Indeed, this fault was once more committed by the suffering and fevered poet, in the pompous announcement which again, by Dalberg's desire, the playbill preceding the piece, set forth to the public. In it he defends himself for gainsaying his own original conception, which caused the Duke to perish through his ambition. "It may be," continues he, "that at the time I first sketched the plan, I was more scrupulous and timid;

* *Weimar Jahr Buch*, vol. i. p. 162.

perhaps also that I purposely wished to write in a different style for the calm reader, who deliberately disentangles the most complicated threads, than for the eager listener, enjoying the excitement of the moment; and it is far more attractive to emulate the deeds of a great man, than to receive a moral lesson from a condemned criminal."

More attractive? Then Herr Thomas was justified for leaving Karl Moor, in his version of "The Robbers," in the enjoyment of life. It is scarcely worth the trouble to point out the distortions of which Schiller has been guilty, in various passages of his sublime drama, for the purpose of suiting the stage. The chief alteration consists in this, that after Fiesko's revolution has been successful, the Genoese having proclaimed him their Duke, and Verrina despairing of this unprincipled people, Fiesko suddenly breaks the sceptre, startling us by the declaration that he means to be for the future only Genoa's happiest citizen. The whole tenor of the character is of course quite inappropriate to this *dénouement*, as much as Fiesko's soliloquy in the third act, fifth scene,— "Did ye not writhe against the word subordination, like a caterpillar on a pin? but it is too late, Republicans!" Verrina, too, is in this case wholly superfluous, for Fiesko out-Verrinas Verrina! The Duke-loving Genoese are also unnecessary in the piece, for what would liberty avail such a race? The objections to the character of Julia, on the part of the theatre, were very strong, and certainly it was too highly coloured. In the printed "Fiesko," however, it served admirably to bring into strange relief the arrogance of the insidious hero, his dissimulation, and lastly, by the scene of insult, his love for Leonora, and his insatiable thirst for conquest. Here the poet softened the part, thus destroying the purpose for which Julia was created. A still worse mitigation is to be found with regard to Gianettino's transgression against Bertha. Such a crime revolts the human heart, and at once

kindles horror, and it imparted to Verrina's republican principles a savage impulse manifest to every spectator. In the stage copy, Bertha is seized and carried off by force, but during three scenes the poet leaves us in doubt as to the result, till at last we hear that she has been rescued; thus the terrific curse and imprisonment to which Verrina subjects her, have no meaning whatever. In addition to this "Eleonore" remaining alive necessitated the omission of many effective scenes.*

In this mutilated form, "Fiesko" was given on the 11th of January, with every possible accessory. Boek played Fiesko—Iffland, Verrina—Caroline Ziegler (then eighteen) Leonore. She was, like the heroine, pale, slender, refined and sensitive; more attractive than dazzling, and threw into the part tenderness, grace, and passion, all blended together in the most captivating manner. The Moor, a favourite part since that time with all actors, was in Toskani's hands. Particular scenes were enthusiastically applauded; "but," relates Streicher, "the greater part of the audience felt no keen sympathy with it as a whole, for a conspiracy in these peaceful times, was too foreign to their experience, and the progress of the plot far too regular; and what tended particularly to abate all enthusiasm was, that the same violent emotions had been anticipated which had been caused by 'The Robbers;' which means that a tragedy and a bold criminal had been expected, whereas the audience were suddenly called on to admire the unlooked-for magnanimity of a man, who, during the whole piece, had been considered as utterly incapable of such excellence." On the 18th of January the performance

* Boas' Nachrichten. Hoffmeister, Supplement, vol. i. The first scene in the fifth act (Bertha in the dungeon) Körner has included as a variety, in Schiller's works, and mentioned that it was written for the Leipzig stage. It is evident that he was not acquainted with the Mannheim stage MS. which already contained this scene.

was repeated, and this time with greater success, as the highly gifted Beil played the part of the Moor, and was received with great applause by the public. The piece remained on the repertoire, but was received by the press in a lukewarm manner. The "Palatine Museum," which had published a long criticism on "The Robbers," did not vouchsafe a single syllable to the new drama.

"Fiesko" was given at the Kärnthner Thor in Vienna, on the 26th of January, 1784. In Berlin, Plümicke was again making various alterations in the piece, which we cannot deny were in so far improvements on Schiller's new version, that the original tragic catastrophe was maintained. In Plümicke's reading Verrina tries to stab the hero, Fiesko anticipates him, and, rendered desperate by the death of Leonore, he stabs himself. There is no doubt that this skilful fulfilment of tragic and poetical justice, contributed very much to the extraordinary enthusiasm which this performance excited in Berlin. But what wonderful power Fleck exhibited in Fiesko! His eager energy, his slender pliant frame, his brilliant black eyes, and above all the noble style of his acting, breathed the most glowing life into the form of his hero. In the parts of Leonore and Bertha, Frau Döbbelin and Mademoiselle Witthöft were equally admirable. Thus cast, the piece was given on the 8th of March, 1784, and even the repetitions on the 11th, 13th, 16th, 20th, 24th, and 28th of March, could not satiate the enthusiasm of Berlin. There still existed in this public the reminiscences of a great period, and ardent veneration for a master mind who, to the best qualities of Andreas, united the deep subtlety and the amazingly energetic development of Fiesko. The poet had depended on such an audience. He writes to Reinwald from Mannheim on the 5th of May: — "The public here did not comprehend 'Fiesko.' Republican freedom is in this country a sound wholly devoid of signification, an empty name. There is no

Roman blood in the veins of the people of the Palatinate. But in Berlin it was demanded and given fourteen times within the space of three weeks. In Frankfort, also, it was much applauded. The Mannheim people declare that the piece is much too learned for them."

The German public did ample justice to the original and genuine "Fiesko." In 1784 and 1785, new editions appeared at Schwan's, in addition to the pirated impressions and Plümicke's version, which was published at Berlin in 1784, and republished in 1792 and 1796. Among the translations we may mention an English one by Noehden and E. Stoddard, London, 1796; an Italian one by A. Bazzini, Vienna, 1841; and a French one by La Martelière in 1799.

The most flattering acknowledgement of the merits of this republican tragedy, was that of a Prince, to whose heart more than to any other, the inner struggle for supreme power, and the political conception of the times, exhibited in "Fiesko," must have loudly spoken. Joseph II. was so charmed with this drama, that in 1787 he superintended personally its performance in his own theatre.

CHAP. III.

"CABAL AND LOVE."

The German Society and its Tendencies. — Schiller's Reception in it. — The Domestic Drama and its History. — The Social Drama. — Schiller's "Luise Millerin."—Homage to it, and Defence. — Its Performance and the Result of this Drama.

A SECRET impulse had been long at work in Schiller's heart, attracting him to Berlin and to the north. The Rhenish Palatine nature was too superficial for his great and earnest ideal. Although some hearts were quickly kindled in favour of enlightenment and progress, they were equally inflammable for all the disorders of the new Roman contagion. The ancient incurable one, that of the narrow restrictions of the confessional, yielded to none of the remedies prescribed by the enlightened Karl Theodor for his people. During his reign, nothing had been left undone by him to make his Capital, so closely bordering on the great artery of traffic in West Germany, an agreeable and intellectual residence, so indispensable to the daily increasing cultivation of the country; advantages which, in the absence of a large city, his smaller Capital could at least in some degree supply. There was a well chosen collection of antique casts in a hall, where Lessing, standing opposite the Laokoön absorbed in thought, had said that the archæologist might here study these copies with greater profit than in the badly placed originals in the Vatican. Fine engravings, pictures, admirable telescopes, a first-rate cabinet of natural history and antiques; a most unusually valuable library open to the use of the public; a theatre, which,

besides the material advantages and privileges of being a royal theatre, enjoyed the intellectual liberty of an independent and purely æsthetic stage*, — all these furnished as striking proofs of the liberality of the Elector Palatine, as the Agricultural and Palatine German Society of his patriotic feelings. This Society, established according to the precedent of many others in Leipzig, Hallé, Greifswald, &c., had for its object, as the foundation letters declare, "To interweave Art and Science with the German language, and to render them easy and comprehensible to every intelligent subject of the Palatinate." This Society was now in the twenty-first year of its existence, and united within its precincts all the most intelligent men of the country.

Every year a prize of fifty ducats was offered for the execution of a thesis, which as often consisted of a native drama as of historical, statistical, or philological discussions. The reports presented at the two annual public meetings, and the private monthly ones, were generally printed in the "Rhenish Aid to Learning," or separately. In 1787, an "Annual Register," published by the Society itself, exhibits, along with wonderful industry, determined opposition to the classics in cultivating the minds of the people, proving that there can be no greater mistake than to imagine that scholars were especially valued here. Enlightenment and nature were indeed the catch words which the worthy Kirchenrath Mieg, the noble Freiherr von Gemmingen, Hofrath Lamey, Ritter A. von Klein, Professor Kling, and others freely introduced into these lectures.

The fresh and youthful tone of Herder pervaded almost all these themes. Herr von Dalberg alone, the chief superintendent, stood forth in inconceivable insipidity among these men of genius.†

* R. Prutz. "History of the Theatre."

† See his "Vortrag." Rhein. Berte. 1779.

Such a society was closely connected with Schiller's leading object, and thus, during the time that he was assiduously working at the alterations in "Fiesko," his election was secured. This honourable distinction made him view his newly adopted Palatine country in a more favourable light, and inspired the feverish patient with new strength. In a letter of the 19th of January, addressed to his academy friend Zumsteeg, who had recently married, he discusses the subject of matrimony, so constantly debated among young men, bestowing the highest and most heartfelt praise on the married state; "but," he adds, "such a step would tend to turn me from the path of success. My present mode of life is admirably suited to my four and twenty years, but will it have the same charm for me at thirty?" He mentions that his remaining in the theatrical world is very problematical, and yet in the same letter he says: "I live and labour in the theatre." On the 10th of February he was chosen member in ordinary of the German Society. The patent, dated the 21st of February, not only conferred on him the honour of a title, so sought after at that time, but the immediate protection of the founder of the Society, the Elector Palatine, and he thus acquired a new fatherland. These meetings brought him into connection with learned men of every sphere, and from the insight thus afforded him into various branches of knowledge, he derived those extended views which so distinguished the poet in after days.

He was also busily engaged in the new version of "Luise Millerin." There was a good deal to be expunged for representation. He considerably lowered the lofty tone of the language, and softened particular passages, without however changing the general design of the plot, though it still appeared to him deficient. Many scenes were founded on rumours prevalent at the time. "The poet," narrates Streicher, "thought this a very suitable occasion to introduce such reports, but was es-

pecially careful to disguise them, so that neither place nor person should be easily divined; to prevent all evil consequences to himself." Which, in other words, means that he was too genuine an artist to descend to personalities.

On the 9th of March, Iffland brought out on the stage his first Burgher Drama, which, according to Streicher, he presented to Schiller, with a request to baptize it. It received the title of "Crime and Ambition." It is written in the style of Schröder's pieces, and the action wholly confined to the middle classes. The extraordinary applause it met with, and which Streicher attributes chiefly to the admirable manner in which it was acted, made Schiller's friends rather uneasy, lest his "Luise Millerin" should be eclipsed; but this fear was quickly and brilliantly dispersed.

Schiller responded to Iffland's courtesy, by giving him in turn his "Luise Millerin" to look over, and Iffland christened the piece "Cabal and Love." This title was probably effective for the playbill, but in my opinion the original one was more appropriate. Schiller's biographers have hitherto applied the critical scale to all his works; they have judged his compositions by their own conceptions of a perfect drama. Thus his youthful pieces fare very badly. There is no little injustice in a critical analysis of this description. A work may have material faults according to our highflown ideas, and yet have been a very important achievement in its day. Nowhere is the propriety of estimating a great man from his history, more evident than in the case of Schiller. The excavation of a path can only be properly estimated, when we know the difficulties of the ground cut through.

But if we study this work faithfully, apart from its author, many a less distinctly modelled muscle will appear worthy of admiration, many a shadowy feature prove interesting and important. And in consideration of one such grand idea of a master spirit, we would gladly give up a hundred well chiselled

and thoroughly correct transcripts from nature, idolized in one century, only to be forgotten in the ensuing one.

Moreover, "Cabal and Love" is still frequently given on the stage, and will probably become more popular, as we recede from these times. Adolf Stahr is perfectly right: the piece does not lie too far from us, but too near — we have not yet sufficiently disentangled ourselves from its subject.*

Dramatic art, since the advance of Protestantism, the purest results of which are to be found in the middle classes of Germany, had taken possession of all circles and all conditions of life. Shakspeare's school, though unconsciously, had the same influence. Beside the noble chivalrous forms of a Romeo, and a Coriolanus, and the princely ones of Hamlet and Lear, stands "Arden of Feversham," the Yorkshire tragedy. The jeweller Lillo in England, was the first who turned, with a definite purpose and a burgher subject, to the burgher sphere. His "Merchant of London" is quite a moralising tale of murder. In opposition to French tragedy, the model of which was also adopted on the English stage, this drama can boast of pure prose in form and substance; the deplorable catastrophe making a profound impression on all hearts. This was a natural result, for society in England was legally secure against any collision of ranks. Even in this piece, Cumberland softened strong effects, into a moral picture, and a pathetic drama.

It was not surprising that this class of writing should make its way in France and Germany more than in England, because from the non-existence of a definite jurisdiction, the oppression which the higher classes inflicted on the middle ones, was far more palpable in the two former countries; but Diderot, who first adopted the domestic drama in France, did not attempt anything beyond an æsthetic tendency in his compositions.

Lessing elevated similar subjects by artistic treatment, and

* Oldenburg View of the Theatre.

recognized their value in his theory of "Pity and Terror," when he said, "The misfortunes of those whose circumstances assimilate most closely to our own, naturally sink most deeply into our hearts." In "Sarah Sampson," he plunged into the depths of domestic life, and while constructing the plot entirely from passion and character, he allowed no commonplace or prosaic motive to penetrate into the arcana of his work. This was an enormous step in advance. After him came O. H. von Gemmingen, who in 1780, following the type of Diderot's "Haus Vater," opened the ranks of domestic dramas, even before Iffland's "Haus Vater" appeared. This class took deep root in Germany, and the Hamburg School, the chief support of which was the intelligent burgher class, imbibed its best nourishment from this species of drama. These works, however, were harmless enough. The third class of society now first began to be aware of the real source of its wrongs and sufferings. A thousand points of collision betwixt nobles and citizens, increased the mutual excitement, and the arbitration of a Frederick the Great could not always ensure justice. In private and in public, crimes avenged and unavenged were committed which escaped punishment, either by justice being bribed or by the lofty rank of the criminal. We only require to read Hippel's life, to admit the truth of these assertions.

At such a period, the theatre became an Areopagus and the stage a tribunal; or as Gervinus says, "The theatre is the proper constitutional edifice in the realm of poetry;" and it is not devoid of significance that Schiller's proposition, "What may not a well conducted moral stage effect?" should be followed so closely by the production of "Cabal and Love." Here, or nowhere, must the corrupt state of the world, (according to the words of Hamlet, that the play "should hold up a mirror to nature") be displayed, by following up this truth and further saying, that its privilege is "to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body

of the time its form and pressure." But his epoch was such, that the glaring stamp of shame was chiefly visible on the side of the nobles, and that of suffering virtue on that of the citizens.

To present a faithful impression of this period, was to pronounce unintentionally, a severe judicial sentence. Gemmingen's "Haus Vater," which Schiller knew and he says, highly valued, offered little more than a few sketches of character. In Lessing's "Emilia Galotti," a grander type was presented; and not without cause, when complaining of the frivolous levity of the day, he says of this drama: "When Odoardo casts the steel, still reeking with the blood of his sacrificed child, at the feet of the princely criminal, all the agitation the injured father can hope to excite, is to make the tyrant's heart beat more quickly for the moment, under all his stars and orders—soon a noisy allegro floats away the superficial emotion."

But Lessing clothed well-known occurrences in an Italian garb, and thus ascended a step higher. Although his piece is considered thoroughly German, yet it did not touch the nerves of the third class. Here Schiller's genius shone forth in its brightest lustre. Though forced to transfer the locality of Fiesko's political revolution to a foreign soil, still in "The Robbers," he produced, in the face of all Germany, the feelings and aspirations that individually raged within the hearts of German youths, and in the genuine German form of his "Luise Millerin," all who sighed and suffered in his fatherland, under the tyranny of brutal ministers and reckless mistresses. He placed on the stage, the two conflicting parties of the French Revolution; and thus "Luise Millerin" may be pronounced the first social drama of all our stage literature, in the same way that "Fiesko" is undoubtedly the first political drama of the Germans.

I cannot assent to all the objections that have been brought forward against this piece, by splenetic taste, or superficial argument. Against two accusations alone, I shall endeavour to

defend Schiller's cause. These refer to the organization of the drama, and proceed from one who has well and wisely studied our dramatic poet.

Herrmann Hettner rejects intrigue in the economy of the drama. He demands that from the character of the hero, or from the principle (the idea), the consuming tragic spark should emanate. Certainly all will agree with him on this point. He proceeds to censure "The Robbers," and "Cabal and Love," in which dramas he declares Schiller could not satisfactorily succeed, without the machinery of a villain.

But were not intrigues and cowardly plotting, and crooked paths, characteristic of those days, of the "blurring and blotting seculum." The spirit of speculative intrigue, says a far seeing judge of the period, pervaded the previous century in the most varied, indeed romantic forms.* Could Schiller otherwise present the portrait of his century? I will not try to shelter "The Robbers" either from this reproach, or from that of the wild and uncontrolled nature of Karl Moor being always placed in the foreground by the poet.

A character like that of Edgar in "Lear," never could have become a bandit by means of the same plot. But in "Cabal and Love," are these same qualities in very truth the essence of the piece? I mean to dispute that assertion hereafter. A second objection, connected with the first, and directly applicable, at all events, to "Cabal and Love," is contained in Hettner's proposition, that the antagonism in a social drama must necessarily be grounded on human nature. To this Vischer, in his "Æsthetics," replied, that we must not here attempt too strictly to define what is to be considered as a transient prejudice, and what a fixed antagonism; and to this I add, that if in a domestic drama an organic picture of the world be given, the necessary results must spring from it.

A comparison of the piece we are now discussing, with

* Charlotte, p. 140.

Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet," will best illustrate what I mean. The families of Capulet and Montague are at enmity —no matter whether from rational causes or not. During the existence of time we shall always comprehend that two individuals may hate each other; and what we believe of two men, we may equally understand of two families—our natural sense is not shocked by this. The tradition of two inimical races will find an echo in humanity, so long as men exist. This is sufficient for the poet to cling to. In this quarrel Romeo and Juliet seem to live in a world of their own. The difficulty does not here lie in the circumstances; the characters of the lovers are not originally biassed and coloured by their position; their actions alone are developed by those circumstances.

The case is totally different in "Cabal and Love," where the characters from the very commencement remain in their own orbit, on their natural soil. It is said, these relations are coarse, the difference of ranks a prejudice which can be surmounted; we can find no tragic antithesis here. I will not discuss, whether since the days of King Cophueta and the beggar, distinction of ranks has not always touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of mankind; but when such close organization is presented to us, in which these prejudices are only the necessary accessories, we may be inclined to admit that by a complicated web of customs and obligations, even the better characters may be so tied down, that they *cannot* act otherwise. The great masses of the public are disposed to sympathize strongly with this drama, because they experience themselves the strength of this web, and will probably continue to do so for some centuries to come. Those who already rise superior to such prejudices, may at least contrive to imagine them, as easily as to weep for "Antigone," who dies because she has buried her brother. Entire perfection cannot be attained by any human work, nor consequently by any work of art.

I believe that Schiller's drama gives the delineation of life, necessary for tragic development, in its requisite fulness, and thus all is in order. We have before us on one side, the rule of a mistress. The history of such a person is simply a parallel to that of many courts and their dependents, at that time designated States. This is not only artistic but admirable. In the President we have a minister who recalls to us a whole succession of similar ones, from Jud Süss and Montmartin, down to Wöllner and Haugwitz. Love of pleasure, and love of power, are the springs of the whole machine—intrigue and forgery furnish the wheels. Pride and intolerable arrogance actuate their politics, and their actions. The sons of the land are sold, and those who refuse to go are shot down. In this sharpsighted world such allusions are not difficult to interpret, as easily as the garter of the Princess Amalie, which causes a deadly feud between Boek and Kalb.

On the other side, we see a trembling, impoverished, and intimidated people, oppressed to such an extent, by a ruthless system of police, that they have lost all powers of resistance. They still, however, retain an indistinct and gloomy faith in the noble heart of their prince. Religion is their only consolation; music and novel reading their sole cultivation. Fear and obsequiousness are the hateful features which the poet has not omitted, for heroism certainly belongs to this category.

All things here correspond. Under such circumstances the only heroism is suicide. In this sphere the individual is rivetted to his class, and this is Luise's tragic position. She lives in fear and trembling in the world; fear of the love of Ferdinand; fear of a future judgment; and of the innumerable assaults on life, liberty, and innocence. I will not further analyze the character, but it was fitting that the poet should give the drama her name, for she is its tragic heroine. Her timid piety, her touching and natural devotion towards her father, her state of bondage, all hurry on her fate. A

dark veil seems to cling to everything she utters. In such a being, the heroic freedom which adorns Julia, is stricken down by a sense of unequal birth. She represents the crushed hearts of the German people; she has only the courage to perish, not the spirit to be happy. We cannot here speak of her faults—timidity and piety are her sole crimes—virtue and love for her father only ensure her destruction. Those well acquainted with the middle classes, whose wounds are only now beginning to heal, will at once admit this character to be equally faithful and touching. Imperfect education is here a characteristic not to be dispensed with. In such a case simplicity is of no avail. Ferdinand is no less the victim of his position. He is an officer, and notwithstanding the revolutionary ideas imbibed in the Academy, accessory to the disgraceful actions committed by his father—for his son's sake. In spite of his clear insight into the pettiness of "insect souls," and into the corrupt state of matters, he is yet condemned to silence by very pardonable consideration for his father. He loathes his associates, but he cannot excape from them; one asylum alone remains for him—Love. He has the magnanimity to wish to make Luise his: "Let us see whether my patent of nobility be older than the plan of the infinite universe." But in the very first scene he finds Luise dispirited by the sense of her lowly birth. She renounces him, moved by her father's persuasions; and he exclaims, "See, false girl, how coldly I listen to you!" She dreads Ferdinand's father; Ferdinand dreads nothing but the limits of her love; and these limits are close at hand, arising from Luise's terror of a direct breach with the natural proprieties of her class. Thus the timidity, I might almost designate it, as the touching cowardice of her soul, awakens Ferdinand's mistrust, a feeling which under the circumstances may easily be kindled into jealousy. Here, too, Ferdinand bears the curse of his

position in society, where the noblest women were spoken of lightly and disparagingly.

I do not think that it can be said *if* Luise had fled with her lover, the whole tragedy would have been at an end. She *could* not fly; and here I return to Hettner's first objection to the plot: it was only the outward handle for the catastrophe which already lurks in the characters and relations—the appropriate lever, by which the different personages were to play out their parts.

The semblance of freewill is a calculation founded on the heart of man, but the calculators cannot make out the amount of the sum total. The intrigue in this drama, with its skilful complications, is, in my opinion, almost as great a merit in the piece, as the humour it contains. Strong excitement of feeling requires occasional repose. An Othello without an Iago would be intolerable.

Is then "Cabal and Love" to be pronounced a faultless work? So far as I can see, its merits are undeniably great, and its faults chiefly of a kind that we do not wish to obliterate. For instance, who could spare Hof Marschall Kalb? who would not rather desire, with Adolf Stahr, that the actor should be energetic, and in such a phrase as "God be praised! he is becoming actually witty!" indicate a possible rival to Ferdinand. Then the musician, Miller? Shakspeare himself could not have drawn him more forcibly; and he who after this delineation, can doubt Schiller's power of depicting simplicity of character, must be dead to all sense of genuine æsthetics. The supposition that Ferdinand is only a transcript of Schiller himself, can only be answered by saying, that he is much more himself in the musician Miller and his daughter. One cause of this piece being so wonderfully effective was, that the Ferdinands and Luises were seated in the pit.

In the execution there are defects, such as genius is subject

to. The doubts of Ferdinand are in some degree easy to comprehend; he himself wavers for some moments in his love for Luise. He admires Lady Milford, and confesses to Luise the danger which threatens her love. This is a master stroke, but the poet does not take advantage of it. In the same way, Ferdinand was not likely to imagine a Fraülien von Ostheim to be virtuous. His faith in goodness must have been so much shaken, that he thought this humbly born girl formed only the exception to the rule. Von Kalb could easily in an interview with Ferdinand have thrown out some boasting insinuations: a pungent narrative of his success with a citizen's daughter, would have loosened Ferdinand's last trust. Passion would then have accomplished the rest. Wurm,—but I really must stop at last: Rötscher and Adolf Stahr have done all that was possible to defend him, by connecting his character with his preference for Luise, ambiguous as it was.

The piece was given on the 15th of April. Boek played the President; Beil, Miller; Iffland, Wurm; Madame Beck (Karoline Ziegler), Luise; and Heinrich Beck, Ferdinand. This couple had at length overcome the cabals of the priesthood, and been living in the bonds of a happy marriage for some months past. In this case reality and acting were blended in the most heartstirring manner.

To enable Schiller to witness the performance undisturbed, he had secured a private box, and invited his friend Streicher to accompany him. The latter relates: "Calm and cheerful, but evidently thoughtful, uttering few words, he awaited the drawing up of the curtain; but when the piece fairly commenced, who could describe the deep expectant glance, the play of the under lip against the upper one, the knitting of his brows, when the effect he wished, was not given to particular passages, the lightning flash of his eye when the sensation he had expected was produced. During the whole of the first act not a single word escaped his lips, and at its

conclusion, he only uttered a simple "It will do." The second act was given with such fire and intense reality, particularly in the latter scenes, that after the curtain had fallen, the whole audience, in a way very unusual at that period, started up and broke out into loud and unanimous acclamations and applause. The poet was so entirely taken by surprise, that he rose and bowed to the public. In his appearance and noble self-possessed demeanour, he displayed the consciousness of having done justice to himself, as well as the gratification of feeling that his merits were appreciated and honoured by marks of distinction.

"Cabal and Love" was printed the same spring, and also appeared at Schwan's. A dedication to Herr Dalberg preceded this domestic tragedy, in which all the various high-sounding titles of the Freiherr are paraded in the most pompous manner, and a flourishing "humbly devoted" brings up the rear. A further edition of the piece appeared in 1784 among "The Tragedies of Schiller," and separately in 1785 and 1786, published by Schwan, and a second edition was brought out in 1788. Criticism either wholly ignored this work of genius, or endeavoured to pluck away some of its feathers. For example, Engel's "Magazine of Philosophy and Literature," 1785, and the Berlin "Literary and Theatrical Newspaper," 1784, accused the poet of having taken the characters from Gemmingen's "Haus Vater." In so far the musician Miller bears some faint resemblance to the painter Lebok, and Lady Milford to Gräfin Amaldi; but where is to be found in the "Haus Vater" the keen cutting conflict of the time? the tragedy of conflicting circumstances? The "Gotha Scientific Newspaper" of the 29th of May, 1784, published a well-intended critique, probably by Reinwald, in which it is said, "Perhaps some may prefer his former pieces (for it often happens with authors, as with the love of friends and the tender passion, that the first is usually the strongest),

and consider this drama somewhat inferior to the others; but it has some splendid scenes, and the characters are admirably maintained throughout."

Schiller was far from being gratified by such lukewarm praise, and on the 7th of June, he writes to Dalberg: "My 'Cabal and Love' is superficially noticed in the Gotha paper; well meant, but not of a nature to satisfy those readers who are interested in the work." A truly despicable analysis appeared in the Berlin "Voss Journal," of the 20th of July, 1784, which contains this sentence: "All this author undertakes, becomes in his hands, froth and foam." Still more abusive was the continuation of the subject in this journal, of the 4th of September, 1784. The author of the article in question was Karl Philipp Moritz, whom we shall meet again in the second volume, as Schiller's most enthusiastic friend and admirer.

Criticism did not succeed, however, in crushing the work. "The electric power," writes old Zelter to Goethe, "of this piece, and the wonderful impression it made, both on myself and other hot-brained youths, fifty years ago, you may easily imagine. Any one who can look back to that period, will not depreciate it as Moritz did, who indeed had some reason, (?) though far from foreseeing the progress of the French Revolution. It belongs to that period, and as an historical piece, it is full of vigour and intellect, in spite of the base nature of the personages who are at strife together." The different theatres accepted the piece with the greatest eagerness. The musician Miller was a favourite part of the great Schröder. It was given in Stuttgart also, where they were at first very uneasy on the subject. Schiller's father wrote to his son: "I have not told any one that I possess a copy of the new tragedy, for, on account of certain passages, I must not admit that it pleases me;" but nevertheless Colonel Von Seeger granted permission for it to be performed, and Schiller's sisters,

Christiane (Nanette) and Luise attended, with free admissions. The nobility, however, who considered themselves attacked by the general tendency of the piece, complained to the Duke. Seeger received a reprimand, and its repetition was prohibited.

We must here also mention an English translation of "Cabal and Love," by J. R. Timaeus, Leipzig, 1796; and a second, under the title of "The Minister," a tragedy, in five acts, by Lewis, London, 1797.

"Luise Millerin" met with entire success in Italy, for very manifest reasons. In the Teatro Diurno of Verona, "una nuovissima produzione di Schiller, intitolata el Ragiro," was performed twenty or thirty times in the course of the summer. The narrative of Lady Milford's servant is omitted, and the Hof Marschall von Kalb, is transformed into a court servant. In the Carnival of 1852 it was changed into an opera, under the title of "Luisa Miller; melodramma tragica, in 3 atti, de San Cammarrano, posta in musica, dal Maestro Giuseppe Verdi, Milano."

In France this drama had little renown during the Revolution and the Empire. Till 1821 the only translation was one by La Martelière, 1799. The Restoration brought the French to the point, where the Germans stood in 1784. "Cabal and Love" was translated seven times from 1821 to 1847; and also by Alexandre Dumas, under the name of "Intrigue et Amour," Poissy, imprimé d'Olivier, 1847.

CHAP. IV.

A WELL CONDUCTED STAGE.

Journey of Schiller to Frankfort. — Grossmann. — Sophie Albrecht. — Return to Mannheim. — Projects and cheering Hopes. — Debts. — Recreations. — Miserable Condition. — Körner's Letters. — Fresh Courage. — Schiller's Appearance in the "German Society." — His Views on the Morality of the Stage. — History of these Views. — Schiller's Defence of the Theatre. — Dramatic Monthly Journal. — Checked Production. — Bitter Medicine. — Visit of Reinwald and Christophine. — A Death. — Works afresh at "Don Carlos."

Towards the end of April, Iffland and Beil went to Frankfort to act there for a few nights. The theatre poet accompanied them. In Frankfort, Grossmann, who was both a dramatist and an actor, was director of the theatre. An unquiet spirit, with considerable literary cultivation and refinement of manner, he had begun his career under the superintendence of Ekhof, but had not followed the style of his master. The Elector of Cologne, indeed, attached him to his court, with an injunction, very characteristic of the period, "To raise the drama in his country, to a school of morality, capable of elevating the minds of the people." Driven again to a restless, roving life by the death of his protector, Grossmann wandered with his company, from Frankfort to Aix, and even as far as Pyrmant. Schiller had now an opportunity of learning all the disadvantages attendant on an unprincipled management, and of contrasting it with the advantages of a well conducted theatre. The Mannheim School was brilliantly represented by Beil and Iffland on the 30th of April. "Crime and Ambition" was given, and on the 3rd of May "Cabal and Love," in honour of our poet. The part of the valet, which had

been omitted in Frankfort on the 27th of April, was again included in the play, but all allusions to America were left out,—an indication of the political temperature, well calculated to dishearten a national dramatist,—but worse than this was required to depress Schiller.

Edward Devrient, in his admirable sketch of German theatrical art, declared, with regard to the influence Schiller exercised over the stage at that time, that he rather encouraged the ranting style of acting, which had been brought into fashion by chivalric pieces. "The pathos inclining to bombast of 'The Robbers' and of 'Fiesko,' the exuberance and exaggeration of the characters, and even the homely figures in 'Cabal and Love,' were not of a kind to tone down overstrained expression."

From Schiller's observations on the performance, it is easy to see the nature of his personal sway over the actors. It must be regarded as a reaction in theatrical art, opposed to the pressure of the new movement in literature. It was a reaction in the spirit of Lessing, in favour of regularity and order, and a simple representation of mankind, which imparted by means of Iffland so much charm to the domestic drama. I should like to know whether Lessing, had he witnessed such pieces as "Luise Millerin," would not have recognized more of his own spirit in such a drama, than in Iffland's reaction. Whether he, who distinguished "Julius von Tarent" by his praise, acquiring by each successive piece stronger claims both on the actors and the public, if he had been forced to choose between Iffland's moderation and Schiller's intoxication, would not at once have decided in favour of the latter? I should be glad to submit this question, with all due modesty, to a faithful and competent judge of the drama.

It is true that particular stage directions, in Schiller's youthful productions, are quite in keeping with the many notes of interjection, and his admiration of the Sturm und

Drang school; but his aim was to describe acting along with his text, and he was obliged to do this minutely, as such bold situations required an entirely new style of acting. Along with the misconception, to which even the highest genius is liable, we have admirable hints, which Iffland would probably have been as incapable of imagining as of acting. What depth of plastic art lies, for example, in the direction, "with a ghastly stare of horror," or "stops suddenly, his frame relaxed in entire prostration of strength."

It is always the expression of the soul that Schiller demands, and even in its very exaggeration, lie the seeds of the highest poetical lesson for the stage, as developed by Fleck and L. Devrient.

And yet Schiller, at three and twenty, in his theme "On the Present Condition of the Stage," decidedly deprecates all exaggeration; how thoroughly he depicts to the life, sprawling gestures, and unnatural mouthing of words; and in an analysis written by him in 1784, of Iffland's "Lear," for "Göcking's Journal," how much he admires the perfection of his performance. "No grimaces nor the smallest movement of a single muscle belying that of another." In the same mood he writes to Dalberg, from Frankfort: "I own that I was quite alarmed at the dreadful aspect of my Lady Milford, whose convulsions were like those of a condemned criminal." He cordially rejoiced in the victory which the more subdued style of acting gained here, and mentions that Iffland and Beil were called forward with immense applause. "Wherever we go," he writes to Dalberg, "the most marked respect is shown to any members of the Mannheim Theatre." To Regisseur Rennschub, who had succeeded to Meyer's situation, he announces the physical fatigues of their triumph in these words, "we are dragged from banquet to banquet." He remains, however, cool enough to make many an observation, which he is eager to impart to Dalberg, and says, "I can with confidence

declare, that were it possible to increase my esteem for the Mannheim Theatre, nothing could do so more effectually than my residence here."

No circumstance contributed more to the happy excitement of his whole being, than the acquaintance of a lady, who had lately been induced to go on the stage by kindred enthusiasm for the dramatic art. "Her's is a heart created for sympathy,"—Schiller describes her in a letter to his friend Reinwald, of the 5th of May, as "elevated far above the petty spirit of common life, imbued with pure and noble feeling for truth and virtue, and worthy of veneration on points where her sex do not usually shine."

It was Sophie Albrecht; she was two years older than Schiller. Even as a child, along with the recklessness of an almost masculine nature, she displayed admirable talents, which induced her father, Professor Baumer, in Erfurt, to cause her to enter on a regular course of study. After his untimely death, she married, at the age of fifteen, Dr. Albrecht, and accompanied him to Revel, where he went as physician to a wealthy nobleman. Irresistible inclination, and vivid poetical feeling, attracted her to the theatre. After a first attempt at Erfurt, she made her *début* at Grossmann's suggestion, on the 30th of October, 1783, in Frankfort, in the character of Lanassa, with considerable success, and remained there with her husband, (who like herself, was quite fascinated by Schiller) to finish her theatrical studies.

Her portrait exhibits an expressive countenance, with bright enthusiastic eyes, to which a charming little *nez retroussé* forms a singular contrast. She was fair, attractive in manner, and passionate by nature, which combined with her talents, and the graceful contour of her figure, speedily elevated her to the pinnacle of public favour. Reinwald was well acquainted with her, but being of a stamp inclining more to be captivated by "mature thought," replied to Schiller's enthusiastic descrip-

tion—"She feels too much; moreover, there is too much romance in her character, and that of a kind which alarms me. Her's is not the ardent involuntary passion eventually subdued by a right mode of thinking, rejoicing in the victory gained, and in the sense of having submitted to wholesome restraint, but the impulsive unnatural, incurable sort, tormenting herself and others, the end of which is death." This end did indeed occur, under very painful circumstances. The unhappy woman, who was subsequently separated from her husband, died in a hospital at Hamburg in 1840, impatiently praying to be released from her miserable and troubled existence. How could Schiller be expected to view this fair being, who received him with so much warmth and cordiality, with Reinwald's clear and sober eyes?

Who could accuse her of feeling too deeply, or expressing her sentiments in imperfect verse, when she could sing thus:

"Soar upwards, if thou canst, my lyre,—
Up to the man whose lustrous fire
My inmost soul renews:
Sound forth the thousand thanks that throng
My awe-struck spirit, for the song
Of his immortal muse;—
Thanks for the tears of sweet despair
I shed with Leonora fair;—
Thanks for that high heroic strain
That thrill'd through nerve, and pulse, and brain,
When Karl von Moor arose sublime,—
August in virtue and in crime.
Oh! whisper to that man, my lyre,
I love him with a holy fire."*

In this case was formed one of those connections cemented by the good and the beautiful, which have been depicted in the beginning of this chapter. In Sophie Albrecht's presence, the poet breathed a purer atmosphere, and forgot for a time the annoyances which awaited him in Mannheim, when dejected and alone, he was forced to return thither, for his companions

* Clemens, Anthology. Lexicon of Hamburg Authors.

were gone to Stuttgart—to his home—whither he could not go. Duke Karl did not allow the works of his pupil to suffer from any resentment he still felt towards him. Iffland and Beil, during their stay, acted in "The Robbers," and here also the drama met with complete success and the most brilliant reception. Old Schiller complained bitterly to his son that Iffland had not found time to pay him a single visit at the Solitude. While Schiller's bold conceptions returned thus to his native country, the banished poet remained with the pleasing impressions of Frankfort hovering before him, brooding over a plan to undertake the theatrical reports for the press; but his Stuttgart debts were still preying on his mind. He indeed revelled in the remembrance of Sophie Albrecht, but now that he was separated from her, he felt the vapid nature of his former society, and the necessity of communicating his ideas; and to whom could he do this better than to his old and tried friend Reinwald, whom the Albrechts also knew and valued? It was certainly from no exaggerated sensibility, that Schiller, remembering the proofs he had given of his true vocation, and also well aware of the many obstacles which surrounded him, after mentioning his illness, thus poured forth the grief which oppressed his soul: "My best friend! I have not found happiness here, and I begin almost to despair of ever attaining it in this world. Do not consider it mere empty words, when I own that my residence at Bauerbach was the most peaceful and happy time I have yet known, or probably shall ever know." This felicity he however did eventually again experience in his happy marriage. From the tone of his letter, and his question to Reinwald, whether he had yet found an object to occupy his heart, there breathes an imperceptible longing for the society of woman and domestic happiness, for a dignified and worthy existence. He complained of the thousand anxieties, and annoying discomforts, of his position, and also, that the very projects he meditated to

overcome these, caused him incessant care and perplexity. He had agreed to the compensation of a sum of money—200 gulden—instead of the stipulation in his contract of a benefit at the theatre. The publication of his dramas somewhat increased this sum; "but," writes he, "you do not know, my good friend, what a small sum 600 or 800 gulden seem in Mannheim, more especially in theatrical circles. How little benefit or blessing, I might say, this money brings with it." His bachelor household, with no trustworthy servants, his presentation copies, his want of economy, his helplessness and solitude, even among many acquaintances, all this extracted from him the confession, "If I had any one to relieve me from a part of my annoyances, and to testify cordial sympathy towards me, I might once more become a man and a poet, and be able to live wholly for friendship and the Muses. At last I am on the path which may, I hope, lead to this happy result."

Schiller, of course, had never yet been able to discharge his Stuttgart debts, which, according to Petersen's assertion, amounted to 700 gulden. The creditors had already begun to appeal to his father. The Captain, who thought that his son should rather grant pecuniary aid than require it, as the family depended entirely on his miserable pay of 400 gulden, was not a little confounded, when Madame von Holl presented him with a bill of Schiller's for 100 gulden, and Captain Schade, a similar one for 50 gulden. The worthy man accepted both bills, to enable his son to work in peace, but wrote to him, that he was sure he did not wish to involve him, to the prejudice of his sisters. Schiller had, however, other debts in Stuttgart, quite unknown to his father, and was soon in such extremity, that he could only manage to satisfy Captain von Schade, and was obliged to allow his father to pay Madame Holl's claim, with the small sum which had been laid aside for his daughters' portions.

The father naturally laid his injunctions repeatedly on his son to return to his medical studies; saying, that a theatre poet was considered a very minor light in Germany, that his first three dramas had been far from profitable, and who could say whether the later ones would not even be less so?

The so little prized theatre poet, was indeed in some degree shown his own value by numerous visits from strangers, who eagerly wished to make his acquaintance. He enjoyed the society of these new friends, sometimes in the Park of Schwetzingen, which was now adorned by all the bloom and beauty of the flowery month of May; or the hours passed rapidly in Waldheim; but though some of these connections proved of the utmost importance to his future life, still, at the moment, they robbed him of much precious time; his malady too returned, owing to all these pleasures and dissipations, and made him feel more keenly than ever his unhappy position. Towards the end of May he returned from Heidelberg, whither he had been enticed to accompany some friends, again prostrated by fever, alternately shivering and burning, tormented by thirst, and his digestion weakened by quinine. Never had he more required the full vigour of his thoughts than at this moment. The third piece stipulated for in his contract was to be ready by the end of September, and as yet, he did not even know its title. Moreover, as a newly elected member of the "German Society," he must at last break ground with a Thesis, for principally relying on this new associate, the Society was on the point of taking a step entirely in accordance with its ultimate object.

They purposed founding a journal of their own, and, by closely connecting it with the National Stage, to imbue it with a fresh and popular element, in presenting it to the world. Schiller, as secretary, was desirous to undertake the negotiation between the Committee of the Theatre and that of the Society. He made this proposal to Dalberg, accompanied by some severe

criticisms on the present state of the Society. By some mistake, this letter found its way among the circulating papers of the Society. It came into the hands of Ritter von Klein, which caused considerable embarrassment to Schiller, as it placed him under the disagreeable necessity of saying, in face of the whole Society in full assembly, what his communication to Dalberg was only intended to convey privately, but which was now known by others, contrary to his design.

This fear was removed by the letter being returned to Schiller without any further results; but great difficulties presented themselves to the execution of his project suggesting an independent journal, from the Society itself, as well as from the theatrical Intendancy,—an opposition which Schiller in vain endeavoured, by all his eloquence and no small portion of time and trouble, to overcome.

Among so many distracting labours, his poetical spirit gave way, and what was still more to be deplored, his energy and self reliance; and as the summer days passed on imperceptibly, and no new production was yet commenced, the depressing thought forced itself on him, that he must at last resume his nearly half forgotten medical studies, take his degree, and devote only his spare moments to the Muse, who thus allowed him to starve.

But, as if the genius of the German nation suddenly felt a presentiment of such a loss, while Princes were silent, in the confusion of voices, which drove her favourite hither and thither, a cry unexpectedly issued from unknown lips,—"Friedrich Schiller, you are a poet! a true poet!"—a cry which henceforth resounded again and again, so long as his soul could listen.

In the first week of January, Schiller received a packet from Leipzig. It contained a valuable portfolio, beautifully embroidered, a musical composition for Amelie's air in "The Robbers," and four portraits, two of which were of ladies, designed on parchment. Enthusiastic letters accompanied

these gifts. One of the gentlemen wrote: "At a time when Art degrades herself more and more, as the venal slave of rich and powerful sensualists, it is well when a great man steps forth to show what a poet may yet accomplish. The better portion of humanity, loathing their generation, languishing, amid the tumult of degenerate beings, for true greatness, slake their thirst, and feel within themselves an impulse elevating them above their contemporaries, and are inspired with fresh strength for the laborious course which leads to a noble object. Such a man would gladly press the hand of his benefactor, and let him see the tears of joy and enthusiasm in his eyes, and impart to him new energy, when doubt dispirited him,—if indeed his contemporaries be worthy that he should toil for them. This is the motive which has induced me, along with three other persons, who are one and all worthy to read your works, to unite in thanking you, and in doing you homage."

The writer of this was Christian Gottfried Körner; and the other persons, his bride, Minna Stock, her sister Dora, and Ludwig Ferdinand Huber. The drawings were executed by Dora; the portfolio embroidered by Minna.

Schiller was surprised, delighted, and cheered. No medicine in the world could have had such healing power over his health as this joy. He felt that he was understood and appreciated. This conviction strengthened and supported him, and lightened his heart. He was roused to hope and gladness. With such a testimony in his possession, he could henceforth appeal to the more enlightened class of the German public, and cherish the hope that a dramatic poet could rouse the nation from its sloth. He did not owe this noble recognition to any personal knowledge, nor to the technical finish of his art, but solely to its grand and free conceptions.

It might have been expected that Schiller would hasten to answer such letters, with the most ardent gratitude; but while

showing the gifts to all his friends and patrons with a proud heart, he did not write till seven months had elapsed to those kind correspondents, whose favour, probably, most others in his place would eagerly have grasped at. How secretly and profoundly he was moved, however, we hear from himself, in a letter of the 7th of June. "Such sympathy," he writes, "is a greater reward and encouragement to me, than the noisy acclamations of the world; a sweet compensation for a thousand moments of gloom. And when I follow this up, and think that there are probably more such circles in the world, who love me, though unknown, and rejoice in the hope of knowing me; that perhaps in the course of a hundred years, or more, when my very dust shall have been long scattered, my memory may be blessed, and the tribute of tears and admiration lavished on my grave,—then, my dearest friend, I rejoice in my poetical vocation, and am reconciled to the dispensations of Providence, and to the hard fate which has so often oppressed me." In the sunny atmosphere of this joy his hopes again revived, and the natural aspirations of his youthful soul were once more developed. He earnestly desired present sympathy and confidence; a breast on which he could repose, and find rest and cheerfulness. Amid the thousand wild passions which constantly agitated him, he longed for moderation, for a natural life, for domestic happiness.

To those who cannot look on our poet in any other light than in the proportions of a Karl Moor, it may appear vastly commonplace that Schiller should have the natural feelings of a young man of four and twenty, and, only a few days after such a brilliant incitement to his pride, confess to his friend, that he entertained the idea of matrimony; but at the same time it is a fact, and he brings forward as many good reasons in favour of it as Benedict, in "Much Ado about Nothing." "You will smile, my dear friend," he writes to Frau von Wolzogen, "when I tell you that, for some time past, marriage

has been constantly in my thoughts. Not that I have made my choice,—far from it,—I am on this point as free as ever; but the constantly recurring reflection, that nothing in the world seems to bestow tranquil and passionless ease on my heart, has inspired me with this desire." His love for Lotte was not yet extinguished; for he now continues, without disguise: "If I could but find a girl sufficiently dear to my heart, —or could I take you at your word, and become your son! Your Lotte would never, in that case, be rich; but certainly happy." This bold appeal, written late at night, alarmed him when he read over the lines a couple of days afterwards: he takes fright at his foolish hopes. "Though, my kind friend," he adds, "you are well accustomed to hear so many strange fancies from me, that you will excuse this one also." In saying this, he virtually renounced Lotte for ever.

Under the impression of the Leipzig packet, elevated to the full consciousness of his poetical strength, admonished by Reinwald, and urged on by the opinion of Goethe, who had seen the plot of "Don Carlos," and thought it very fine,—he began to think of finishing the piece. On the 21st of June, he read his Introductory Dissertation in the "German Society," on the Thesis—"What a well conducted Stage is capable of effecting." It is one of those documents which belong to Humanity. Whenever the Stage may be called to appear before the State, in order to resume her dignity, she ought to hold this Bill of Rights in her hand. Hoffmeister says of this treatise, after bestowing on it the most deserved praise: "It would indeed be inimitable, were not the Drama represented as being devoted exclusively to the service of morality and cultivation." But is this really the fact with regard to Schiller? To look upon the Stage as the moral institution that it *might* become,—is that equivalent to saying that it is actually at the present moment a school of ethics? Let us proceed historically.

From the time that Plato, in his Ideal, declared his antagonism to dramatic poetry, Heathen philosophers and Christian priests have equally condemned it. Though Thomas of Aquinum took it under his protection, and Luther, on the Protestant side, approved of religious, social, and school dramas, Prynne, in England, made a thrust with his "Histriomastix," against the drama, and its royal patron, which cost him his ears. In Germany, venerable theologians followed in the footsteps of Luther. But even the spirited defence of a Joh. Dürr, in 1662, made so little impression, that in 1753 the sacrament was refused to a literary man of the name of Uhlich, in Frankfort on the Oder, "because he had formerly been an actor;" and in reality the stage was so little esteemed, that the words, "pray to God," were prohibited in a play. Körner writes, that in Dresden, Hamlet instead of saying, "Look you, I will go pray," was made to say, "For my part, I will do my best."

How little confidence Schiller himself placed in the morality of the actors of that day, may be perceived from the letter we have already alluded to, written to Reinwald, on the 5th of May, where in relation to Sophie Albrecht, and her intention of going on the stage, he says, "our united entreaties may possibly succeed in rescuing a precious soul for humanity, though we may deprive it of a great actress."

In the regions of science D'Alembert defended the theatrical sphere, but without much moral energy. Sulzer and Lessing went deeper into the subject; indeed the latter, in his whole history and person; was a living example which the orthodox could not evade; but these two had a formidable coadjutor in Jean Jacques Rousseau, and it is a striking proof of Schiller's self-dependence, that in the face of his leader's opposition, although partly agreeing with him, in regard to individuals, he yet viewed the subject with clear and unprejudiced eyes. Rousseau condemned all refined culture, in-

cluding the modern stage, through abstract idolatry of nature, and the ancient heroic times. He maintained that the licentiousness of actors, and the contempt in which they were held, was the necessary result of their profession.*

The following words in Schiller's dissertation, undoubtedly refer to this: "On no profession, so far as I know, has more been said and written than on this, and upon none less satisfactorily. The most severe attack it ever endured was from a quarter whence it was certainly least to be expected." No one has replied with more brilliancy and energy to Rousseau's sarcasms than Schiller. He alluded to the principal accusations, the levity and insolence of actors, the frivolity of the pieces given. "It is said, how often has your renowned school of morality been only the last refuge of sated luxury? how often has your lofty, divine Thalia, been merely a buffoon for the populace, or the fawning parasite of petty thrones? All these accusations are undeniably true, but not one is justly applicable to the stage."

We must not forget, however, that we have here to consider a defence, and not a full and complete æsthetical estimate of the histrionic art. To our poet the value of the stage was always included in the value of the drama. In the beginning, he places poetic genius proudly by the side of science; Julius Cæsar beside the discoveries of Newton. The representation of dramas demands an established theatre, an institution open to the public, and attractive to all descriptions of men. The question to be solved is, the use of this institution to the state? Does it satisfy the claims which a lawgiver makes on a public establishment? does it really ennoble the being of man? I cannot exempt my readers from the task of perusing this inimitable defence, in the bright array of Schiller's own words.

It is not surprising that the author of this eloquent vindication, should bring forward all possible good qualities of

* Lettre à M. A. d'Alembert.

which his clients can boast; with a masterly grasp he refers to religion, in its moral light, places it besides the stage, and elevates the jurisdiction of both, in contradistinction to the laws of the world, and of the state. But religion gravely retires, when the stage would cure the follies of mankind, by laughter. To say that the stage imparts a knowledge of man, renders people more indulgent, is a means for the great of the earth hearing truth—all that is not enough for him. Even industry and creative genius, he says, cannot fail to be kindled by theatrical representations, and I believe that Schiller, in his sea drama, produced as admirable a eulogy of the compass, as in "William Tell," he immortalised the chronicles of a Johann Müller. He knew well, by what roots the most ideal conceptions must be placed in the soil, in order to grow and thrive.

But even beyond the enlightenment of national feeling, he hastens to the last point of his justification—the stage restores the harmony of our powers: in other words, it fulfils what Aristotle demands, by purifying us from baser passions—a gymnastic of the soul, it reconciles sensuousness with reason; "and finally," he says, "what a triumph, Nature, for thee! so often crushed to the earth, yet ever reviving again! when men from all circles and zones, of all classes and conditions, casting aside the trammels of art and fashion, rising buoyantly from every pressure of Fate, fraternizing by interwoven sympathies, mingled in one common race, forget the sorrows and cares of the world, to draw nearer simultaneously to their divine origin. Each individual enjoying the delight of the mass, who strengthened and refined glance on thee, fair Nature! from hundreds of eyes. The breast has space, only for one feeling — that of being a man!"

One point in this defensive dissertation of vast practical importance, both for the present and for the future, I may venture in addition to discuss somewhat more minutely. In a

certain sense, and at a particular period, Lessing himself, as my readers know, was classed among the opponents of the German school. It was he who said, "What a singular idea to create a national theatre for Germany, when we Germans are not even as yet a nation!". This maxim then, as now, has worked well in the hands of indolence. I esteem it a mere aphorism, and Lessing wrote "Nathan," in spite of it. If it be considered an axiom, it is like the sentiment which maintains, that a nation can only obtain freedom, when ripe for freedom. It is like the idea of the man who refused to go into the water, until he knew how to swim. Schiller was less fainthearted, and his are memorable words, when, more hopeful then Lessing, he refers the stage to the courage and moral power of poets, elevating them to the rank of standard bearers of national energy, and national feeling.

"If in all our pieces," he says, "one leading idea prevailed, if our poets were to agree among themselves, and cling together in faithful alliance for this purpose, a severe selection guiding their works, and their powers of delineation being only devoted to events connected with the people; in a word, when we at last succeed in establishing a national stage, then we shall be in reality a nation."

How can any one be so blind as to deny this? Have not Kotzebue and his imitators depraved the national feeling? The evil effects that a theatre can produce on a nation, lead us to conclude, that it would be equally capable of producing beneficial ones.

Thus the stage by means of the Hamburg school, destroyed the sway of the French, and Schiller in "Carlos" and "Wallenstein," indeed in all his pieces (which are not merely experimental), had begun to rear the fabric of the great principles (so far as a stage may do so) on which a nation is founded—freedom of thought, individual power, justice,

heroic courage, and political liberty and unity. Have France and England, although they are great nations, ever boasted of more than a stage for their capitals, not for the nation at large? and with the solitary exception of Shakspeare, whose principal works, "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," have in reality no connection with the nation, are their artistic productions to be compared with ours? Are their actors more celebrated than our Ekhof, Schröder, Fleck, and Devrient? The stage alone, has not the power to create a nation, but its co-operation cannot be valued too highly, nor its influence in penetrating on every side into the souls of the people. In many momentous points, the German stage offers in its past history, a most admirable example. Even with the talents displayed in the "Forty years," much more might be accomplished, if Schiller's ideal were steadily and unremitingly striven after, instead of being wasted in one-sided theories, or on frivolities.

The "German Society" plainly perceived what striking talent and capacity had fallen to their share, in their new member, and although they could not combine his dramatic project with their own aims, yet they highly respected his judgment and erudition, in scientific and literary matters. This he experienced, when to his joyful surprise, at the yearly distribution of prizes, a work of his old friend Petersen, on "The Epochs of the German Language" his opinion was deferred to, in adjudging to it with as much justice as kindness not the highest prize, as he at first hoped, but a premium of twenty-five ducats. He took this opportunity of writing admirable letters to his former fellow student, in which, among other things, we read that he thinks of graduating in Heidelberg, and seems secure of his influence over Dalberg.

Schiller, after the plan of his monthly dramatic journal was rejected in one shape, never ceased recommending it to Dalberg under another form, till the latter begged for a written pro-

spectus, which Schiller accordingly sent to him on the 5th of July.

Projected in a more popular and energetic style, than Lessing's "Dramaturgie," which had utterly failed, the aim of Schiller's journal was to enlighten the Mannheim stage on its historical origin, on its management and administration, to discuss the representations of particular dramas, as well as the daily performances and mode of acting; it was intended also, in the shape of treatises written by actors, and by the editor himself, to develope in a few years the whole theatrical system, and moreover, to offer to the reader, the usual elegant literary trifles of the day.

Schiller had here a most definite purpose. The Mannheim school, with its solution of prize questions, and with all its admirable organisation, was in reality very limited in its operations on the circle both of actors and critics. Schiller, by the power of his rising star, would have cast his meshes over a vast circle of enthusiastic readers, and thus have called into life that union among dramatic poets, which he had recommended in his dissertation. This monthly paper was also to contain a personal description of the actors and actresses, their history, and an individual criticism of each member, and even of their superiors. This latter announcement probably appeared suspicious to Dalberg, and as Schiller demanded fifty ducats for editing the journal, the Intendant declined all participation in the scheme, declaring that the funds of the theatre were not capable of satisfying this claim. Schiller, however, by no means gave up his plan, and began eagerly to collect materials.

The best assistance that Schiller could have contributed to the elevation of the stage, would undoubtedly have been to write dramas for it. But the poet here stood exactly in the path of the dramatist. Three pieces each year! This view was not unlike that of the manager, in the prologue to

Goethe's "Faust:" "If you be a genuine poet, poetry should come at your bidding."

Dalberg had become impatient. He had himself furnished Schiller with a subject in "Don Carlos," who had found it admirable — but Dalberg forgot that the contract was made with a man in health, and that an invalid was now to fulfil it. Moreover, this Mæcenas of the arts, seems by his numerous good counsels, involving censure of "Fiesko" and "Luise Millerin," to have himself caused Schiller to waver. For the latter assures him on the 7th of June, that the new piece of "Don Carlos," is not a political one, but a family picture of a royal house, and that he would avoid everything that could give offence.

The artist shows his power in what he does, but the great artist quite as much, in what he leaves undone. "When," relates Streicher, "he endeavoured in Mannheim to make himself thoroughly familiar with the history of Spain, he thought it easier to construct a plot of his own, which was sometimes to have one catastrophe, sometimes another, but always deeply tragic. At last he finally decided on one, in which the appearance of a spectre produced the catastrophe, and he was so entirely absorbed in it, that he began to write down his thoughts; but he abandoned the idea, as it appeared to him beneath the dignity of the drama, and of a true poet, to produce the catastrophe of a piece from the effect of an apparition. This irresolution in the choice of a subject, and incessant weaving of an entangled plot, fatigued him infinitely more than if he had begun the composition in earnest.

"Yet he could not do otherwise. It was quite contrary to his nature to meditate upon any subject superficially—all was to be exhausted and thoroughly worked out. His excitement on political subjects was almost incredible. In that respect he resembled a live coal, covered with a surface of light ashes; one breath, and it emitted sparks. In the same way

that he embraced every subject in its full significance, it must also be expressed in the plainest words, and in the most harmonious verse. Thence the luxuriance, fulness, finish, and roundness of his periods and diction, which excite thought as well as feeling, and impress themselves profoundly on a susceptible mind." Streicher could not more strikingly define the difference between the genuine poet and the manufacturer of verse. "Poets whose gifts are less lavishly bestowed are much more decided. Scarcely is a subject found than the pen is dipped into the ink, that the work may progress as speedily as possible." Profit is quickly attained by this method, but

"The starry crown of fame 'can never rest on such a head."

The causes of the separation which now exists, and ever has existed, between the drama of our literature and the drama of the stage, must be found in the fact that Molière and Shakspeare were not only poets but actors, whereas Schiller and Goethe never were actors. This is at least the superficial view of the subject. Schiller proved that he could write for the stage, both by "The Robbers" and by "Cabal and Love." That he did not write twelve consecutive pieces adapted to the theatre, only shows that to the genuine German spirit, the drama in its depths is something more than a mere representation of men, morals, and customs; a phase beyond which Molière never could rise, but native German feeling demands that the most profound spiritual conceptions should be incorporated on the stage in the purest form. It was not thus essential to combine the actor with the poet. Even Shakspeare cannot serve as a precedent, for his genius is so vast and incalculable, that it was dependent on no other conditions than the particular period when he lived, which offered the full unbroken living forms of character peculiar to the middle ages.

Sheridan, Goldsmith, and others, have written admirable comedies, without, as actors themselves, writing for the re-

quirements of the stage. Not one of these, however, had the difficult task of bringing forward on the theatre the great questions affecting humanity on the brink of a revolution. What Macaulay says in his treatise about Milton, of the difficulties a poet encounters in times of progress, applies in the highest degree to Schiller.

It was not because Schiller was too reflective that he remained standing helplessly before "Don Carlos," but being the greatest modern dramatist, it was incumbent on him to ponder well on his subject, that is, thoroughly to imbibe the pith and marrow of the time, which was to a considerable degree composed of abstract thought. He must have been something more than earthly if he could have understood costume, or handled paint, or composed stage spectacles. His one-sidedness was precisely the source of his greatness.

Schiller saw that he could not gain the means of existence by his dramatic writings. His salary was generally anticipated by advances made to him. His father every day became more dissatisfied with his son's position. "His having suffered during eight whole months from intermittent fever," writes the father, "does no credit to his pursuits, and he would justly in a similar case have bitterly reproached any of his patients, who had not attended to diet and regimen." The plan of paying his debts by establishing a journal, was demolished for the present. He certainly entertained no doubt whatever of the renewal of his contract. "The President is quite on my side," he wrote to Petersen; but he discovered only too soon that Dalberg's favour rested on very superficial soil. The Freiherr had not forgotten the old Captain's letter, and was now convinced that his repertoire would not gain much in productive pieces by this lion spirit, which brought forth only a single young one every year. He therefore counselled the theatrical poet through Hofrath Mai, the physician attached to the theatre, to return to his original profession.

Schiller, who only saw in this advice a proof of the most noble sympathy and interest in his fate, accepted the suggestion seriously, and referring to the many instances of kindly feeling that Dalberg had shown him during the last few months, he wrote to the Freiherr, forgetting the many proofs of an opposite nature from which he had suffered, and begged him to decide what it was best for him to do.*

"I only require one year," he writes, "to make good the delay in my engagement, and once more to come forward with honour. During this year I cannot be as active as usual for the benefit of the theatre, and yet I require quite as much support. This single year must decide my future fate. If I can accomplish my scheme with regard to the medical profession, I shall then be secure, and my final establishment at Mannheim certain. As I cannot bring myself, however, so suddenly to renounce the drama, I can always guarantee one great piece, and my project about the 'Dramaturgie' shall be carried into effect according to your wishes." He begs that if he has said too much he may be forgiven, for his heart is overflowing; and, he adds, "if I ever attain distinction in the world, rest assured that I never can forget him to whom I shall owe it all. May I hope to learn your Excellency's decision either verbally or in writing?" He impatiently expected an answer, which soon arrived, in writing, to the effect that the Freiherr begun very much to distrust the chimerical nature of Schiller's projects, and that he had resolved no longer to continue his salary as theatre poet.

Schiller, after his former experience, rather deserved this abrupt dismissal, but he was so baited that he submitted to this likewise. He often, indeed, thought of his Leipzig friends, and would gladly have established this connection by an answer; but a miserable succession of sorrows, annoyances, and

* The well known undated letter of Schiller to Dalberg, ought to be placed about July 1784.

embarrassments extinguished this purpose for the moment in his bruised heart. A visit from his sister Christophine, and Reinwald, who had travelled to Swabia in order to become personally acquainted with his charming correspondent, could scarcely cause much pleasure to the unfortunate poet, especially as, to his dismay, he learned that Christophine had definitively resolved to share the fate of the ill paid and hypochondriacal Reinwald. In the conflict between friendship and brotherly love, Schiller thought it his duty urgently to dissuade his sister from this marriage, and as she listened to his advice, he caused great displeasure to his family, especially as Reinwald at once discontinued his addresses. Though Schiller was unfeignedly delighted once more to see his sister, yet this visit was one of those joys so mixed with alloy, that they border on pain; but a serious and heartfelt sorrow affected at this time his sympathizing heart. I have related how warmly attached Schiller was to Beck and his charming wife. In the house of this amiable couple he saw a daily example of that happiness which the bond for life of two loving and harmonious hearts cannot fail to ensure, and which inspired our poet with all the tender wishes he confided to his friend in Bauerbach. Heinrich Beck, equally distinguished by refinement of taste and by goodness of heart, was worthy of so admirable a wife. With them Schiller was in the habit of conversing about all the subjects that interested him most nearly. There he saw the young wife learn the part of Bianka in "Julius von Tarent," and at the same time attend to her domestic affairs and repair her husband's linen; and amid all the irritable moods which theatrical life is so apt to engender, she was always cheerful and soothing to her husband. Schiller by degrees became the most intimate friend of this family; and as it was still his greatest delight to be constantly making gifts to his friends, he made a present of a little dog to his kind hostess, whom she called Trotter, and petted exceedingly.

Karoline Beck, after being seven months married, began to droop in health, and was seized with a brain fever. On the 22nd of July she was struck with apoplexy. On the 24th she had a daughter, and died on the same day at sunset. At her interment the same members of the Catholic priesthood who had opposed her marriage, now refused that her remains should repose in consecrated ground, and her fair frame was transferred to the Lutheran churchyard. "Was she thus early translated," exclaimed Iffland in his necrology, "because the world had too much that was harsh and trying for so pure and gentle a creature?" Lamentations for her loss were heard on every side. Schiller, too, though so deeply affected, wrote a consolatory poem for her husband, which is unfortunately lost, but a sister of Margarethe Schwan, Staatsräthin Pistorius, in Stuttgart, remembers that there was a very affecting allusion to the little dog, who always welcomed Karoline by barking joyfully when she returned home* from the theatre weary and exhausted. Schiller was often visited by the Muse when in the cloud of sorrow, and thus we see him now, every sense absorbed in his new drama.

Gervinus and Vischer have defined the German drama, as a middle path between the ancients and Shakspeare. If it be admitted that French tragedy, with all its unity of action and capaciousness of style, is an imitation of the ancients, we must also admit, that Schiller first deliberately entered that prescribed path. He now shared his time between his own works and French literature. He hopes in this way, as he writes to Dalberg, on the 24th of August, to arrive at a happy medium, betwixt the two extremes of French and English taste. The study of the French school, if the results be compared, had this advantage over the imitation of the antique (which he subsequently introduced into the "Bride of Messina,") that

* Wolfgang Menzel. Literary Paper, 1847. Letters on Mannheim, by Sophie de la Roche. Zürich, 1781.

in the former no intricate fatality with regard to destiny, no chorus, allured him into devious paths. The school of simplicity indeed, the fruits of which were so manifest in "Wilhelm Tell," he was longer in attaining, from the French enticing him towards wit and rhetoric. But in spite of all this, it was a benefit to Schiller that he remained in the strife of the modern world, in order to develope freely his original powers, and later in life, submitted to the stern control of the ancients, which so easily leads away the mind from what is present and national, to a hollow culture of form alone. Schiller, receding at this time from the exaggerated manner of the Sturm und Drang school, passed into a more massive style, displaying equally the nature of Lessing, and the pathos of Shakspeare; and he who desires once more to see the genuine German drama re-established, must appeal to Schiller's works, for it is only a style free from art that can be truly dramatic.

Schiller had serious intentions of adapting the French tragedies of Corneille and Racine for the German stage, and also some English plays, such as "Macbeth" and "Timour." In this way, he held out to Dalberg a prospect of new pieces, and endeavoured, by every means in his power, to make the Intendant more favourably disposed towards him. So entirely was he at this time fascinated by high and sublime tragedy, that he expressed himself with really undeserved contempt of the popular buskin, and wrote to Dalberg on the 24th of August, "that he could not conceal from himself, having been both vain and self-willed, in endeavouring to shine in a different sphere, for he felt that the highest style of tragedy was peculiarly suited to his powers. In this province he might perhaps be difficult to equal, in any other perhaps not difficult to surpass." He acknowledges that Dalberg was justified in mistrusting his schemes, but writes he, "when you consider how often illness and low spirits have counteracted my best endeavours, you will at least admit that mere

hollow schemes do not form part of my natural disposition. I should like to converse with your Excellency about my wish to resume my medical profession, and the plans connected with it, for I cannot, I fear, fully explain myself in writing.

In the same letter we read, "I rejoice that I am at last to a certain degree master of Iambics, for I think this will contribute much dignity and brilliancy to the verse of "Don Carlos."

"Don Carlos" was at this time the favourite "child of his mind," and while he speaks in a depreciating tone of his first productions, yet in spite of working at the last parts of "Don Carlos" with considerable reluctance, he dwelt with fondness for many ensuing years on this drama, defending it against the opposition which it so plentifully encountered, constantly quoting favourite passages from it in letters, and improving and polishing every edition. In this piece was first put to the test, the irresistible charm of Form, exercising its spell on the author also, the stream of beauty, like a fresh current of blood from the heart of the composition, filtering into the finest veins of the words and rhymes — the harmony between sensuousness and reason, intended to affect the hearer, seizing the artist himself at the very first verse. Here, if any where, the poet proves himself a dramatist, for here the syren strains of lyrics encompass him. The dramatic poet in the first lines spoken on the stage, displays an ideal nature, and much lyrical sweetness, combined with dramatic emotion; this is being the genuine successor of Shakspeare. We ought never to forget that Shakspeare found the rhythmical form of the drama already established in great perfection. Schiller's task was incomparably more difficult.

In the one case, a unity was to be restored, which in the other was only to be developed. A similar struggle ensued between Form and Subject, as that which subsequently took place between abstract Thought and intellectual Form; and it is clearly obvious to us, that Schiller's youthful lyrics were

as indispensable a preparation for the poet, as his powerfully sketched prose compositions were for the dramatist. How natural was this question of Form, which even in Bauerbach he had begun to solve, and to the artist, of the highest importance. Streicher tell us, that he was forced to arrange his expressions rhythmically; and to make the Iambics flow mellifluously, he felt that he must even think rhythmically. He soon found that this measure "was not only the most appropriate to the drama; but as it had the power of elevating even commonplace thoughts, how much more must it ennoble sublimity and beauty of expression. His joy, his delight at his success, renewed his pleasure in life and in his labours, and he looked forward with impatience to the evening, when he invariably read aloud to Streicher, what he had written during the day." Streicher was as much enchanted as a susceptible mind could not fail to be, on hearing for the first time, Schiller's nervous language attuned to rhythmical measure. He conjured Schiller, never again under similar circumstances, to condescend to prose.

While Iffland lowered his characters by form, to the level of commonplace nature, which Kotzebue had no difficulty in equalling, Schiller sought the only true and sure healing power for the outward form of his dramas, in the inner law of his own noble nature. He knew well that the dignity of a national institution, can only be claimed for a theatre, when at no moment the dignity of poetry is forgotten.

CHAP. V.

CHARLOTTE VON KALB.*

Her Portrait, Life, and Character. — Charlotte's Marriage. — Journey to Mannheim. — Schiller. — Happy Days. — Charlotte goes to Landau. — Sorrows of Parting. — She returns to Mannheim. — "King Lear." — Charlotte and Schiller. — A festive Banquet. — Schiller's Confession of his Love for Lotte. — Colonel Hugo. — Schiller intends to resign his Situation as Theatrical Poet. — Charlotte's Dissuasions. — Her Avowal to Schiller. — The Ideal, and Love.

WHATEVER influence the foreign models of Corneille and Shakspeare may have exercised during these summer days on our poet, still he faithfully adhered to his adored mistress, Nature, who at this time, led him by one of her most lovely creations, to a luxuriance of new contemplations, and to the most passionate strife of feeling.

Those who know Charlotte von Kalb, only through the miserable copy, of an excellent small pastel portrait, which has been circulated and accepted by the public, must entirely efface this caricature from their memory — but what would it avail, were I to attempt to replace it, by features of the true type? This portrait, since I saw it, has been constantly present to my mind. Can I communicate my feeling to the reader? Can I, without exciting a smile, confess, that my heart beats with very foolish emotion, every time that I think of this little portrait? Is it credible that anything so perishable, that the mere shadow of a being, separated from us by a century, could excite such deep feeling? What subtle

* I have to thank the communications of Frei Fraulein Edda v. Kalb, for any new views in this sketch.

fascination must emanate from that soul, which the hand of the fortunate limner, by magic lines, and a gentle tone of colouring, causes to dawn on us? Is it the large bewildering blue eyes, the noble lofty brow, the arched eyebrows, fine and delicate as if drawn by a pencil? Is it the lovely chiselled lips which seem to say: We have drunk in every breath of spring, fresh from the hand of the Creator, with thankfulness and joy? or, am I bewitched by the portrait of this girl of seventeen, in all her bloom, because the sight of this face, this shadowy drapery, and the picturesque costume of those days, cause all those songs to vibrate in my soul, which are indelibly impressed on our minds, as the brightest reminiscences of our youth.

The following was one of Charlotte's favourites:

"Welcome fair orb of silver light!
Gentle confederate of night:
Handmaid of Thought,—why fliest thou so fast?—
Softly!—she flieth not;—'twas but a cloud that pass'd.

"More lovely only than thy ray
Is the first wakening of May,—
When crystal dew-drops her green locks distil,
And the red sun comes rushing up the hill.

"Alas! for you,—lov'd friends that sleep
Beneath these graves so dark and deep:
Ah! for the golden hours now pass'd away,—
When we together gaz'd on star and reddening day."

Besides this portrait of her in blooming youth, a sketch lies before me of the sweet features after death. "Goethe," I exclaimed at the first glance. These grandly chiselled outlines, in which repose entire peace, after the struggles of a long life of suffering, bear a family resemblance to Schiller's great spiritual brother: when that painful portrait painter, Death, wished to distort those lineaments, Charlotte's mighty spirit snatched the pencil, and drew the likeness.

With equal truth and fidelity has she depicted herself a

third time, in her memoirs. Who can attempt to portray all the riches of this life in a sketch? Who can venture to separate a thread from these memoirs, probably the most extraordinary that ever were written, and say, "Thus was she in life." Of all the female forms that accompanied our poet in his festal progress, she was undoubtedly the most imaginative. Nature had possibly destined her for our poet, "but mistook the clay," and no other mission remained for the woman, but to become the friend and the muse of our great tragic-poet.

Charlotte Marschalk von Ostheim was born on the 15th of July, 1761, at Waltershausen, in Grabfeld, in the canton of the Rhön and Werra. The property settled on her, and the patriarchal customs of the family, secured to her all the privileges of position and wealth—a refined mode of life, and the benefit of an undisturbed development. But the bodily organisation of the child was of great susceptibility. When her father, beside whom she was one day seated at table, laid his hand lovingly on her head, she trembled under the gentle touch, and tears of joy shone in her eyes. She lived much with nature, and early felt the poetry of fragrant meadows and limpid streams. She searched for herbs and flowers with her brother, and if ever child did, she must have seen the "Willow King's daughter" in a gloomy spot, nay the Willow King himself, "with sceptre, crown, and train." But she had also much refinement of taste for the more cheerful forms of social life, even feeling a childish degree of pleasure in the magnificent *parties de chasse* of the day, in festive banquets, fishing excursions, and in the highly trained greyhounds, who bearing notes in the clasps of the collars fastened round their slender necks, hunted their prey from one castle to another. A prolonged residence in the strict Catholic neighbourhood of Bauerberg, seized on her imagination. She believed herself subject to demoniacal possessions, and saw her beloved father,

in a vision, lying dead. This dream soon became dreadful reality. When eight years old she also lost her mother, and was thenceforth destined to be long separated from her brothers and sisters. She was placed under the care of strangers, first at Nordheim, and then with Herr von Turk, in Meiningen. Thus she remained without a legitimate home—that only true nutritious soil of gaiety of heart, and frank and cordial warmth of feeling. She soon became old-fashioned, singular, reserved, and wilful. When she wept bitter tears for these faults, and her isolated state, the words sounded in her ear with which she had been told her grandmother received her, at her first entrance into life, when instead of the expected boy a girl made her appearance, "You have no business here," had been the hasty exclamation of the grandmother. "I can truly say," writes Charlotte, "that as a child I shed many tears." Her fate was indeed singularly hard; she was constantly in contact with the sublime mystery of death—blooming like a lovely churchyard rose, over the grave—constantly either weeping for the dead, or in dread of losing those she loved.

Frau von Turk, with whom she had hitherto lived, died after a long illness, and Charlotte, orphaned afresh, resided now on the property of her uncle, Herr von Stein, in Nordheim. This gay, bustling mansion, though her uncle highly prized her independent character, could not overcome her reserve, nor her disposition to more grave and intellectual enjoyments. Her brothers and sisters were her greatest consolation, and also constant intercourse with the most gifted men in the country, such as Reinwald, Pfranger, and others, who all esteemed the young lady as a rare pearl of female excellence. Her finely chiselled features, her large lustrous eyes, which yet looked so dusky and languishing, that they never could have gazed undazzled even at the stars, gave her a most peculiarly attractive appearance. The luxuriance of her light brown hair, the weight of which her head could scarcely sup-

port, was so great, that even later in life, when unloosed and flowing round her tall and slender figure, it quite touched the ground.

She had learned to speak French in her childhood, according to the fashion of the day; her culture, independent of the usual instruction and literature of the day, such as Ugolino, Julius von Tarent, Voltaire, and Shakspeare, was thoroughly individual. She read much and attentively, especially early mystical legends of conversions; the Bible, and extracts from the Koran, wandering enchanted "under the palms of Paradise." The simplicity which exists in the writings of the Old Testament, coupled with the boldest imagination, entirely accorded with this style of reading, and also her affinity of soul to those orientalists of literature, Herder and Jean Paul. The demoniacal often crossed her path, both in her own sensations and in the writings of others, in the shape of insanity and passion; and her perceptions were peculiarly sensitive to impressions of this kind. When she heard that the child of one of her favourite servants had been put to death, she screamed and fainted. Educated in a region very much under the influence of the Catholic priesthood, the cloister appeared to the Protestant girl in a very poetical light. She respected the symbols of the faith of others, being herself both tolerant and devout, considering them worthy of reverence, and beneficial to men according to their various dispositions; but she withstood with firmness and self-possession every attempt to convert her. The members of secret orders inspired her with deep interest, and she often conversed with the associates of masonic institutions, travelling for the purposes of enlightenment. The impression that she received from life and the most varied reading—especially historical studies—she amused herself by recalling in writing, during her many solitary hours: her "Remarkable Events," a novel called "Cornelia," her still unpublished writings, fragments of a drama, "The

Demon of Gain," and a "History of the American War of Independence," show that, along with a natural inclination towards the ideal, she could also depict the world of action with surprisingly graphic powers. The greatest enjoyment of her life, was, by personal communication with gifted men, to bestow lasting value on every minute.

Such was her character when Schiller, during his residence at Bauerbach, first saw her in deep mourning. She had at that time recently lost her only brother, and her admirable sister Wilhelmine, who had been married contrary to her inclinations. She had also seen her sister Leonore led to the altar by President von Kalb. In September the President's brother arrived on a visit, Heinrich von Kalb, who had served in the American war along with the French troops, as an officer of the regiment Royal Deux Ponts, and whom peace had now brought home. The President welcomed him with cordial delight. By the death of Fritz von Ostheim, the family possessions, consisting of the properties of Waltershausen, Trabelsdorf, Marisfeld, and Dankenfeld, were in an unsafe position. The question had arisen as to whether the inheritance were freehold or feudal, and this point could only be decided by a lawsuit (and by bribery) before the Imperial Chamber. For this purpose, as well as to supply his own pressing necessities, the President required very large sums, and he had long considered that the only mode of effecting this object was a marriage between his brother and Charlotte, in which case the power devolved on him of administering to the freehold estate, according to his own will and pleasure. He soon saw, however, that Charlotte, as well as his own relation, Siegmund von Seckendorf, a favourite Kammerherr of Karl August's, at Weimar, opposed his plans in every way; this made him perfectly furious, and he talked so much about his incessant labours, the complicated nature of the affairs, and the imminent dangers to which the property was exposed, placing

everything in so alarming a point of view, that Charlotte, isolated, powerless, and depressed by her recent sorrows, at last, in helpless resignation, agreed to his project. Heinrich von Kalb, however, was universally considered a man of honour, and bore the reputation of a brave officer. According to Schiller's testimony he was an excellent, kind, and good-hearted man. "My marriage," says Charlotte, "was not more hazardous than any other, intended to secure, according to the opinion of the world, a brilliant outward existence." That this union was to be concluded without mutual love, or any worldly advantages on her part, she esteemed its brightest side. A few weeks afterwards they were married.

Heinrich von Kalb, whose leave was drawing to an end, was anxious to obtain a situation at the Zweibrücken Court, where he was in considerable favour; and after a dull, solitary winter in Baireuth, passed in reading French memoirs and Hume's "History of England," he set off from Waltershausen, with his young bride, on the 5th of May, 1784. In Frankfort, they staid with a friend of Charlotte,—a Herr von Stuhl, who received them most hospitably. The latter with sorrow perceived that Charlotte no longer possessed the frank, candid manner which had formerly distinguished her; and when he took her to the garden to see his auriculas, and in a confidential moment made this observation to her, she answered: "I feel myself without a home. I cannot make myself understood. No hope brightens my path; no sympathy attracts me." And yet she delighted "in the bright rows of auriculas, in their velvet dust, and in the soft light and delicate fragrance of their graceful circles." A sweet hope was now breathed into her soul, the fulfilment of which was not far distant. The married couple went by Darmstadt to Mannheim, where they arrived on the evening of the 8th of May. Reinwald and Frau von Wolzogen had given Charlotte a parcel to take to Schiller. She sent it to him; and on the following day he came himself.

With his appearance there began for her an entirely new life. In the remembrance of that meeting, which she has commemorated in her Sibylline style, there still vibrates an echo of that hour. "In the bloom of youth," she writes, "he displayed the rich variety of his being. His eye bright with youthful spirit; his demeanour dignified and thoughtful; quickly affected by unexpected sympathy." On the same evening, "Cabal and Love" was performed. After Schiller had conversed for some hours with his new acquaintances, the distressing thought suddenly occurred to him, that the name of Kalb, which his agreeable new friends bore, was to be represented on the stage under a very different aspect: so he hurried to the theatre, and entreated the actor not to pronounce the name. He then quickly returned to his friends, much relieved. "He came in," says Charlotte further, "in excellent spirits; a kind welcome was contained in every glance." Cordial confidence and intimate mutual sympathy were speedily established on both sides. The words he poured forth, without study or reflection, sounded to Charlotte like the speech of a Seer. "In conversation, quick, vehement impulses were succeeded by almost feminine gentleness. Every glance showed the inspiration of lofty thought." Imbued with the most susceptible feeling for every thing fair on earth and sublime in heaven, and yet fatally severed from every joy, as Charlotte was,—prone, therefore, to be raised to glad enthusiasm by the lightning ray of one sympathetic thought,—was not Schiller to her the poet of all that was noble, whose whole course through life had displayed Will and Power,—only the more elevated and masculine reflex of herself? With eager thirst she drank in the stream of light poured forth on her darkened spirit.

Schiller accompanied her next day to the Hall of Antiques. "A paroxysm of ardent enthusiasm seized him," relates Charlotte; "for he truly felt—I, too, have power! The song of the Gods of Greece was dawning on his soul." They then

visited the counterpart of that joyous world of heathen gods—the Church of the Jesuits, commonly called by the people, from its numerous pictures, "the parti-coloured Evangelium," built from the produce of the toll on the Rhine-bridge, which these Fathers had enjoyed the privilege of levying for twenty years past. In this most lovely season of May, they made an expedition to the adjacent Waldheim, where the most picturesque dwellings are scattered among the finest trees in the Palatinate. "Sense of power and mournful enthusiasm filled their hearts; and the words sprung forth in full bloom which the flame of youth had sown." On the last evening they went to the theatre, Charlotte, too, felt the moral influence of the Drama, and expressed herself in strong terms on the frivolity of the French stage. After the performance was over, Iffland joined them, being acquainted with Herr von Kalb; but what did Charlotte care for Iffland when Schiller was present? "We carefully sought out fine phrases," she relates. "How easily, in this way, do we sink into degrading affectation!" Charlotte went, on the following day, with her husband to the fortress of Landau, where his regiment was quartered. "What a day!" she writes. "Oh, cruel cold of the north! gloomy clouds drifted along by the storm, cutting sharpness of the blast, have I alone shivered under thine influence? Horror of night! darkness! dost thou overshadow only my soul and spirit? The sun rose at last on the clear horizon, the meadows glowed in its splendour: but to brighten the inner masses of clouds is beyond even his power. Life bloomed once; but now it is dead!"

Schiller, who had written to Reinwald with such enthusiasm about Sophie Albrecht, was probably still under the influence of this fresh impression, for in a letter to Frau von Wolzogen about his new friend, he only wrote these calm words:—"This lady seems very clever and intellectual, and does not belong to the class of commonplace minds."

Charlotte returned to Mannheim at the end of July, as, according to French ideas, it was not fitting for the wife of an officer to reside in a garrison town. She and her husband had therefore arranged that she should take up her abode in Mannheim, where there was so much interest and amusement, till after her expected confinement. Her husband visited her several times every week, often accompanied by some of his comrades. Among them was Colonel Wilhelm von Hugo, an excellent and accomplished man, who had gained Charlotte's confidence. In this circle, the tone of which is best described in Charlotte's own sketches, furnishing us with the most graphic picture, Schiller was cordially welcomed. Much excited at this time by his labours, by the death of Karoline Beck and Christophine's visit, as well as by a rising inclination for Margarethe Schwan, Schiller was looking forward with peculiar pleasure to the representation of "King Lear," which had not been given since Schröder played the part.

On the 19th of August, Charlotte, accompanied by several officers, met Schiller in the crowded theatre, — never had the British poet an audience more worthy of him. They enjoyed with intense delight all that Schröder's version could impart, and intellectual discussions, which Charlotte introduced without affecting, however, to lead the conversation, agreeably filled up the space between the acts. When one of the party commended Kent's fidelity to Cordelia, in which veneration and love are so blended, Colonel Hugo said: "Such devotion is consonant with love, though in some respects differing from it. This sublimity of feeling is a ray of light emanating from love, and soaring to a height whence all that is transient and perishable is banished. If Humanity be only permitted to enjoy what Nature requires, then no laurels can ever be won, nor that higher peace attained, of which the olive branch is a type." The following words are probably Charlotte's own: "There is a Trio of Folly which persecutes me in a thousand forms,

and mankind seem divided into these three classes — arrogant folly, seeking its own interests, and armed with cunning; next, the class blinded by error and fettered by its bonds; and lastly, the most aggravating of all, the fool *par excellence*, exercising irony on every subject, with quick perception, jangling the bells of folly, and brandishing the scourge of mockery." Another said: "We ought all to possess the power of exercising our thinking faculties; the lofty poet imparts strength to do this. The thoughtful man can neither be startled or surprised; only thus can he escape the delusion of hunting a mere furtive shadow." Schiller's prophetic eloquence shines forth in the following dithyrambus: "Oh! Master of the Beautiful, omnipotent over horror, thou hast the power to humble in the dust and to raise up again; for thou hast imbibed thy nourishment from a pure and free spirit—from the glittering stream of Fancy. Thy strength can break all bonds and loose all fetters, for that which is born of the Spirit can only be received by the Spirit."

"We enjoyed," writes Charlotte, "the luxury of woe, the charm of inspiration." Biel's performance of Kent had given especial satisfaction, and Iffland also had delighted Schiller. Moved to tears, they passed out of the crowded theatre into the cool night air, under a starry summer sky. Schiller, giving due homage to the poet, broke out into these enthusiastic words: "The author of 'Lear' alone has such knowledge and experience of the human heart that he reveals to man his intrinsic worth, showing him what he is capable of achieving. Creative ruling thought forms the substance of this work." Intellectual thoughts, and they were of an intellectual nature, who with the light of love illumining their hearts, wandered side by side in the mild placid summer evening. Charlotte was at this time about to encounter the most severe trial of woman's life. She was confined of a boy on the 8th of September. She named him Friedrich, after Schiller and her

own brother. Unfortunately her husband was obliged to leave her the second day after the birth of her child, and during the following night she had an alarm which brought her to the brink of the grave. As she was lying in bed, left alone by her careless servants, her curtains suddenly rustled. She saw a woman with bare arms and feet, and her hair hanging over her shoulders — either a somnambulist or a lunatic — who violently pulled the coverlet and the curtains. Charlotte endeavoured to speak to her, but she could not utter a syllable, and sinking back in a dead faint, she lay cold and lifeless. There were now screams and consternation. Schiller, too, was quickly informed of the dangerous state of his friend, and he alone retained sufficient calmness, whilst all others lost their presence of mind, to send for an experienced physician. By having recourse to the strongest remedies, Charlotte was at length restored to consciousness. She was told of the service her friend had rendered her, and when on her recovery she saw Schiller come in, leaning on her husband's arm, she was deeply affected. Schiller sincerely rejoiced at the happy recovery of the fair young creature, and to Charlotte's grateful heart his presence was "like the mild subdued light which brightens the dawn."

After visiting Charlotte in her solitude, Schiller began to admire the problem of this existence; her independence of feeling, her regal dignity of soul, her profound words, learned in the school of suffering. How much she had seen and observed; how quickly could she raise her thoughts from the objects she portrayed with such vivid talent, to a more elevated sphere, and then, as if shaking off a burden from her transparent wings, after the most entranced spiritual glance, suddenly break into a gay laugh, as if finding cause for mockery (as Rahel says of her) in dwelling long in that celestial sphere of which she had caught a transient glimpse. To give the reader an idea of her impressions of passing events, I proceed

to extract some graphic passages from her memoirs. She is describing a rest after a grand chase: — "The horses were grazing in the meadows, the watchful companion, the faithful dog, had followed his master, the mellow flute, the melodious horns, resounded through the woods." Another time she describes a fountain being placed in the market-place at Meiningen: — "A crowd had assembled to see this fountain reared in the centre of the marketplace, and a number of our friends had collected in our dwelling known as the Red House. The erection of the lion with arms and staff was completed, and flowing water flashed from its jaws. Then approached, to draw for the first time from the spring, peasants with pails to slake the thirst of their cattle, and maids with cans to wash green herbs. It was towards evening; the goats, of which there were numbers in this place, shyly drew near in the golden light, and the most courageous sprang on the edge of the fountain, — a stirring picture animated by health, beneficence, and freshness." Do not these words breathe of old Homer? and when she told of her relation, Herr von Stein, or the Templar von Hundt, in Meiningen, those noble-minded men, with all their abnegation and self-sacrifice, or of the envoy of freemasonry, the pioneer of enlightenment, Prince Karl of Hesse: how attractive was "this mysterious being" to the poet, who had already by his acquaintance with the Prince of the Illuminati, Freiherr von Knigge, approached this sphere; and Schiller from his own imagination had recently created a similar character in the Marquis Posa. Charlotte's enthusiasm for such an ideal could not fail to affect him sympathetically, and to work on his imaginative faculties and temperament; thus animating him to the lofty task which he had imposed on himself — by his poetry, or if the times demanded it, by action also, to devote himself to the renovation and enfranchisement of mankind, and thus to win renown from posterity.

Here a personality confronted him, not recognising by flattery what he had actually accomplished, but revering what he was in himself. For to forget the poet in his work, which would have been most gratifying to his ambition, Charlotte could not do; on the contrary, she criticised his compositions in the most unsparing manner, while enjoying in his noble self the whole riches of his present and of his future, and in her pure connection with him the concentrated felicity of a world. When she was asked on one occasion, before a performance of "The Robbers," "Madame Charlotte, no doubt you will also come to the theatre to enjoy this wonderful piece?" she replied, "I have read it and can repeat many of its passages, but I do not wish to see it acted." Streicher, who was one of her musical friends, relates a proof of her rigorous verdicts. He had often boasted of the beauties in "Don Carlos," and Charlotte begged the poet to read his drama to her. He did so, declaiming it in his usual singular tone and manner. It entirely failed in making a favourable impression on Charlotte. She wished, however, to conceal her real opinion, from feelings of delicacy towards Schiller, but he urged her so strongly to tell him frankly her judgment, that at last she said with a smile, she really thought it less finished than any composition of his. This criticism took Schiller so completely by surprise, that with the hasty words "This is really too bad," he hurried out of the house.

Charlotte, grieved and annoyed, took up the manuscript which the poet had thrown on the table, and scarcely had she for a short time read these masterly lines, than she sent off to Schiller to say, that she had entirely changed her opinion, and entreating him to return to her. But the mortified poet did not appear to the expectant lady till the following day. She then, indeed, gladly retracted her former censure, but told him plainly that his poetry must infallibly lose all effect, from the passionate, stormy way in which he chose to read it.

Charlotte's husband, though hardened by the vicissitudes of a military life, and depressed by his pecuniary circumstances, the pressure of which every day increased, was quite disposed to enjoy agreeable and intellectual society, and often invited his friends to dinners, when Schiller invariably formed one of the party. Charlotte has described one of those parties in the most graphic manner, when it was agreed that each of the four persons present — Heinrich von Kalb, Friedrich Schiller, Colonel von Hugo, and Charlotte herself — should relate a love adventure by turns. I will describe this reunion here, though it properly belongs to a later date. It also proves that Schiller's "Resignation" was already written, and in the course of this last year, we have found our poet frequently in moods when he might easily have expressed himself with equal gloom, renouncing all enjoyment and felicity, and taking the most dismal view of life; but the words "of happiness I know nothing," certainly do not apply at least to these hours.

"A pure and cloudless sky smiled," as Charlotte relates, on this little *fête;* peace and gladness pervaded the verdant meadows of the Rhine; "golden rays of light gladdened the day." The walls of the room in which they were dining were covered with red silk, bright flames flickered cheerfully in the chimney, and the fragrance of incense stole invisibly through the air. The friends enjoyed Charlotte's elegant hospitality and the good taste of all her arrangements, and the poet lauded the noble wine. "Rhine and Burgundy!" he exclaimed, "mighty and praiseworthy spirits, your mild fire reconciles all differences." Trouts of the Neckar were served in small silver dishes, according to Rhenish custom — "so delicately pink, glancing silver, with golden fins, such as no other stream can produce." Charlotte displayed, as she always did on similar occasions, such grace and enchanting gaiety, that all were fascinated by her. Colonel Hugo gaily raised his glass:

"The May of life comes but once, let this toast then be dedicated to the immortal youth of the poet." Schiller answered, colouring, "My heart gladly accepts such a joyful promise; how precious to me is the praise of such friends." "I also wish to deserve it," said the Colonel, playfully, who by the permission of his fair hostess had contributed a gift to the gay meal, "and I hope that my travelling companion will be well received." A large game pie still covered was placed on the table, and champagne brought in. The Colonel exclaimed, "Let us quaff this pearly sparkling foam; may bright thoughts bloom in honour of this day!" and he begged that each of them should in turn relate some love adventure, either the fruit of imagination or of reality. All agreed, and Herr von Kalb began, then the turn of the poet arrived. Colonel von Hugo said, "We do not expect self-confession from you; for as it is said of soldiers, 'In every town a fresh love,' so also of the poet, 'In every poëm a fresh Laura.'" "*In vino veritas*," answered Schiller; "therefore you may place confidence in the veracity of the poet. My memorandum book will prove that I speak the truth." He then related to them his passion for Lotte von Wolzogen (Frau von Kalb calls her Dora), his misapprehension as to her mutual love for him, and his secret journey to Mannheim, confessing that he required the discipline of experience and suffering. Many beautiful ideas sparkled through this narrative. When Hugo told him that "The Robbers" was his most original conception, and that in it he had fathomed the depths of his being, Schiller answered, "Every one that lives must have experience of sorrow and trial, all must be more or less fettered; he who dares to pour this forth, we call a poet." He told of his arrival at Bauerbach, and his love of poetry having been revived there, of his wanderings in that region, meditating and composing verses. "Sheep and goats were pasturing on the hills and in the mossy meadows; I, too, became a shepherd, for bards feed the flocks

of their own creation." He then proceeded to describe his hopes, his confession to the mother, who privately showed him Lotte's journal, where he read an avowal, which, though it deeply mortified him, inspired him with esteem for the young girl's candid and affectionate nature. When Schiller had finished, he showed Frau von Kalb a copy of Lotte's journal, and after reading it aloud, he added that he had quitted Mannheim with the intention of finding a home at Bauerbach.

The hours glided away in the most pure enjoyment, only disturbed by an occasional cold or caustic word from Heinrich von Kalb, but gaiety was always quickly restored by the sparkling wit of Colonel von Hugo. Charlotte's tale had a mystic colouring, and a melancholy catastrophe. Colonel von Hugo's narrative, was the story of his passionate fondness for a young beauty, whom he hoped was one day to brighten his home as his wife. When evening had set in, the Colonel produced some gifts for the assembled party; dried southern fruits in caskets, on which he had drawn various symbols. On Schiller's there were the numbers 1 — 9, enwreathed with laurel; on that of Herr von Kalb, a shoe — at the taking of Carlstown, he lost his shoe in rushing at a soldier, whom he disarmed, and was the first to enter the fortress; on Charlotte's casket were a book, a pen, and a letter. Schiller said with a smile, that he believed nothing on earth was so dear to her, as these three objects. For himself, the Colonel had chosen for his device, an arrow and a cannon with the motto, "He who is not pierced by the arrow of love, remains in the power of Ares." The clock struck midnight, and they separated — not one moment was to be devoted to the ensuing day.

A few months later, the Colonel's young bride was dead. In vain Schiller and his other friends endeavoured to console him — in heartfelt anguish of soul he sought death, and found it on the battle-field.

When Schiller, with the intoxicating remembrance of such happy hours, again returned to his cell, where from every

corner, the traces of his miserable position, mockingly stared him in the face, reminding him, that he ought to employ his time more profitably than in social pleasures; when he thought of Stuttgart and of his debts, then indeed he execrated those amusements, which only for a few hours deadened the sense of his miseries, but could not remove them.

His situation at the theatre, had during the course of this summer become utterly distasteful to him. Many circumstances combined to increase this aversion. A poet who expressed himself so recklessly, and who associated so freely with Pastor Trunk (a man most obnoxious to the priesthood), and who in his "Don Carlos," had placed a dagger at the throat of the Inquisition, could not fail to raise a host of enemies, though they concealed their party hatred, under the mask of æsthetic disapproval.

A miserable farce of Gotter's was given this summer, "The Black Man," a satire on the Sturm und Drang school, eagerly applied by the public to Schiller; and the latter, naturally suspicious, was persuaded that Gotter, who was considered a great authority in dramatic affairs, had conceived some personal dislike to him. Iffland indeed, who entertained the highest respect for Schiller's lofty aims, endeavoured to dissuade Dalberg from giving a repetition of the farce. Not only the public however, but the Bavarian Palatine Court, seem to have cherished considerable distrust of Schiller, and even of the Intendant himself, in consequence of his favouring a man so inimical to the Church, and so revolutionary in his ideas. Schiller began to doubt whether Dalberg would renew his contract, and he resolved when autumn arrived, to anticipate any possible step on the part of the Freiherr.

Occupied with such thoughts, he one day went to call on Charlotte, to communicate his intention first to her. He described his dependent condition, the circumspect course he was obliged to pursue, and how intolerable it was to be forced to

pay such regard to circumstances, which in his opinion deserved no regard at all. Charlotte received this intelligence with deep emotion. She was aware of the Körner Letters, and saw in them a lure towards Saxony, and in his intention of resigning his situation, the imminent prospect of a sad separation. She endeavoured to shake his resolution, but when Schiller remained firm, the self command and apparent composure of this high minded woman gave way. "Since I have known you," she vehemently exclaimed, "I demand more from time, than I ever dreamt of before: never till now did I discover how dreary the past has been." Schiller's heart beat with emotion at this avowal. "One passionate emotion happily animates us both," exclaimed he; "till now, I was too timid to reveal it to you. The fire of my soul has been kindled at your bright light;" but alluding to the bonds which fettered her, he added sorrowfully, "but have I not cause to dread a future, weighed down by doubt and deception?" Charlotte paid no attention to these words; she confessed to him how poor and vapid existence would be to her without him: life had at last bestowed on her the boon of a friend, and granted her these precious moments of a nobler vitality. Schiller, astonished by the sudden ardour which broke forth in her tones, frankly said that he had believed she would have borne the separation more tranquilly, from her lofty self-control and calm nature. "You little know," she exclaimed, "what formed the basis of this tranquillity — it was the bond of truth — would you sever it?" She lamented the worldly cares with which he was forced to struggle, indeed her passionate distress led her to utter the reproach, that at the cost of his peace and of his heart, his whole ambition was concentrated in fame and admiration.

Schiller was startled and deeply affected, but disregarding this misconception of his noble designs, he answered mildly, reminding her of his quickly passing youth, and portraying to

her warmly his ardent longings, and his ideal. "My heart feels that thou never wilt desecrate these aspirations nor cloud these bright hopes." Charlotte heard for the first time from his lips the confidential *thou*, with intense delight, and while joyfully responding to it, she did not attempt to answer any part of his speech; unable at such a moment to realize the thought of a severance from him, she induced him to promise that he would take no hasty step, or at least not finally decide on leaving Mannheim.

With what fluctuating light in his heart did Schiller leave her! What darkness in turn obscured it, when he felt that Charlotte demanded from him a sacrifice, to which his genius could not submit; for the bright anticipations of noble fame, and the enticing silvery tones which had vibrated so powerfully in his heart from the Körner Letters, still urgently called on him to fly. In another far distant sphere, in that country whence this heart stirring cry had arisen, he dreamt of sunny paths. He longed once more to cast aside the old garb of his circumstances, to form fresh projects along with energetic striving men, and to commence, under the auspices of enthusiastic admirers, a new existence. He was now at the age when every man feels disposed to serious self examination, when the mind makes its final calculations, and must hoist fresh sail in order to be carried by the surging tide into port; and if this be delayed or neglected, the whole voyage of life must henceforth be navigated through rocks and breakers. And did he not feel a secret dread lest Charlotte's passionate soul, which she had so unreservedly displayed to him, attractive enough to dream away a life in its contemplation, should wholly fetter him within its magic circle? that he, less calm and firm by nature than Charlotte, who was enchained by double bonds, should fall an unresisting victim to a passion, which was in his eyes, a crime? "Rely not, bright being, on thine angelic goodness," he inwardly exclaimed to Charlotte.

His heart was so inflammable, so easily affected by every face, form, or gentle voice: how gladly would he have rushed into the fascinating peril of seeking a kindred heart; and yet where he so eagerly sought, his inclinations had been cruelly crossed, and where he never dared to seek, he had found!

Those fair readers who blame Romeo for deserting Rosaline so quickly, to throw himself into the arms of Juliet, must endeavour to fill their hearts with sweet forgiving pity, when they learn that Schiller had admitted into the sanctuary of his heart, no less than four fair Rosalines in quick succession in Mannheim. The first, Lotte von Wolzogen, far away, and already renounced, had been gradually supplanted by Margarethe Schwan. The fair "Swan" was deeply impressed by the various passages which the poet read aloud to her from "Don Carlos" with especial emphasis, and she responded with the language of the heart. Schiller wrote home about her in such enthusiastic terms, that his father already saw by anticipation, his Friedrich the son-in-law of a respected and opulent Court bookseller. But Margarethe, who was as conscious of her charms as she was charming, though quite ready to accept the homage of the poet to a certain extent (and she really liked him), had no idea of forsaking the sphere of the adorers by whom she was encompassed. She therefore assumed a demeanour which proceeds as often from vanity as from a weak and susceptible temperament, but only too well calculated to drive an honourable man to despair. Schiller was one day inspired with all the rapture of hope, to be tortured on the ensuing one by all the miseries of fierce jealousy, and thus rendered utterly miserable. Whether Margarethe were irritated by his friendship for Charlotte, we do not know, but at this time she appeared to him in so odious a light, that he wrote in such a manner about her to his family, that his father was persuaded his son had given up all thoughts of this

excellent marriage, and in fact for a time it was so. Schiller did not seem averse to forming another connection, which appeared most suitable both to Frau von Kalb and his other friends; but here, the father of the young lady, designated as Professor L., in Charlotte's Memoirs (Hofrath Lamey?) opposed his wishes, and Margarethe so cleverly contrived to charm back her friend by her fascinations, that he at last resolved to apply seriously to Herr Schwan for permission to pay his addresses to his daughter.

But Margarethe had a formidable rival in the fourth of this garland, the beautiful and gifted actress, Katharina Baumann, who, after Karoline Beck's death, had taken the leading parts, and made a deep impression on Schiller's heart, but unluckily without either her wish or consent. She bore the name of her part in "The Robbers," — Amalia. The beautiful eyes veiled by long dark eyelashes, the harmonious oval of her face, attracted the eyes of the most fastidious critics of female beauty in society; and it is satisfactory to know that our Schiller belonged to this select number, which we discover from a passage in Charlotte's Memoirs.

Charlotte, one day in confidential conversation with her friend, led him to describe different characters in Mannheim; they began to speak of the various accomplished actresses, and Charlotte asked which of them possessed the greatest personal charms in addition to talent. Schiller eagerly exclaimed, "Amalia! Amalia!" and involuntarily coloured at the sound of the name. "A sweet pretty creature, who has the gift of moving you to tears," answered Charlotte with a smile; on which the poet continued, "I can talk to you confidentially and as I really feel. What affects and enchants me chiefly in her, is the magic melody of her voice, and he who has not felt the spell of that glorious eye, has never known true fascination. How charmingly are those eyes shaded by their thick fringe of eyelashes. Yes, she is indeed beautiful!" Charlotte,

interested in the fair actress by such enthusiastic praise, begged him to tell her more of her career, and Schiller continued: "Your question whether any actress in particular was very charming, kindled my imagination, but I shall not reveal all I feel. The enthusiasm with which I now speak is probably but the whim of the moment, but were I to see her in violet silk — colours too are not without their effect — her flowing ringlets shaded by a veil; oh, how lovely would she look!"

With so inflammable a heart as this, and from what we have related, we shall be at no loss to comprehend the confessions that Schiller subsequently made to his bride and to Goethe. The first was, that in Mannheim his heart was filled with a miserable passion; the second, that he was but too well acquainted with the arcana of the love affairs of a theatre.

But these various objects of admiration were entirely eclipsed by the feelings which now elevated his heart. What were these graces besides Psyche? What even Margarethe Schwan compared to Charlotte — that magnanimous, true-hearted woman, who did not, like others, look on the needy and persecuted poet in the light of his poverty and neglected attire, but honoured the poor simple casket for the sake of its invaluable contents. To leave her, to part from her — from her whose words or letters formed the joy of his whole life—this was an effort that he could only be induced to make by circumstances and impulses, not only strong but inevitable. We shall find them detailed in rapid succession in the next chapter.

calling as dramatic poets. Compared with lyrics and epic poems, with tales and romances, the dramatic style is a homeless guest in literature. Often censured by the public, and by superficial critics, it has recourse to the stage, which too frequently panders to the passions of the day. A number of equally indifferent productions are selected in this manner, all far removed from genuine poetry; the stage, prizing the lofty conceptions of a pure and enlarged mind, only according to this low standard; and the more practical the judgment of a manager may be, the more speedily will he, with all due civility, dismiss his too dignified guest. Schiller had experienced this with regard to "Fiesko." How could he, therefore, still cherish the hope of continuing his connection with Dalberg? What guarantee had he that when "Don Carlos" was finished, after spending a year with this idol of his heart, Dalberg might not again insist on Carlos, at the end, being reconciled to his father and falling into Philip's arms?

But is it not just that where the highest triumphs beckon onwards, the most bitter struggles should be encountered? This thought sustained Schiller. The lofty, and we may truly say, admirable equity of his soul, which induced him to attribute the larger proportion of what was in reality the cruelty of Fate, to his own negligence, saved him from despair.

We can concede that Schiller, with genius such as his, might have in some degree secured an honourable existence by his literature and dramas; but we must not forget, that about this period — 1784 — the literary property of an author was considered a legitimate prize for any bookseller who chose to pirate it, and that the diffusion of literary works was to be attributed quite as much to this unjust state of German copyright, as to the enterprising spirit of publishers.

Schiller, like that unhappy captive who each morning saw his dreadful prison contracting into a coffin, reflected on these circumstances in all their bearings, and felt that he must

absolutely have recourse to some scheme to rescue him from his pressing necessities. Money was indispensable for any course of study; and Dalberg having shown himself quite as prone to withdraw his hand as to stretch it forth, the poet at last resolved to throw himself on his own resources, and thus at least attempt to improve his position. He knocked at the door of a mansion never yet closed against an author,—a spacious, beneficent Institution, which has lightened many of their burden, and also of the burden of being a poet: the name of this Institution is—Journalism.

When you go into a stream so deep that you could easily be drowned in it, the best plan is, with desperate heroic courage, disregarding all timid misgivings, to plunge in boldly; but you must then swim valorously. To use Schiller's words of a later date: "Now, Herr Oberkonsistorial Rath! no joking with the public: keep close to the pole, and don't tumble down at starting!"

Schiller was determined "to keep close to the pole," and, in spite of Charlotte's earnest dissuasions, finally to resign his situation at the theatre. He communicated his intention to Dalberg, when the latter returned from his country residence to Mannheim; and the Freiherr made no effort to renew the contract. In the session of the Theatre Committee on the 19th of November, the manager, Rennschub, was authorised to announce that "Herr Schiller, the former Poet of the Mannheim Theatre, had given notice of a new journal, to be called the 'Rhenish Thalia,' to be published every two months." Schiller appeared for the last time in this assembly on the 28th of May.

Our poet's sole resource now was to throw himself into the arms of the public; and he did so by the announcement of the "Rhenish Thalia."

The dream of working for immortality, however, is as incessantly before the eyes of the poet, as the necessity of working

for the present before the journalist. To the former, profoundness, simplicity, and nature are both the aim and the end; to the latter, energy and bombast are often the surest mode of attaining the noblest purposes. The journalist devotes himself to the service of Party; the poet's hand is not firm enough to depict party fever, when that hand is itself trembling from fever. The poet sees in the public, a sublime assemblage of noble-minded men; to the journalist, his fellow-men too often appear in a state of ignoble and commonplace ease. I will not enumerate the temptations which assail the journalist from the kings of the tribune and the book trade. He who can preserve his character in all its purity, under such circumstances, must possess great self control; and he who continues to be a poet, must be a genius of the first order. The contradictions and weaknesses which clung to Schiller's temperament, became at this time but too prominent.

The Prospectus of his "Thalia," dated the 11th of November, has been much admired, and it is indeed brilliantly written. It revived him, after the petty, vexatious shackles which had so long held him in bondage, to be able now to pour forth his views unrestrainedly to the public. But those who prefer actions to manifestoes, will not regret to see peeping forth from under the splendid *toga* of this Prospectus, the exigency which he endeavours to attire in the garb of virtue. "We have too often," says the announcement, in allusion to the better motives of the editor, "seen a mercantile speculation take refuge in the high sounding words of patriotism and universal good." He calls the public his Referee, his Confidant, his Sovereign, his All. A few weeks later he apologizes, in a letter, for his apostacy from Poetry. "The German public constrains its authors to choose their subjects, not in accordance with the predilections of genius, but in obedience to the calculations of mercenary traffic. I intend to devote all my

energies to the 'Thalia'; but I do not deny that (had editorship enabled me to dispense with mercantile views) I would have gladly transferred them to another sphere." He writes also to Göckingk: "Do not depreciate the slender merits I can boast of in my Journal. I shall have plague enough with it yet."

He had originally hurled his "Robbers" into the world with careless audacity. In this Prospectus, probably anticipating that his new Sovereign might reproach him with it, he accuses the Academy as the source of the mischief, and designates his noble youthful production as "a birth from the unnatural union of Subordination with Genius." He was guilty of the same betrayal of "The Robbers," by truckling to narrow bigotry, as in "Cabal and Love," in deference to Hoffman's remonstrances. It was very natural that he should conceal his unfortunate position under a mass of high sounding phrases, declaring that he meant to submit to no fetters save the verdict of the world; and quite as natural that a month later, he should assiduously seek the favour of the Duke of Weimar, and a title: but we can scarcely ascribe the one to a bolder principle of liberty, without equally attributing the other to obsequious servility. By "The Robbers" he had made the public his confidant, and Körner his friend. This was the right mode for a poet to form an alliance with a nation. Even the most stately prospectus could not fail to appear vapid after such a work.

Vain was the stale artifice, by which, probably owing to the advice of his publisher, Herr Schwan, he endeavoured to interest the vanity of the public; promising to prefix the names and characters of those who subscribed to his journal; vain, the rich choice of materials that he paraded before them. "His Sovereign, his All," made no haste in offering subscriptions, and the "Thalia" was equally tardy in making its appearance.

When at last the first number was published, in March, 1785, within its pale blue cover, was the following significant paragraph: "As only a small portion of my subscribers have sent me their names, my intention of prefixing the list to this first number of the 'Thalia' must be abandoned." What time and trouble did this affair cost Schiller! There was the literary class to interest in favour of his work, and advertising it in other journals. He addressed almost obsequious letters to Göckingk, Ebert, and old Gleim; to his intimate friend, J. G. Jacobi, who, after his journey to Freiburg, had for some time resided at Mannheim, and associated much with Schiller, he wrote on the 26th of November: "Permit, honoured Sir, one who admires and esteems you warmly, to offer you the homage of a heart overflowing with friendship and kindness, and to say, frankly, how invaluable he would consider a nearer connection with you; and if you do not make it a stipulation that he should equal yourself in talent, you will find him probably not unworthy of your love." He wrote to Scharffenstein also, requesting him to send a small miniature, which his friend had formerly commenced painting of him.

The announcement which appeared in the "German Museum," December, 1784, was severely criticised. It was accused of unnecessary bombast. The editor of the "Palatine Museum" received three caustic epigrams on Iffland, Klein, and Schiller, which were so bitter, that the editor asked permission from the objects of them to publish the three satires, to which they at once consented. Such a circumstance shows, how uncomfortable his position in Mannheim had now become; but these were very insignificant annoyances, when compared with the stroke, which stern necessity inflicted on him, about the middle of November. My readers may remember, that the first step on the harassing path of debt, had been taken in printing "The Robbers" at

his own cost, and that one of his friends had become his security for 200 gulden. Owing probably to constant renewals of the bill, the debt by this time amounted to nearly 300 gulden. His guarantee was now hard pressed. Schiller's father, who by degrees began to be seriously displeased with his son, neither could, nor would, pledge himself to pay the debt. His friend was obliged to fly from Stuttgart, and came to Mannheim, whither he was pursued, and arrested. Schiller's state of mind was truly pitiable. To rescue his friend for the present, and not to destroy his future prospects, there were no other means than to produce the sum for which he had become security — but where could he hope to procure it? Could he so far humble his pride, as to ask assistance from Frau von Kalb, or Dalberg? From his experience of the latter, he was well aware that such a humiliation would be quite unavailing. In such extremity, and the danger of the affair becoming known in Mannheim, thus still further injuring his reputation, Schiller was roused to such a state of excitement, that he bitterly reproached his father, and wrote to him, that he might very well have become responsible for the debt.

At last help came, and from the sphere of the people; a class well acquainted with privation, and the misery it entails, and who do not expect the suppliant to acknowledge the benefits bestowed, with the blush of shame. Streicher's landlord, a builder, of the name of Anton Hölzel, neither rich nor cultivated, shared his tenant's admiration of Schiller, and when he heard of his exigency, did not hesitate to make a sacrifice for his sake, and collecting the necessary sum, he brought it to the poet, thus removing a heavy burden from his heart.

But though relieved for the moment, he was far from being lastingly rescued from these harassing torments; for naturally enough, his Mannheim creditors were now added to those of

Stuttgart. Every day the thought of entirely quitting Mannheim took deeper root in his heart. When he mentioned it to Charlotte, the former struggle was renewed; indeed other friends, such as Geheime Rath Karl von Moser, a poet and lawyer, in whose pretty villa at Waldheim, Charlotte and Schiller had so often met, endeavoured to retain the young poet of the Rhine land, for whom he had a sincere regard. Others, by bitter mockery of Saxony, tried to cure him of his longings for the North. But the thought was deeply seated in his mind, to arrive in Leipzig at the time of the jubilee fair there, in the dim foreboding that his fate might assume a more favourable aspect. Charlotte has described the walk in the beginning of December, in the course of which he first declared his intention. They hurried along through spacious beech alleys in silent despondency; the withered russet leaves rustled in unison with their dreary mood; the noble statues, veiled by the mists of evening, were strewed with faded red leaves, looking like so many wounds. They appeared to her "like corpses whose life blood has ebbed away."

Charlotte expressed a hope to spend next St. John's day, in midsummer, along with him in the house of one of her friends. Schiller shook his head mournfully, saying that he never expected to go with her there again. It was now decided that he should no more see the summer sun reflected in the noble stream of the Rhine. Charlotte broke out into loud lamentations; in vain he strove to console her, and both relapsed into silence—each being afraid to hear the other speak. In such distressing struggles his days were past, and his nights in care and anxiety, while collecting with the greatest assiduity the materials for his "Thalia." The four portraits which hung over his writing-table gazed at him with earnest and reproachful eyes, as if asking whether he ever meant to answer their letters; but he had long since given up his intention of writing to these kind friends. A deep feeling of

shame had taken entire possession of him, at the idea of approaching in the dust of earthly cares, those who had only seen him in the brilliant garb of the spirit, and who must even now consider him either the most ungrateful, or the vainest of men. On the 7th of December, probably on the same evening of his walk with Charlotte, his whole soul was melted in sorrow. He was alone in his study, holding silent converse with the portraits; they seemed to arraign his unkindness, and yet to encourage him, and suddenly, as if urged by some irresistible impulse, he seized the pen and wrote:

"I fear you can never forgive me, my valued friends, for my silence during the seven months which have elapsed since I received your friendly letters—letters which breathed so much kindness and enthusiasm towards myself, and were accompanied by such precious tokens of your goodness. I own that I write this with a blush of shame which lowers me in my own estimation, and I at this moment feel constrained to cast down my eyes like a coward before your portraits, which are hanging over my writing table, and seem to condemn me. Rest assured, my excellent friends, that the remorse and confusion which I suffer at this moment amply revenge your wrongs. I entreat you to take no other vengeance; but permit me to say a few words, not to excuse my unparalleled negligence, but in some degree to explain its cause." He then depicts his joy at the receipt of their letters—that they alone caused him to recall the anathemas against his poetical vocation, which his miserable fate had impelled him to utter; and paints likewise all the crosses and trials with which the reader is already acquainted, blaming himself in the most touching and candid manner. He mentions also, with regard to his "Thalia," that it is about to appear, and tries to excuse himself by saying, "It may surprise you that I have chosen to play *this* part in the world, but possibly the journal itself may reconcile you to the fact. Were I only assured," he adds

in conclusion, "by some kind lines, of your forgiveness, this letter should be speedily followed by a second. Ladies are supposed to be less forgiving than we are, so I shall not be happy unless I see my pardon signed by those fair hands also. With highest esteem,

"Yours,

"SCHILLER."

CHAP. VII.

RATH SCHILLER.

Reading at Court. — Schiller appointed a Rath at the Court of Weimar. — Letter from his Father. — Körner's Letter. — "Cabal and Love." — Schiller's indignation at the Actors: — Charlotte. — Impulse of Passion. — Fresh Temptations to Weimar. — Schiller resolves to go thither. — A second Letter to Körner. — Appearance of the first Number of the "Thalia." — Storm on the Stage. — Farewell. — Streicher and Schiller.

THE good fortune which he expected to greet him in the North, seemed only to have awaited this first step on his part, for she now unexpectedly offered him a succouring hand. This happy turn of fate came from the North, in the shape of an illustrious German prince. Duke Karl August of Weimar had undertaken a journey, for the purpose of securing his interests at the princely Congress to assemble the following year, and this journey led him, in the beginning of December, to Frankfort and Darmstadt. His intention was to stay for a short time with his father-in-law, the Landgrave, Lewis IX. Frau von Kalb was already in some degree connected with these princely personages, through her relation Siegmund von Seckendorf, recently severed from the Weimar circles by being sent as ambassador to Frederick the Great, and also through other relatives. It was she who probably first suggested to Schiller the thought of being presented to the Duke of Weimar in Darmstadt, and if possible, by reading "Don Carlos" before this prince, so susceptible to all intellectual gifts, to interest him in his favour. Furnished with letters from Charlotte and Dalberg, Schiller set off about Christmas,

with his drama enclosed in Minna Stock's valuable portfolio. He received the wished for permission, and in the presence of the Hessian Court and their noble guests he read the first act of "Don Carlos." This picture of an unhappy son of royalty, recited at a time when many a heart in the highest spheres of life had similar anguish to endure, affected his hearers to the most profound degree. The Princess Royal of Darmstadt very much admired the beautifully embroidered portfolio in which his MS. was placed. Karl August, who was well versed in French tragedy, gave the poet some critical hints, and the latter accustomed by his own Prince to converse in a free and unrestrained manner with royalty, was in the course of the interview (no doubt amid the smiles of many present) emboldened frankly to express a wish, that the Duke would condescend to accept the dedication of "Don Carlos," hinting pretty plainly, that to belong to the class of *beaux esprits* in Weimar and to secure a happy home there, nothing was required but the favour of the Duke of Weimar.

Karl August understood his meaning in even a more condescending light than the poet had hoped, for on the 27th of December, while the latter was still lingering in Darmstadt, the following announcement took him quite by surprise:—

"*To the Saxe-Weimar Rath, Dr. Schiller.*
"*Now at Darmstadt.*

"Darmstadt, Dec. 27, 1784.

"With much pleasure, dear Dr. Schiller, I confer on you the appointment of Rath in my service. I wish by doing so to give you a token of my esteem. Farewell.

"KARL AUGUST, H. z. S.-W."

Schiller probably read over these few lines more than once, and expressed his gratitude in an enthusiastic letter to the Prince, who, by one stroke of his pen, accomplished more for the outward position in life of the poet, than Streicher and

Anton Hölzel had been enabled to do by the sacrifice of their whole property.

With what very different feelings did the new Weimar Rath return to Mannheim; in what bright and transparent hues did this title shine before the public! What a perspective was now opened to him in the sight of those who envied and detested him, and to the eager and hopeful wishes of those friends who loved him. One journal "Engel's Magazine," in 1785, announced "The celebrated poet of our theatre, Herr Schiller, is about to transfer his residence to Weimar, being appointed Ducal Hofrath there." This little word Rath had also the power of pacifying for some time his Stuttgart creditors, and dissolving the heavy thunder cloud which had been gathering over the son's head in the paternal atmosphere, into beneficent rain. It poured down on the 12th of January in eight closely written octavo pages from his father, the first that he had addressed to his son for many months.

"Dear son," began the worthy man, "I very unwillingly sit down to reply to your letter of the 21st of last November, I would far rather never have received it, than been forced to peruse so many bitter reproaches. Not only do you, in the beginning of the letter that I allude to, blame me most undeservedly, by saying that I not only could, but should, have paid 300 gulden on your account, but you proceed to censure me for my inquiries about you, in the most unjustifiable manner. My dear son, the relation between a good father, and (though gifted with much talent, still in all things pertaining to real greatness and happiness) a very erring son, can never authorise the latter to be offended, by any measures the former sees fit to adopt, through love for that son, and which are dictated by reflection and experience. With regard to the 300 gulden, every one who is at all acquainted with my position, knows only too well, that it is impossible for me to have laid

aside fifty gulden, far less the sum you demand; and that I should borrow the money, to the great prejudice of my other children, for the sake of a son, who after all that he once promised, has performed so little, would indeed be the action of a very unjust father." He goes on to disburden his heart unreservedly, and reproaches him for having by his interference, induced Christophine to treat Reinwald so coldly, that he had not written to her for two months. "She would," says the father, "have been easily reconciled to him and to his position, being, God be praised! quite free from all vanity and exaggerated ideas, and able to conform to any circumstances." The old Captain had often been deeply offended by his son's proud and haughty demeanour, and frequently counselled him to adopt a not very dignified course, with a view to winning the favour of various persons. With regard also to a good marriage for his son, he rather resembled Polonius in his advice; as Friedrich too, had spoken so openly in Frau von Kalb's house, of his love for Lotte von Wolzogen, the half serious proposal of marriage he had made to her, when writing to her mother in Bauerbach, could scarcely have been unknown to his father. Schiller's residence at Bauerbach was a subject to be carefully avoided with the old Captain; "*Hinc illae lacrymae!*" he wrote to his son, in allusion to his idleness there, and to his present necessities; and in his letter, probably in relation to "the noble young lady," he says, "your remarks on Schwan's daughter surprise me very much, being vastly different from what we at one time expected, owing to the praise you lavished on her, in a letter which I still possess. On the whole, I cannot but think, that this match would have been a more suitable one, than a certain young lady, whom I hear you are eagerly wooing."

The tears which Schiller shed at the perusal of this letter, were dried by an answer from his Leipzig friends. Who can read the elevated and consolatory words of Körner without

emotion? We think we hear the gentle yet firm tones falling on the ear, by which the more fortunate friend endeavoured to raise the poor poet, bowed down by sorrow. "We know enough of you," he writes, "after reading your letter, to offer you our warmest friendship; but you do not yet know us sufficiently, so come to us yourself, and as quickly as possible: we can then say much, which it would not be discreet to write. We grieve that a man so dear to us, should be exposed to such trials. We hope to be enabled to assuage your sufferings, and this makes our friendship indispensable to you." The "alluring silvery tones," so grateful to Schiller, sounded once more, but accompanied on this occasion by a serious admonition. Körner was not to be bribed by a fine prospectus. "I look forward with pleasure," he writes, "to seeing your 'Thalia,' but I should deeply deplore, were you deterred by it, from pursuing your true vocation; all that is great and lofty in history, either in characters or situations, which Shakspeare has not already monopolised, awaits your pen." He concedes to the genius of his friend, such secondary occupations as the "Thalia," but the poet must at the same time, by the composition of greater works, such as the public are entitled to expect from him, satisfy the demands of his country, and of his fatherland.

After reading this letter, a voice in Schiller's ear loudly proclaimed, "These friends belong to you, and you belong to them." This communication, combined with his great tendency to magnify every thing, and to dream of a harvest of felicity springing from the smallest seed, raised a perfect whirlwind of hopes within him; a breath only was required to collect the scattered flakes of his resolves into an avalanche.

"Cabal and Love" was given on the 18th of January. Katharina Baumann was for the first time to play Luise. Iffland and Schiller assiduously taught her the part, and the latter looked forward with the utmost delight to seeing the

actress he adored, in a character of his own creation. But the piece, not having been given since the 9th of May in the previous year, went very badly. Probably the theatre poet was now more negligently treated by the actors, for the principal parts, with the exception of Beck's Ferdinand and that of Luise, were so execrably played, that he was as indignant with the others as he was enchanted with Katharina Baumann. His intention was to present her with a personal token of his admiration and love; and when escorting her home after the performance, he pressed a small packet into her hand. What was it? His miniature—probably the same that he had requested Scharffenstein to send him.*

But in proportion to the warmth with which he expressed his admiration in this quarter, was the energetic blame he cast on the other actors in a letter to Dalberg, written on the following day: —"This is the first time," he writes, "that I venture frankly to express my opinion on the performance of my piece, and even now a thousand causes would prevent my doing so, were it not that my sincere respect for your Excellency, makes me feel it my duty before taking the step I propose, to declare my sentiments candidly to yourself. I know not to what motive to ascribe it, that our actors here (I do not however include all) have adopted a strange fashion of their own — that of improving ill written dialogues by good acting, and equally destroying what is well written by their careless performance." Some hard hits are given in the letter: for example, "When our actors shall have learnt to

* Katharina told Regisseur Düringer, who made her acquaintance in Mannheim, as the widow of Kapell Meister Ritter and very advanced in years, that she said to Schiller, "Pray, what am I to do with this?" when Schiller in considerable confusion and in a strong Swabian accent replied, "I am a strange fellow, how can I tell you what to do with it?" Duringer, said she, declared, that she had the most childish delight at Schiller making love to her, but scared by his slovenly exterior, she never responded to his feelings.

master their own language;" and also, "I think I may venture fearlessly to assert, that hitherto the theatre has profited more by my pieces, than my pieces have by the theatre."

"The use you choose to make of my present communication rests with your Excellency, but whatever you may decide on, I am resolved to enter on the subject more at length in my 'Rhenish Thalia.' I hope and believe that a poet who has produced three pieces for the stage, one of which is 'The Robbers,' has some right to feel indignant at any want of respect.

(Signed) R. (RATH) SCHILLER."

We can easily imagine that the Freiherr Dalberg did not receive such a letter as this, without considerable annoyance; besides Schiller himself in his prospectus of the "Thalia," had very much depreciated "The Robbers," and even such persons as Nicolai and Schröder had fully concurred in Dalberg's opinion, that Schiller was in a wrong path. Schröder wrote to Dalberg in 1784, and said: "I hate Schiller for having again laid open a track which the wind had previously swept away;" and Dalberg wrote to Meyer in the same terms in 1786. Did he volunteer these sentiments to his ex-theatre poet, with regard to his pieces, as Schiller had done about Dalberg's own creation, the very apple of his eye — the theatre? There can be no doubt that the affair was verbally discussed by the two, and probably debated by more than the principals.

The frequency of these disputes, and the share the actors took in them, made the whole atmosphere of Mannheim still more detestable to Schiller. He rejoiced in his powers of imagination, which, amid the dreary isolation of his present home, enabled his thoughts to soar to distant regions. In such a frame of mind, when even poetry seemed vapid in his eyes, when all his feelings were dissolved into a dreamy and luxurious

melancholy, he had recourse to his new Leipzig friends, to whom he wrote a second time, with still greater cordiality and unreserve. This letter is dated the 10th of February, and contains these fine words: "Perhaps you will feel the same regard that you now do for Schiller personally, when your admiration for the poet has long subsided."

Interrupted by a visitor, this letter remained unfinished for twelve days, and in the course of these twelve days such a revolution was effected in the writer, that when he resumed his pen on the 22nd, his determination to leave Mannheim was final.

Duke Karl August had not forgotten his new Rath.* He replied to Schiller's letter of gratitude by some kind lines, dated February 9th, adding, "Give me sometimes information about yourself, and of what is going on in the literary and histrionic world in which you move." Schiller saw in this a hint of future favour. It was evident that the Duke wished to remain in communication with him. What had not Goethe accomplished in Weimar by his personal relations? That he was indebted to his official knowledge, for his place as minister, Schiller, in common with many others in Germany, very much doubted. Charlotte von Kalb, judging from her "Memoirs," after hearing Schiller read "Don Carlos," no longer urged him to remain in Mannheim, deeming it best for his interest, however deeply it pained her, that he should go to Weimar, and there endeavour to procure a situation.

The alliance between these two souls had now assumed the tone of exalted passion. Schiller himself had a fierce internal struggle to endure. The situations in "Don Carlos" became

* In the admirable work of G. Kuhlmey, "Schiller's entrance into Weimar," April, 1855, there is a passage in a letter of Karl August's to Knebel, which has been supposed to apply to Frau v. Kalb and Schiller. The Duke writes that the sister-in-law of Frau v. Seckendorf cannot express in sufficiently strong terms her affection for F. S. This F. S., however, is not Friedrich Schiller, for according to Varnhagen von Ense, in the original letter Franz Seckendorf is written.

in each individual scene only transcripts of his own feelings, and this had never yet been the case in any of his previous works. The confessions which the unhappy Prince pours forth with all the ardour of passion to one, severed from him both by conventional bonds and by principle, now emanated from the poet's own personal experiences; and as if no longer able to endure the demoniacal power which the character of the Prince had assumed over him, he internally formed an ideal of the sacrifice, which in Posa, apparently without sufficient motive, he caused to result in death; developing his nobler self to view, like a standard, which he was bound to follow. But the image of Charlotte pursued him even into this refuge, and the chivalrous champion of the Ideal was constrained once more to fight valiantly in her sight, in that combat between the Ideal and Life, between renunciation and enjoyment, in which "Don Carlos" had succumbed. "Life is a precious boon!" though these words were not written at that time, they are thoroughly applicable to it.

But the dramatic form was either too sacred in Schiller's sight, or not sufficiently ardent to pour forth all the stormy ebullitions of his passion, or to "express what he suffered." He could do this in Lyric song alone, and thus was conceived that violent outbreak against forced marriages, and their religious consecration, with which the readers of the Cotta edition are familiar. It appeared under the title of "Freethinking of Passion," in the first number of the "Thalia," 1786. Even if we place any faith in Schiller's assurance that it is only the passion of an imaginary lover which speaks, still the source of this glowing burst of poetry cannot be mistaken, nor what he had himself suffered and striven against.

It is very evident that to one who felt thus, the presence of Charlotte's husband was by no means particularly satisfactory. Had Schiller been only a gay animated young man, he could even in that case scarcely have felt otherwise; but with his

vehement temperament, urging him to carry out his wishes quickly, and to possess undividedly, such a partition of affection was intolerable. He envied even a picture that Charlotte enthusiastically praised. He complained that she did not love him with the same degree of devotion with which she was beloved, that she did not pledge her whole soul in return for his, and secretly reproached her for having involved him in such torments. How nearly akin are love and hatred, adoration and invectives, in such storms of the heart!

His healthy nature could not endure this whirlwind of passion, this incessant tossing about in unavailing struggles. The preservation of the very essence of his poetical powers, as well as the whole unity of his being, was at stake. He felt that noble conceptions can only be the fruits of a soul, wholly absorbed by one idea.

In such moments, all that had formerly been dear to him assumed the gloomy colouring of his tortured feelings. His friends, Beck, Streicher, even Margarethe, seemed to him empty, vapid, unmeaning, not worth staying for—leave Mannheim he must. To the world his departure was sufficiently accounted for by the favour of Karl August, and by the invitation of his Leipzig friends. He hastily and impetuously announced his impending journey to all his friends, and again impatiently brought forward Körner's letter, as a reason for his intended departure. How clear to us are now the following words: "I write to you in unutterable depression of heart, my dear friend; I can no longer remain here. Twelve days have I borne about this resolution with me, as well as that of leaving the world altogether. Events and men, earth and heaven, are all equally hostile to me. I have no living creature here to fill the vacuum in my heart; no friend, male or female, and the only one who is still *perhaps* dear to me, I am severed from by propriety and position."

This *perhaps* was in allusion to Charlotte. "Nothing," he

said, "any longer fettered him;" moreover, his connection with the good Duke of Weimar, rendered it indispensable that he should go to Weimar, and personally negotiate his interests there; but above all, he was desirous to see such kind friends, face to face. "My whole soul," he writes, "thirsts for fresh nourishment, for better men, for friendship, attachment, and love. My poetic vein ceased to beat, when my heart was blighted by my present associates: you will revive it once more. With you I shall become a hundredfold more than I have ever been, and better still, my kind friends, I hope to be *happy*,—never yet have I been so: mourn for me, forced to make such a confession. I never was happy; for fame, flattery, and the other compensations of authorship, cannot for *one* moment be weighed in the balance with the pure joys of love and friendship: without these, the heart withers." He revels in the prophetic anticipation of the unknown but assured happiness which awaits him in Leipzig, and says, that in three or four weeks, he is determined to leave Mannheim.

"What inexpressible enjoyment do I expect from being with you, and how anxiously will I strive to remain worthy of your love, your friendship, and, if possible, of your enthusiasm!"

Schiller also wrote to Hubert, but did not reveal his difficulties to him. The friends quickly answered his announcement by a cordial welcome. "And now stay away if you dare," cried Körner; and anxious that Schiller should be supplied with the means of leaving Mannheim, he sent him a sum of money in a bill of exchange.

The poet, however, was destined irrevocably to offend Mannheim before his departure. The first number of the "Thalia" appeared in the middle of March. It contained the first act of "Don Carlos," with a flattering dedication to the Duke of Weimar, and concluded thus: "How dear to me is

this moment, when I loudly and openly say, that Karl August, the most illustrious of German Princes, and the most zealous friend of the Muses, has permitted me to belong to him; and that he whom I have ever esteemed as the noblest of men, I may now venture to love as my Sovereign." The journalist included in this number of the "Thalia," the translation of an episode of Diderot's, in "Jacques le Fataliste," a tale which had been shown to him in manuscript, by Dalberg: it bore the title of "Remarkable Instance of Female Revenge." A widow, faithlessly deserted by her lover, revenges herself by enticing him through subtle intrigues, into the nets of a worthless beauty, whom, persuaded of her excellence, he marries. After his nuptials, he is made acquainted with the true history of his wife's past life (whose portrait the author draws in the most charming manner) by the same widow. He is frantic with rage, but the deep anguish of his young wife, and her sincere love for him, overcome his fury, and his stern principles. He goes with her to reside on his property, and his entire felicity converts the intended revenge of the malicious widow into shame and disappointment.

Schiller found, while thus becoming acquainted with this talented scholar of Shaftesbury, a transition from Rousseau into real life, and a less inflated style. The public had every right to be pleased with the work.

Besides this, the "Thalia" contained a dissertation on the Hall of Antiquities at Mannheim, ringing with enthusiastic praise of Hellenic art. The descriptions bear considerable resemblance to Winkelmann's mode of handling, and display peculiar power and precision, denoting that his association with Dannecker, and his own anatomical studies, had rendered his sense of the plastic very acute. Indeed, we may very plainly discover here the embryo thought of "the Gods of Greece" in various allusions, such as: "Two thousand years disappear before thy footsteps; thou art suddenly visible in

the fair laughing land of Greece, wandering among Heroes and Graces, worshipping like them the Gods of Romance." The Greeks delineated their gods only as noble men, and thus assimilated their men to gods — they were children of one family. The least striking part of the "Thalia" was precisely that on which the prospectus had laid most stress, namely, the drama. The dissertation, "What may not a well conducted Stage effect?" was certainly printed here; but instead of the promised history of the Mannheim Theatre, the author, in the cover of the journal, apologised for the deficiency in this respect, and substituted a composition of the actress, Henrietta Wallenstein, under the title of "Wallenstein Theatrical Feud." Schiller, in a letter to Göckingk, calls her "a witch." Dismissed in summer from the Mannheim Theatre, she believed that her removal was owing to Rennschub's cabals, and had already come forward twice in print against the authorities of the theatre. Schiller endeavoured, by a few short caustic sentences, to vindicate Freiherr von Dalberg from her accusations.

Besides these, he published the dramatic prize themes of 1784 and 1785, and also, what bore bitter fruits for him eventually, a succession of criticisms on the performances from the 1st of January to the 3rd of March, 1785.

He made good his threat with regard to "Cabal and Love." Previously in a letter to Madame Rennschub's husband, he had highly extolled her performance of Lady Milford; now he declared, in his criticism, that the part was beyond her powers: "Nevertheless," he says, "Madame Rennschub would be one of our best actresses, if she would take a little more trouble in ascertaining the difference between passion and shrieking, weeping and howling, emotion and loud sobbing."

It is not requisite to be intimately acquainted with the theatrical world, to perceive that criticism, however just, did

not become Schiller's pen, and was still less applicable to a public, of whom he said, in allusion to Beil's comedy of "The Gamblers:" "The emptiness of the house is only a proof of how little the Mannheim public appreciates the talents of its actors." Thus the public, his "sovereign," was offended; but the most indignant of all was his first Karl Moor, Boeck. He was not so much hurt by some slight censure of his Edgar in "King Lear," as by the small meed of praise awarded to his performances, and the high eulogies conferred on Iffland, Beil, and Beck. As Boreas rising from his cavern, and rushing on the restless waters of the ocean, lashes them into foaming and tempestuous billows, so did this criticism fall on the stage of the Mannheim Theatre. The boards echoed with the indignant tread of stage heroes, and resounded with the abuse and execrations showered down on the absent poet. Murder and manslaughter, those ready vassals of these intrepid theatrical champions, were invoked from their modest retirement. Schiller soon heard every detail, and complained to Dalberg in the following words: "How much this occurrence increases my wonder that your Excellency, during five years, should have been capable of managing such an irritable class of men, without losing the love of a single individual." It well became the angry poet to criticise this irritable class! Oh! Lessing, how well you knew human nature.

Schiller, for the present, had quite enough of dramatic affairs, of criticism, of the theatre, and of Mannheim itself. The ground seemed cut away from beneath his feet; on the 25th of March he wrote to Huber, commissioning him, with entire confidence in his good nature, to make every preparation for his future residence. Above all, our poet was resolved never again to undertake a household of his own, nor to live alone. He eagerly desired "an angel of a friend," a second edition in fact of Streicher, to share with him all the joys of composition. His further demands, and the requirements of

his taste, were thus set forth: "I shall require a bedroom which can serve as my study, and also a room to receive my friends. All the furniture I want is a good commode, a writing-table, a bed, a sofa, a table and some chairs. If I have these, I wish for no other comforts; I cannot live either in the ground floor or in the attics, and I positively object to being within view of a churchyard. I love men and the tumult of life." He says he does not like to dine alone, but prefers a select or even a large society.

When the hour of leave taking arrives, even harder hearts than Schiller could boast of, unconsciously assume a milder tone. His had already done so with regard to Dalberg, to whom he had awarded ample justice in the "Thalia." He took that opportunity of ascribing to Dalberg's enthusiasm and knowledge of theatrical matters, the superiority of the Mannheim Theatre, which had assumed quite the aspect of an academical foundation. The Schwan family, whose house he had quitted many an evening in bitterness of heart, now strove in every way to efface these painful impressions. Schwan facilitated his departure both by words and deeds. It was settled that Schiller should set out early in April, with an agent whom Schwan intended to send to the Leipzig fair. Margarethe, who in her heart thoroughly appreciated the great and noble qualities of her admirer, presented him with a beautiful souvenir, and Schiller was so affected by her amiability, which shone forth so brightly at the painful hour of parting, that he almost began to regret his resolution. Margarethe deduced more from his farewell, than he probably at the moment intended, and saw him depart, in the hope of seeing him one day return in the character of an earnest wooer.

Now came the most severe parting. Schiller's heart beat with double grief and vehemence when he went to bid Charlotte farewell. After this painful interview was over, the

remaining hours before his journey, which was to commence at dawn on the following morning, he passed with his friend Streicher. Schiller was very sad and grave, but full of energy. "The last two years," his friend relates, "he only alluded to, in so far that they had forced on him the melancholy conviction of there being no chance of success for a poet in Germany. There was so little sympathy in the higher classes for the cultivation of literature, that the encouragement to such pursuits was poor indeed. Were he even to excel all the poets of past or present times, still without some other occupation, or powerful patronage, the fruits of his talents alone, could not secure him an income equivalent to what a clever artizan could gain with ease. He was conscious of having done all that his powers would admit of, without succeeding in his efforts to obtain even the small sum necessary to maintain himself, not even sufficient to discharge his moderate liabilities before leaving Mannheim. Henceforth poetry should be no longer the chief object of his life, at all events not the drama. He was quite resolved in future only to receive the visits of the Muse when in the most inspired mood, and to devote himself with all zeal to — the law! by which he not only hoped to be rescued from his present entanglements, but to insure an agreeable existence, free from care and anxiety. He trusted to his talents and perseverance to enable him to master within a year the theory of the law, encouraged by the assistance of the University of Leipzig. He had been accustomed from his youth to quick apprehension of any new study, and had overcome the difficulties of Haller's works in the course of a few months. He expected quickly to overtake the snail's pace of others, and speedily to attain a degree of knowledge which the most sanguine could only hope to accomplish after years of study. An honourable position in a small Saxon court could scarcely be refused him." What schemes and plans he formed on the title of *Rath!*

When the friends parted at midnight they shook hands, determined not to write to each other till Streicher was a Kapell Meister, and Schiller a Minister of State! But Streicher never did become a Kapell Meister. He married in Augsburg, and in 1795 undertook the management of a pianoforte manufactory in Vienna, where he died on the 25th of May, 1832.

And Schiller never became the minister of a petty state—he became more, far more—he became a king in the regions of intellect. The most tragic act in the drama of his life is at an end: while the curtain falls, let us be consoled by the prospect that loving care and kindness await the weary, wounded, and dust covered pilgrim. The most bitter storms of distress are stilled. If ever man exercised a powerful will, and took "the tide at the flood," Schiller was that man, and it bore him aloft on its surging waves, at a happy moment, within the precincts of a sheltering haven.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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